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SHAKESPEARE'S
VENUS AND ADONIS, LUCRECE, AND OTHER POEMS.

EDITED BY

WILLIAM J. ROLFE

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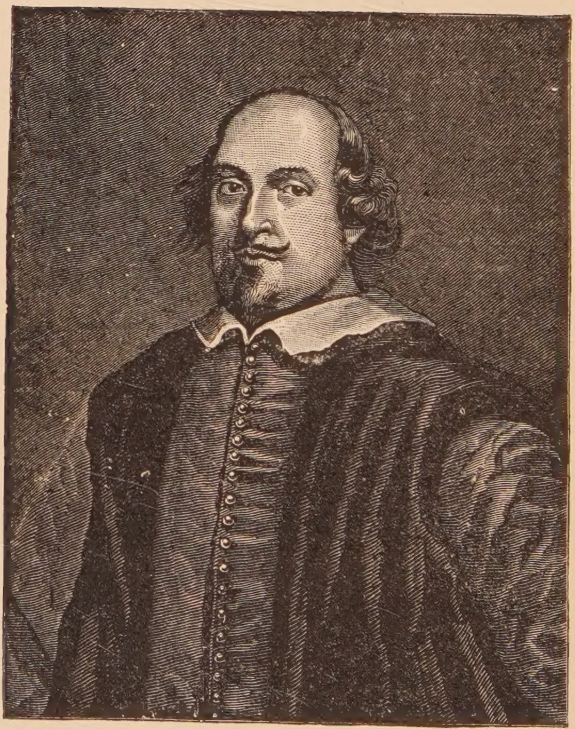

STRATFORD PORTRAIT OF SHAKESPEARE.

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SHAKESPEARE'S

VENUS AND ADONIS, LUCRECE,

AND OTHER POEMS.

EDITED, WITH NOTES,

BY

WILLIAM J. ROLFE, LITT. D.,

FORMERLY HEAD MASTER OF THE HIGH SCHOOL, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

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PREFACE.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Poems* have generally received less attention from editors and commentators than his plays, and in some editions they are omitted altogether. It has been my aim to treat them with the same thoroughness as the plays. All *variæ lectiones* likely to be of interest to the student are recorded. The 1599 edition of *Venus and Adonis* is collated for the first time, so far as I am aware, though it was discovered some fifteen years ago. Certain of the recent editors do not appear to know of its existence.

The text is given without expurgation. *The Rape of Lucrece* needs none, and the *Venus and Adonis* (like the sonnets on the same subject in *The Passionate Pilgrim*) does not admit of it without being mutilated past recognition. Of course these poems will never be read in schools or "Shakespeare clubs."

In *The Passionate Pilgrim*, the pieces which are certainly not Shakespeare's are transferred from the text to the *Notes*. Most of the others are of doubtful authenticity, but I give Shakespeare the benefit—if benefit it be—of the doubt. *A Lover's Complaint* is generally conceded to be his; and *The Phœnix and the Turtle* has, I think, a better claim to be so regarded than anything in *The Passionate Pilgrim*. These points, however, are more fully discussed in the *Notes*.

By this, the boy that by her side lay kill'd
Was melted like a vapour from her sight,
And in his blood that on the ground lay spill'd,
A purple flower sprung up, chequer'd with white,
Resembling well his pale cheeks and the blood
Which in round drops upon their whiteness stood.
(*V. and A.* 1165 fol.)

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VENUS GENETRIX.

THE DEATH OF LUCRECE.

INTRODUCTION

TO

SHAKESPEARE'S POEMS.

I. THE HISTORY OF THE POEMS.

Venus and Adonis was first published in quarto form, in 1593, with the following title-page: *

VENVS | AND ADONIS | *Vilia miretur vulgus: mihi flauus Apollo* | *Pocula Castalia plena ministret aqua.* | LONDON | Imprinted by Richard Field, and are to be sold at | the signe of the white Greyhound in | Paules Church-yard. | 1593.

* For this title-page, as well as for much of the other information we have given concerning the early editions, we are indebted to the "Cambridge" ed.

The book is printed with remarkable accuracy, doubtless from the author's manuscript.

A second quarto edition was published in 1594, the title-page of which differs from that of the first only in the date.

A third edition in octavo form (like all the subsequent editions) was issued in 1596 from the same printing-office "for Iohn Harison."

A fourth edition was published in 1599, with the following title-page (as given in Edmonds's reprint):

VENVS | AND ADONIS. | *Vilia miretur vulgus: mihi flauus Apollo* | *Pocula Castalia plena ministret aqua.* | Imprinted at London for William Leake, dwel- | ling in Paules Churchyard at the signe of | the Greyhound. 1599.

This edition was not known until 1867, when a copy of it was discovered at Lamport Hall in Northamptonshire by Mr. Charles Edmonds, who issued a fac-simile reprint of it in 1870. Of course it is not included in the collation of the Cambridge ed., which was published before the discovery;* but it was evidently printed from the 3d edition. Mr. Edmonds says: "A few corrections are introduced, but they bear no proportion to the misprints."

Of the fifth edition a single copy is in existence (in the Bodleian Library), lacking the title-page, which has been restored in manuscript with the following imprint: "LONDON | Printed by I. H. | for Iohn Harrison | 1600." The date may be right, but, according to Halliwell † and Edmonds, the publisher's name must be wrong, as Harrison had assigned the copyright to Leake four years previous. The Cambridge editors assumed in 1866 that this edition (the 4th of their numbering) was printed from that of 1596; but it is certain, since the discovery of the 1599 ed., that it must have been based on that. Of the text they say: "It

* It is omitted by Hudson in his "Harvard" ed. (see account of early eds. of *V. and A.* vol. xix. p. 279), published in 1881.

† *Outlines of the Life of Shakespeare* (2d ed. 1882), p. 222.

contains many erroneous readings, due, it would seem, partly to carelessness and partly to wilful alteration, which were repeated in later eds."

Two new editions were issued in 1602, and others in 1617 and 1620. In 1627, an edition (of which the only known copy is in the British Museum) was published in Edinburgh. In the Bodleian Library there is a unique copy of an edition wanting the title-page but catalogued with the date 1630; also a copy of another edition, published in 1630 (discovered since the Cambridge ed. appeared).* A thirteenth edition was printed in 1636, "to be sold by Francis Coules in the Old Baily without Newgate."

The first edition of *Lucrece* was published in quarto in 1594, with the following title-page:

LVCRECE. | LONDON. | Printed by Richard Field, for Iohn Harrison, and are | to be sold at the signe of the white Greyhound | in Paules Churh-yard. 1594.

The running title is "The Rape of Lvcrece." The Bodleian Library has two copies of this edition which differ in some important readings, indicating that it was corrected while passing through the press. †

A second edition appeared in 1598, a third in 1600, and a fourth in 1607, all in octavo and all "for Iohn Harrison" (or "Harison").

In 1616, the year of Shakespeare's death, the poem was reprinted with his name as "newly revised;" but "as the readings are generally inferior to those of the earlier editions, there is no reason for attaching any importance to an assertion which was merely intended to allure purchasers" (Camb. ed.). The title-page of this edition reads thus:

* *Bibliographical Contributions*, edited by J. Winsor, Librarian of Harvard University: No. 2. *Shakespeare's Poems* (1879). This Bibliography of the earlier editions of the Poems contains much valuable and curious information concerning their history, the extant copies, reprints, etc.

† On variations of this kind in the early editions, cf. *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, p. 10.

THE | RAPE | OF | *LVCRECE.* | By | Mr *William Shakespeare.* | Newly Reuised. | LONDON: | Printed by *T. S.* for *Roger Iackson*, and are | to be solde at his shop neere the Conduit | in Fleet-street. 1616.

A sixth edition, also printed for Jackson, was issued in 1624.

The fifth and sixth editions differ considerably in their readings from the first four, in which there are no important variations.

A Lover's Complaint was first printed, so far as we know, in the first edition of the *Sonnets*, which appeared in 1609. It was probably not reprinted until it was included in the *Poems* of 1640, mentioned below.

The Passionate Pilgrim was first published in 1599, with the following title-page:

THE | PASSIONATE | PILGRIME. | *By W. Shakespeare.* | *AT LONDON* | Printed for W. Iaggard, and are | to be sold by W. Leake, at the Grey- | hound in Paules Churchyard. | 1599.

In the middle of sheet C is a second title:

SONNETS | To sundry notes of Musicke. | *AT LONDON* | Printed for W. Iaggard, and are | to be sold by W. Leake, at the Grey- | hound in Paules Churchyard. | 1599.

The book was reprinted in 1612, together with some poems by Thomas Heywood, the whole being attributed to Shakespeare. The title at first stood thus:

THE | PASSIONATE | PILGRIME. | or | *Certaine Amorous Sonnets*, | betweene Venus *and* Adonis, | *newly corrected and aug-* | mented. | *By W. Shakespere.* | The third Edition. | Whereunto is newly ad- | ded two Loue-Epistles, the first | from *Paris* to *Hellen*, and | *Hellens* answere backe | againe to *Paris.* | Printed by W. Iaggard. | 1612.

The Bodleian copy of this edition contains the following note by Malone: "All the poems from Sig. D. 5 were written by Thomas Heywood, who was so offended at Jaggard

for printing them under the name of Shakespeare that he has added a postscript to his *Apology for Actors*, 4to, 1612, on this subject; and Jaggard in consequence of it appears to have printed a new title-page to please Heywood, without the name of Shakespeare in it. The former title-page was no doubt intended to be cancelled, but by some inadvertence they were both prefixed to this copy and I have retained them as a curiosity." The corrected title-page is substantially as above, omitting "*By W. Shakespere.*"

It will be observed that this is called the *third* edition; but no other between 1599 and 1612 is known to exist.

In 1640 most of the *Sonnets* (see our ed. p. 10), *The Passionate Pilgrim*, *A Lover's Complaint*, *The Phœnix and the Turtle*, the lines "Why should this a desert be," etc. (*A. Y. L.* iii. 2. 133 fol.), and "Take, O take those lips away," etc. (*M. for M.* iv. 1. 1 fol.), with some translations from Ovid falsely ascribed to Shakespeare (see p. 215 below), were published in a volume with the following title:

POEMS: | WRITTEN | BY | WIL. SHAKE-SPEARE. | Gent. | Printed at *London* by *Tho. Cotes*, and are | to be sold by *John Benson*, dwelling in | S^t. *Dunstans* Church-yard. 1640.

The first complete edition of Shakespeare's Poems, including the Sonnets, was issued (according to Lowndes, *Bibliographer's Manual*) in 1709, with the following title:

A Collection of Poems, in Two Volumes; Being all the Miscellanies of Mr. *William Shakespeare*, which were Publish'd by himself in the Year 1609, and now correctly Printed from those Editions. The First Volume contains, I. VENUS AND ADONIS. II. The Rape of LUCRECE. III. The Passionate Pilgrim. IV. Some Sonnets set to sundry Notes of Musick. The Second Volume contains One Hundred and Fifty Four Sonnets, all of them in Praise of his Mistress. II. A Lover's Complaint of his Angry Mistress. *LONDON:* Printed for *Bernard Lintott*, at the *Cross-Keys*, between the Two Temple-Gates in *Fleet-street*.

The Phœnix and the Turtle first appeared, with Shakespeare's name appended to it, in Robert Chester's *Loves Martyr: or Rosalins Complaint*, published in 1601 (reprinted by the New Shakspere Society in 1878).

The earliest reference to the *Venus and Adonis* that has been found is in the famous passage in Meres's *Palladis Tamia* (see *M. N. D.* p. 9, and *C. of E.* p. 101). As to the date of its composition, Dowden says (*Primer*, p. 81): "When *Venus and Adonis* appeared, Shakspere was twenty-nine years of age; the Earl of Southampton, to whom it was dedicated, was not yet twenty. In the dedication the poet speaks of these 'unpolisht lines' as 'the first heire of my invention.' Did Shakspere mean by this that *Venus and Adonis* was written before any of his plays, or before any plays that were strictly original—his own 'invention?' or does he, setting plays altogether apart, which were not looked upon as literature, in a high sense of the word, call it his first poem because he had written no earlier narrative or lyrical verse? We cannot be sure. It is possible, but not likely, that he may have written this poem before he left Stratford, and have brought it up with him to London. More probably it was written in London, and perhaps not long before its publication. The year 1593, in which the poem appeared, was a year of plague; the London theatres were closed: it may be that Shakspere, idle in London, or having returned for a while to Stratford, then wrote the poem." Even if begun some years earlier, it was probably revised not long before its publication.

The *Lucrece* was not improbably the "graver labour" promised in the dedication of the *Venus and Adonis;* and, as Dowden remarks, it "exhibits far less immaturity than does the 'first heire' of Shakspere's invention." It is less likely than that, we think, to have been a youthful production taken up and elaborated at a later date.

A Lover's Complaint was evidently written long after the

Lucrece, but we have no means of fixing the time with any precision.

The Shakespearian poems in *The Passionate Pilgrim* were of course written before 1599, when the collection was published. The three taken from *Love's Labour's Lost* must be as early as the date of that play (see our ed. p. 10). If the Venus and Adonis sonnets are Shakespeare's, they may have been experiments on the subject before writing the long poem; but Furnivall says that they are "so much easier in flow and lighter in handling" that he cannot suppose them to be earlier than the poem.

The Phœnix and the Turtle is almost certainly Shakespeare's, and must have been written before 1601.

II. THE SOURCES OF THE POEMS.

The story of the *Venus and Adonis* was doubtless taken from Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, which had been translated by Golding in 1567. Shakespeare was probably acquainted with this translation at the time of the composition of *The Tempest* (see our ed. p. 139, note on *Ye elves*, etc.); but we have no clear evidence that he made use of it in writing *Venus and Adonis*. He does not follow Ovid very closely. That poet "relates, shortly, that Venus, accidentally wounded by an arrow of Cupid's, falls in love with the beauteous Adonis, leaves her favourite haunts and the skies for him, and follows him in his huntings over mountains and bushy rocks, and through woods. She warns him against wild boars and lions. She and he lie down in the shade on the grass—he without pressure on her part; and there, with her bosom on his, she tells him, with kisses,* the story of how she helped Hippomenes to win the swift-footed Atalanta, and then, because he was ungrateful to her (Venus), she excited him and his wife to defile a sanctuary by a forbidden

* "And, in her tale, she bussed him among."—A. Golding. Ovid's *Met.*, leaf 129 bk., ed. 1602.

act, for which they were both turned into lions. With a final warning against wild beasts, Venus leaves Adonis. He then hunts a boar, and gets his death-wound from it. Venus comes down to see him die, and turns his blood into a flower — the *anemone*, or wind-flower, short-lived, because the winds (*anemoi*), which give it its name, beat it down,* so slender is it. Other authors give Venus the enjoyment which Ovid and Shakspere deny her, and bring Adonis back from Hades to be with her" (Furnivall).

The main incidents of the *Lucrece* were doubtless familiar to Shakespeare from his school-days; and they had been used again and again in poetry and prose. "Chaucer had, in his *Legende of Good Women* (A.D. 1386?), told the story of Lucrece, after those of Cleopatra, Dido, Thisbe, Ypsiphile, and Medea, 'As saythe Ovyde and Titus Lyvyus' (Ovid's *Fasti*, bk. ii. 741; *Livy*, bk. i. ch. 57, 58): the story is also told by Dionysius Halicarnassensis, bk. iv. ch. 72, and by Diodorus Siculus, Dio Cassius, and Valerius Maximus. In English it is besides in Lydgate's *Falles of Princes*, bk. iii. ch. 5, and in Wm. Painter's *Palace of Pleasure*, 1567, vol. i. fol. 5–7, where the story is very shortly told: the heading is 'Sextus Tarquinius ravisheth Lucrece, who bewailyng the losse of her chastitie, killeth her self.' I cannot find the story in the Rouen edition, 1603, of Boaistuau and Belleforest's *Histoires Tragiques*, 7 vols. 12mo; or the Lucca edition, 1554, of the *Novelle* of Bandello, 3 parts; or the Lyons edition, 1573, of the Fourth Part. Painter's short *Lucrece* must have been taken by himself from one of the Latin authors he cites as his originals at the end of his preface. In 1568, was entered on the Stat. Reg. A, lf. 174, a receipt for 4*d.* from Jn. Alde 'for his lycense for prynting of a ballett, *the grevious complaynt of Lucrece*' (Arber's *Transcript*, i. 379); and in 1570 the like from 'James Robertes, for his lycense for the prynt-

* Pliny (bk. i. c. 23) says it never opens but when the wind is blowing. (by permission).

inge of a ballett intituled *The Death of Lucryssia'* (Arber's *Transcript*, i. 416). Another ballad of the legend of Lucrece was also printed in 1576, says Warton. (*Var. Shakspeare*, xx. 100.) Chaucer's simple, short telling of the story in 206 lines—of which 95 are taken up with the visit of Collatyne and Tarquynyus to Rome, before Shakspere's start with Tarquin's journey thither alone — cannot of course compare with Shakspere's rich and elaborate poem of 1855 lines, though, had the latter had more of the earlier maker's brevity, it would have attained greater fame" (Furnivall).

III. CRITICAL COMMENTS ON THE POEMS.

[*From Knight's "Pictorial Shakspere."* *]

"If the first heir of my invention prove deformed, I shall be sorry it had so noble a godfather." These are the words which, in relation to the *Venus and Adonis*, Shakspere addressed, in 1593, to the Earl of Southampton. Are we to accept them literally? Was the *Venus and Adonis* the first production of Shakspere's imagination? Or did he put out of his view those dramatic performances which he had then unquestionably produced, in deference to the critical opinions which regarded plays as works not belonging to "invention"? We think that he used the words in a literal sense. We regard the *Venus and Adonis* as the production of a very young man, improved, perhaps, considerably in the interval between its first composition and its publication, but distinguished by peculiarities which belong to the wild luxuriance of youthful power,—such power, however, as few besides Shakspere have ever possessed.

A deep thinker and eloquent writer, Julius Charles Hare, thus describes "the spirit of self-sacrifice," as applied to poetry:

"The might of the imagination is manifested by its launch-

* Vol. ii. of *Tragedies*, etc., p. 509 fol.

ing forth from the petty creek, where the accidents of birth moored it, into the wide ocean of being,—by its going abroad into the world around, passing into whatever it meets with, animating it, and becoming one with it. This complete union and identification of the poet with his poem,—this suppression of his own individual insulated consciousness, with its narrowness of thought and pettiness of feeling,—is what we admire in the great masters of that which for this reason we justly call classical poetry, as representing that which is symbolical and universal, not that which is merely occasional and peculiar. This gives them that majestic calmness which still breathes upon us from the statues of their gods. This invests their works with that lucid transparent atmosphere wherein every form stands out in perfect definiteness and distinctness, only beautified by the distance which idealizes it. This has delivered those works from the casualties of time and space, and has lifted them up like stars into the pure firmament of thought, so that they do not shine on one spot alone, nor fade like earthly flowers, but journey on from clime to clime, shedding the light of beauty on generation after generation. The same quality, amounting to a total extinction of his own selfish being, so that his spirit became a mighty organ through which Nature gave utterance to the full diapason of her notes, is what we wonder at in our own great dramatist, and is the groundwork of all his other powers: for it is only when purged of selfishness that the intellect becomes fitted for receiving the inspirations of genius."*

What Mr. Hare so justly considers as the great moving principle of "classical poetry,"—what he further notes as the pre-eminent characteristic of "our own great dramatist,"—is abundantly found in that great dramatist's earliest work. Coleridge was the first to point out this pervading

* *The Victory of Faith; and other Sermons*, by Julius Charles Hare, M.A. (1840), p. 277.

quality in the *Venus and Adonis;* and he has done this so admirably that it would be profanation were we to attempt to elucidate the point in any other than his own words:

"It is throughout as if a superior spirit, more intuitive, more intimately conscious, even than the characters themselves, not only of every outward look and act, but of the flux and reflux of the mind in all its subtlest thoughts and feelings, were placing the whole before our view; himself meanwhile unparticipating in the passions, and actuated only by that pleasurable excitement which had resulted from the energetic fervour of his own spirit in so vividly exhibiting what it had so accurately and profoundly contemplated. I think I should have conjectured from these poems that even then the great instinct which impelled the poet to the drama was secretly working in him, prompting him by a series and never-broken chain of imagery, always vivid, and, because unbroken, often minute—by the highest effort of the picturesque in words of which words are capable, higher perhaps than was ever realized by any other poet, even Dante not excepted—to provide a substitute for that visual language, that constant intervention and running comment by tone, look, and gesture, which in his dramatic works he was entitled to expect from the players. His Venus and Adonis seem at once the characters themselves, and the whole representation of those characters by the most consummate actors. You seem to be *told* nothing, but to see and hear everything. Hence it is, that, from the perpetual activity of attention required on the part of the reader,—from the rapid flow, the quick change, and the playful nature of the thoughts and images,—and, above all, from the alienation, and, if I may hazard such an expression, the utter *aloofness* of the poet's own feelings from those of which he is at once the painter and the analyst,—that though the very subject cannot but detract from the pleasure of a delicate

mind, yet never was poem less dangerous on a moral account." *

Coleridge, in the preceding chapter of his *Literary Life*, says: "During the first year that Mr. Wordsworth and I were neighbours, our conversations turned frequently on the two cardinal points of poetry—the power of exciting the sympathy of the reader by a faithful adherence to the truth of nature, and the power of giving the interest of novelty by the modifying colours of imagination." In Coleridge's *Literary Remains* the *Venus and Adonis* is cited as furnishing a signal example of "that affectionate love of nature and natural objects, without which no man could have observed so steadily, or painted so truly and passionately, the very minutest beauties of the external world." The description of the hare-hunt is there given at length as a specimen of this power. A remarkable proof of the completeness as well as accuracy of Shakspere's description lately presented itself to our mind, in running through a little volume, full of talent, published in 1825—*Essays and Sketches of Character*, by the late Richard Ayton, Esq. There is a paper on hunting, and especially on hare-hunting. He says: "I am not one of the perfect fox-hunters of these realms; but having been in the way of late of seeing a good deal of various modes of hunting, I would, for the benefit of the uninitiated, set down the results of my observations." In this matter he writes with a perfect unconsciousness that he is describing what any one has described before; but as accurate an observer *had* been before him:

"She (the hare) generally returns to the seat from which she was put up, running, as all the world knows, in a circle, or something sometimes like it, we had better say, that we may keep on good terms with the mathematical. At starting, she tears away at her utmost speed for a mile or more, and distances the dogs half-way: she then returns, diverging

* *Biographia Literaria*, 1817, vol. ii. p. 15.

a little to the right or left, that she may not run into the mouths of her enemies — a necessity which accounts for what we call the circularity of her course. Her flight from home is direct and precipitate; but on her way back, when she has gained a little time for consideration and stratagem, she describes a curious labyrinth of short turnings and windings, as if to perplex the dogs by the intricacy of her track."

Compare this with Shakspere:

> "And when thou hast on foot the purblind hare,
> Mark the poor wretch, to overshoot his troubles,
> How he outruns the wind, and with what care
> He cranks and crosses, with a thousand doubles:
> The many musits through the which he goes
> Are like a labyrinth to amaze his foes."

Mr. Ayton thus goes on:

"The hounds, whom we left in full cry, continue their music without remission as long as they are faithful to the scent; as a summons, it should seem, like the seaman's cry, to pull together, or keep together, and it is a certain proof to themselves and their followers that they are in the right way. On the instant that they are 'at fault,' or lose the scent, they are silent. . . . The weather, in its impression on the scent, is the great father of 'faults;' but they may arise from other accidents, even when the day is in every respect favourable. The intervention of ploughed land, on which the scent soon cools or evaporates, is at least perilous; but sheep-stains, recently left by a flock, are fatal: they cut off the scent irrecoverably—making a gap, as it were, in the clue, in which the dogs have not even a hint for their guidance."

Compare Shakspere again:

> "Sometime he runs among a flock of sheep,
> To make the cunning hounds mistake their smell,
> And sometime where earth-delving conies keep,
> To stop the loud pursuers in their yell;

And sometime sorteth with a herd of deer;
Danger deviseth shifts; wit waits on fear;

"For there his smell with others being mingled,
The hot scent-snuffing hounds are driven to doubt,
Ceasing their clamorous cry till they have singled
With much ado the cold fault cleanly out;
Then do they spend their mouths: Echo replies,
As if another chase were in the skies."

One more extract from Mr. Ayton:

"Suppose then, after the usual rounds, that you see the hare at last (a sorry mark for so many foes) sorely beleaguered —looking dark and draggled—and limping heavily along; then stopping to listen—again tottering on a little—and again stopping; and at every step, and every pause, hearing the death-cry grow nearer and louder."

One more comparison, and we have exhausted Shakspere's description:—

"By this, poor Wat, far off upon a hill,
Stands on his hinder legs with listening ear,
To hearken if his foes pursue him still;
Anon their loud alarums he doth hear;
And now his grief may be compared well
To one sore sick that hears the passing-bell.

"Then shalt thou see the dew-bedabbled wretch
Turn and return, indenting with the way;
Each envious briar his weary legs doth scratch,
Each shadow makes him stop, each murmur stay:
For misery is trodden on by many,
And being low never reliev'd by any."

Here, then, be it observed, are not only the same objects, the same accidents, the same movement, in each description, but the very words employed to convey the scene to the mind are often the same in each. It would be easy to say that Mr. Ayton copied Shakspere. We believe he did not. There is a sturdy ingenuousness about his writings which would have led him to notice the *Venus and Adonis* if he had had it in his mind. Shakspere and he had each looked

minutely and practically upon the same scene ; and the wonder is, not that Shakspere was an accurate describer, but that in him the accurate is so thoroughly fused with the poetical, that it is one and the same life.

The celebrated description of the courser in the *Venus and Adonis* is another remarkable instance of the accuracy of the young Shakspere's observation. Not the most experienced dealer ever knew the *points* of a horse better. The whole poem indeed is full of evidence that the circumstances by which the writer was surrounded, in a country district, had entered deeply into his mind, and were reproduced in the poetical form. The bird "tangled in a net"—the "didapper peering through a wave"—the "blue-veined violets"—the

> "red morn, that ever yet betoken'd
> Wrack to the seaman, tempest to the field"—

the fisher that forbears the "ungrown fry"—the sheep "gone to fold"—the caterpillars feeding on "the tender leaves"—and, not to weary with examples, that exquisite image,

> "Look how a bright star shooteth from the sky,
> So glides he in the night from Venus' eye"—

all these bespeak a poet who had formed himself upon nature, and not upon books. To understand the value as well as the rarity of this quality in Shakspere, we should open any contemporary poem. Take Marlowe's *Hero and Leander* for example. We read line after line, beautiful, gorgeous, running over with a satiating luxuriousness ; but we look in vain for a single familiar image. Shakspere describes what he has seen, throwing over the real the delicious tint of his own imagination. Marlowe looks at Nature herself very rarely ; but he knows all the conventional images by which the real is supposed to be elevated into the poetical. His most beautiful things are thus but copies of copies. The mode in which each poet describes the morning will illustrate our meaning :

"Lo! here the gentle lark, weary of rest,
From his moist cabinet mounts up on high,
And wakes the morning, from whose silver breast
The sun ariseth in his majesty;
Who doth the world so gloriously behold,
The cedar-tops and hills seem burnish'd gold."

We feel that *this* is true. Compare—

"By this Apollo's golden harp began
To sound forth music to the ocean;
Which watchful Hesperus no sooner heard
But he the day's bright-bearing car prepar'd,
And ran before, as harbinger of light,
And with his flaring beams mock'd ugly Night,
Till she, o'ercome with anguish, shame, and rage,
Dang'd down to hell her loathsome carriage."

We are taught that *this* is classical.

Coleridge has observed that, "in the *Venus and Adonis*, the first and most obvious excellence is the perfect sweetness of the versification; its adaptation to the subject; and the power displayed in varying the march of the words without passing into a loftier and more majestic rhythm than was demanded by the thoughts, or permitted by the propriety of preserving a sense of melody predominant."* This self-controlling power of "varying the march of the words without passing into a loftier and more majestic rhythm" is perhaps one of the most signal instances of Shakspere's consummate mastery of his art, even as a very young man. He who, at the proper season, knew how to strike the grandest music within the compass of our own powerful and sonorous language, in his early productions breathes out his thoughts

"To the Dorian mood
Of flutes and soft recorders."

The sustained sweetness of the versification is never cloying; and yet there are no violent contrasts, no sudden elevations: all is equable in its infinite variety. The early

* *Biographia Literaria*, vol. ii. p. 14.

comedies are full of the same rare beauty. In *Love's Labour's Lost—The Comedy of Errors—A Midsummer-Night's Dream*—we have verses of alternate rhymes formed upon the same model as those of the *Venus and Adonis*, and producing the same feeling of placid delight by their exquisite harmony. The same principles on which he built the versification of the *Venus and Adonis* exhibited to him the grace which these elegiac harmonies would impart to the scenes of repose in the progress of a dramatic action.

We proceed to the *Lucrece*. Of that poem the date of the composition is fixed as accurately as we can desire. In the dedication to the *Venus and Adonis* the poet says: "If your honour seem but pleased I account myself highly praised, and vow to take advantage of all idle hours till I have honoured you with some graver labour." In 1594, a year after the *Venus and Adonis*, *Lucrece* was published, and was dedicated to Lord Southampton. This, then, was undoubtedly the "graver labour;" this was the produce of the "idle hours" of 1593. Shakspere was then nearly thirty years of age—the period at which it is held by some he first began to produce anything original for the stage. The poet unquestionably intended the "graver labour" for a higher effort than had produced the "first heir" of his invention. He describes the *Venus and Adonis* as "unpolished lines"—lines thrown off with youthful luxuriousness and rapidity. The verses of the *Lucrece* are "untutored lines"—lines formed upon no established model. There is to our mind the difference of eight or even ten years in the aspect of these poems—a difference as manifest as that which exists between *Love's Labour's Lost* and *Romeo and Juliet*. Coleridge has marked the great distinction between the one poem and the other:

"The *Venus and Adonis* did not perhaps allow the display of the deeper passions. But the story of Lucretia seems to favour, and even demand, their intensest workings. And

yet we find in *Shakespeare's* management of the tale neither pathos nor any other *dramatic* quality. There is the same minute and faithful imagery as in the former poem, in the same vivid colours, inspirited by the same impetuous vigour of thought, and diverging and contracting with the same activity of the assimilative and of the modifying faculties; and with a yet larger display, a yet wider range of knowledge and reflection: and, lastly, with the same perfect dominion, often *domination*, over the whole world of language."*

It is in this paragraph that Coleridge has marked the difference—which a critic of the very highest order could alone have pointed out—between the power which Shakspere's mind possessed of going out of itself in a narrative poem, and the dramatic power. The same mighty, and to most unattainable, power, of utterly subduing the self-conscious to the universal, was essential to the highest excellence of both species of composition, — the poem and the drama. But the exercise of that power was essentially different in each. Coleridge, in another place, says: "In his very first production he projected his mind out of his own particular being, and felt, and made others feel, on subjects no way connected with himself except by force of contemplation, and that sublime faculty by which a great mind becomes that on which it meditates."† But this "sublime faculty" went greatly farther when it became dramatic. In the narrative poems of an ordinary man we perpetually see the narrator. Coleridge, in a passage previously quoted, has shown the essential superiority of Shakspere's narrative poems, where the whole is placed before our view, the poet unparticipating in the passions. There is a remarkable example of how strictly Shakspere adhered to this principle in his beautiful poem of *A Lover's Complaint*. There the poet is actually present to the scene:

* *Biographia Literaria*, vol. ii. p. 21.
† *Literary Remains*, vol. ii. p. 54.

> "From off a hill whose concave womb re-worded
> A plaintful story from a sistering vale,
> My spirits to attend this double voice accorded,
> And down I laid to list the sad-tun'd tale."

But not one word of comment does he offer upon the revelations of the "fickle maid full pale." The dramatic power, however, as we have said, is many steps beyond this. It dispenses with narrative altogether. It renders a complicated story, or stories, *one* in the action. It makes the characters reveal *themselves*, sometimes by a word. It trusts for everything to the capacity of an audience to appreciate the greatest subtleties, and the nicest shades of passion, *through* the action. It is the very reverse of the oratorical power, which repeats and explains. And how is it able to effect this prodigious mastery over the senses and the understanding? By raising the mind of the spectator, or reader, into such a state of poetical excitement as corresponds in some degree to the excitement of the poet, and thus clears away the mists of our ordinary vision, and irradiates the whole complex moral world in which we for a time live, and move, and have our being, with the brightness of his own intellectual sunlight. Now, it appears to us that, although the *Venus and Adonis*, and the *Lucrece*, do not pretend to be the creations of this wonderful power—their forms did not demand its complete exercise—they could not have been produced by a man who did not possess the power, and had assiduously cultivated it in its own proper field. In the second poem, more especially, do we think the power has reached a higher development, indicating itself in "a yet wider range of knowledge and reflection."

Malone says: "I have observed that Painter has inserted the story of Lucrece in the first volume of his *Palace of Pleasure*, 1567, on which I make no doubt our author formed his poem." Be it so. The story of Lucrece in Painter's novel occupies four pages. The first page describes the circum-

stances that preceded the unholy visit of Tarquin to Lucrece; nearly the whole of the last two pages detail the events that followed the death of Lucrece. A page and a half at most is given to the tragedy. This is proper enough in a narrative, whose business it is to make all the circumstances intelligible. But the narrative poet, who was also thoroughly master of the dramatic power, concentrates all the interest upon the main circumstances of the story. He places the scene of those circumstances before our eyes at the very opening:

> "From the besieged Ardea all in post,
> Borne by the trustless wings of false desire,
> Lust-breathed Tarquin leaves the Roman host,
> And to Collatium bears," etc.

The preceding circumstances which impel this journey are then rapidly told. Again, after the crowning action of the tragedy, the poet has done. He tells the consequences of it with a brevity and simplicity indicating the most consummate art:

> "When they had sworn to this advised doom,
> They did conclude to bear dead Lucrece thence;
> To show her bleeding body thorough Rome,
> And so to publish Tarquin's foul offence:
> Which being done with speedy diligence,
> The Romans plausibly did give consent
> To Tarquin's everlasting banishment."

He has thus cleared away all the encumbrances to the progress of the main action. He would have done the same had he made Lucrece the subject of a drama. But he has to tell his painful story and to tell it all: not to exhibit a portion of it, as he would have done had he chosen the subject for a tragedy. The consummate delicacy with which he has accomplished this is beyond all praise, perhaps above all imitation. He puts forth his strength on the accessories of the main incident. He delights to make the chief actors analyze their own thoughts,—reflect, explain, expostulate. All this

is essentially undramatic, and he meant it to be so. But then, what pictures does he paint of the progress of the action, which none but a great dramatic poet, who had visions of future Macbeths and Othellos before him, could have painted! Look, for example, at that magnificent scene, when

> "No comfortable star did lend his light,"

of Tarquin leaping from his bed, and, softly smiting his falchion on a flint, lighting a torch

> "Which must be lode-star to his lustful eye."

Look, again, at the exquisite domestic incident which tells of the quiet and gentle occupation of his devoted victim:

> "By the light he spies
> Lucretia's glove, wherein her needle sticks;
> He takes it from the rushes where it lies."

The hand to which that glove belongs is described in the very perfection of poetry:

> "Without the bed her other fair hand was,
> On the green coverlet; whose perfect white
> Show'd like an April daisy on the grass."

In the chamber of innocence Tarquin is painted with terrific grandeur, which is overpowering by the force of contrast:

> This said he shakes aloft his Roman blade,
> Which, like a falcon towering in the skies,
> Coucheth the fowl below with his wings' shade."

The complaint of Lucrece after Tarquin has departed was meant to be undramatic. The action advances not. The character develops not itself in the action. But the poet makes his heroine bewail her fate in every variety of lament that his boundless command of imagery could furnish. The letter to Collatine is written;—a letter of the most touching simplicity:

> "Thou worthy lord
> Of that unworthy wife that greeteth thee,
> Health to thy person! Next vouchsafe to afford
> (If ever, love, thy Lucrece thou wilt see)
> Some present speed to come and visit me:

> So I commend me from our house in grief;
> My woes are tedious, though my words are brief."

Again the action languishes, and again Lucrece surrenders herself to her grief. The

> "Skilful painting, made for Priam's Troy"

is one of the most elaborate passages of the poem, essentially cast in an undramatic mould. But this is but a prelude to the catastrophe, where, if we mistake not, a strength of passion is put forth which is worthy him who drew the terrible agonies of Lear:

> "Here with a sigh, as if her heart would break,
> She throws forth Tarquin's name: 'He, he,' she says,
> But more than 'he' her poor tongue could not speak;
> Till after many accents and delays,
> Untimely breathings, sick and short assays,
> She utters this: 'He, he, fair lords, 't is he,
> That guides this hand to give this wound to me.'"

Malone, in his concluding remarks upon the *Venus and Adonis*, and *Lucrece*, says: "We should do Shakspeare injustice were we to try them by a comparison with more modern and polished productions, or with our present idea of poetical excellence." This was written in the year 1780—the period which rejoiced in the "polished productions" of Hayley and Miss Seward, and founded its "idea of poetical excellence" on some standard which, secure in its conventional forms, might depart as far as possible from simplicity and nature, to give us words without thought, arranged in verses without music. It would be injustice indeed to Shakspere to try the *Venus and Adonis*, and *Lucrece*, by such a standard of "poetical excellence." But we have outlived that period. By way of apology for Shakspere, Malone adds, "that few authors rise much above the age in which they live." He further says, "the poems of *Venus and Adonis*, and the *Rape of Lucrece*, whatever opinion may be now entertained of them, were certainly much admired in Shakspeare's lifetime." This is

consolatory. In Shakspere's lifetime there were a few men that the world has since thought somewhat qualified to establish an "idea of poetical excellence"—Spenser, Drayton, Jonson, Fletcher, Chapman, for example. These were not much valued in Malone's golden age of "more modern and polished productions;"—but let that pass. We are coming back to the opinions of this obsolete school; and we venture to think the majority of readers now will not require us to make an apology for Shakspere's poems.

[*From Dowden's "Shakspere."**]

The *Venus and Adonis* is styled by its author, in the dedication to the Earl of Southampton, "the first heir of my invention." Gervinus believes that the poem may have been written before the poet left Stratford. Although possibly separated by a considerable interval from its companion poem, *The Rape of Lucrece* (1594), the two may be regarded as essentially one in kind. The specialty of these poems as portions of Shakspere's art has perhaps not been sufficiently observed. † Each is an artistic *study;* and they form, as has been just observed, companion studies—one of female lust and boyish coldness, the other of male lust and womanly chastity. Coleridge noticed "the utter aloofness of the poet's own feelings from those of which he is at once the painter and the analyst;" but it can hardly be admitted that this aloofness of the poet's own feelings proceeds from a dramatic abandonment of self. The subjects of these two poems did not call and choose their poet; they did not possess him and compel him to render them into art. Rather the poet expressly made choice of the subjects, and deliberately set himself down before each to accomplish an exhaustive study of it.

* *Shakspere: a Critical Study of his Mind and Art*, by Edward Dowden; Harper's ed. p. 43 fol. (by permission).

† Coleridge touches upon the fact, and it is noted by Lloyd.

If the Venus and Adonis sonnets in *The Passionate Pilgrim* be by Shakspere, it would seem that he had been trying various poetical exercises on this theme. And for a young writer of the Renascence, the subject of Shakspere's earliest poem was a splendid one—as voluptuous and unspiritual as that of a classical picture of Titian. It included two figures containing inexhaustible pasture for the fleshly eye, and delicacies and dainties for the sensuous imagination of the Renascence—the enamoured Queen of Beauty, and the beautiful, disdainful boy. It afforded occasion for endless exercises and variations on the themes Beauty, Lust, and Death. In holding the subject before his imagination, Shakspere is perfectly cool and collected. He has made choice of the subject, and he is interested in doing his duty by it in the most thorough way a young poet can; but he remains unimpassioned—intent wholly upon getting down the right colours and lines upon his canvas. Observe his determination to put in accurately the details of each object; to omit nothing. Poor Wat, the hare, is described in a dozen stanzas. Another series of stanzas describes the stallion—all his points are enumerated:

> "Round-hoof'd, short-jointed, fetlocks shag and long,
> Broad breast, full eye, small head and nostril wide,
> High crest, short ears, straight legs and passing strong,
> Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender hide."

This passage of poetry has been admired; but is it poetry or a paragraph from an advertisement of a horse-sale? It is part of Shakspere's study of an animal, and he does his work thoroughly. In like manner, he does not shrink from faithfully putting down each one of the amorous provocations and urgencies of Venus. The complete series of manœuvres must be detailed.

In *Lucrece* the action is delayed and delayed, that every minute particular may be described, every minor incident recorded. In the newness of her suffering and shame, Lu-

crece finds time for an elaborate *tirade* appropriate to the theme "Night," another to that of "Time," another to that of "Opportunity." Each topic is exhausted. Then, studiously, a new incident is introduced, and its significance for the emotions is drained to the last drop in a new tirade. We nowhere else discover Shakspere so evidently engaged upon his work. Afterwards he puts a stress upon his verses to compel them to contain the hidden wealth of his thought and imagination. Here he displays at large such wealth as he possesses; he will have none of it half seen. The descriptions and declamations are undramatic, but they show us the materials laid out in detail from which dramatic poetry originates. Having drawn so carefully from models, the time comes when he can trust himself to draw from memory, and he possesses marvellous freedom of hand, because his previous studies have been so laborious. It was the same hand that drew the stallion in *Venus and Adonis* which afterwards drew with infallible touch, as though they were alive, the dogs of Theseus:

> "My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,
> So flew'd, so sanded, and their heads are hung
> With ears that sweep away the morning dew;
> Crook-kneed, and dew-lapp'd like Thessalian bulls;
> Slow in pursuit; but match'd in mouth like bells,
> Each under each. A cry more tunable
> Was never holla'd to, nor cheer'd with horn,
> In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Thessaly."*

* The comparison of these two passages is from Hazlitt, whose unfavourable criticism of Shakspere's poems expresses well one side of the truth. "The two poems of *Venus and Adonis* and of *Tarquin and Lucrece* appear to us like a couple of ice-houses. They are about as hard, as glittering, and as cold. The author seems all the time to be thinking of his verses, and not of his subject—not of what his characters would feel, but of what he shall say; and, as it must happen in all such cases, he always puts into their mouths those things which they would be the last to think of, and which it shows the greatest ingenuity in him to find out. The whole is laboured, uphill work. The poet is perpetually sin-

When these poems were written, Shakspere was cautiously feeling his way. Large, slow-growing natures, gifted with a sense of concrete fact and with humour, ordinarily possess no great self-confidence in youth. An idealist, like Milton, may resolve in early manhood that he will achieve a great epic poem, and in old age may turn into fact the ideas of his youth. An idealist, like Marlowe, may begin his career with a splendid youthful audacity, a stupendous *Tamburlaine*. A man of the kind to which Shakspere belonged, although very resolute, and determined, if possible, to succeed, requires the evidence of objective facts to give him self-confidence. His special virtue lies in a peculiarly pregnant and rich relation with the actual world, and such relation commonly establishes itself by a gradual process. Accordingly, instead of flinging abroad into the world while still a stripling some unprecedented creation, as Marlowe did, or as Victor Hugo did, and securing thereby the position of a leader of an insurgent school, Shakspere began, if not timidly, at least cautiously and tentatively. He undertakes work of any and every description, and tries and tests himself upon all. He is therefore a valued person in his theatrical company, ready to turn his hand to anything helpful—

gling out the difficulties of the art to make an exhibition of his strength and skill in wrestling with them. He is making perpetual trials of them as if his mastery over them were doubted. . . . A beautiful thought is sure to be lost in an endless commentary upon it. . . . There is, besides, a strange attempt to substitute the language of painting for that of poetry, to make us *see* their feelings in the faces of the persons."—*Characters of Shakspere's Plays* (ed. 1818), pp. 348, 349. Coleridge's much more favorable criticism will be found in *Biographia Literaria* (ed. 1847), vol. ii. ch. ii. The peculiarity of the poems last noticed in the extract from Hazlitt is ingeniously accounted for by Coleridge. "The great instinct which impelled the poet to the drama was secretly working in him, prompting him . . . to provide a substitute for that visual language, that constant intervention and running comment by tone, look, and gesture, which in his dramatic works he was entitled to expect from the players" (pp. 18, 19).

a Jack-of-all-trades, a "Johannes-factotum;" he is obliging and free from self-assertion; he is waiting his time; he is not yet sure of himself; he finds it the sensible thing not to profess singularity. "Divers of worship" report his "uprightness of dealing;" he is "excellent in the quality he professes;"* his demeanor is civil; he is recognized even already as having a "facetious grace in writing." † Let us not suppose, because Shakspere declines to assault the real world and the world of imagination, and take them by violence, that he is therefore a person of slight force of character. He is determined to master both these worlds, if possible. He approaches them with a facile and engaging air; by-and-by his grasp upon facts will tighten. From Marlowe and from Milton half of the world escapes. Shakspere will lay hold of it in its totality, and, once that he has laid hold of it, will never let it go.

[*From Mr. F. J. Furnivall's Comments on the Poems.* ‡]

In the *Venus and Adonis* we have the same luxuriance of fancy, the same intensity of passion, as in *Romeo and Juliet*, illegitimate and unlawful though the indulgence in that passion is. We have the link with the *Midsummer-Night's Dream* in the stanza "Bid me discourse," and the hounds hunting the hare. The poem was entered on the Stationers' Register and published in 1593, and must be of nearly the same date as the *Romeo and Juliet*. It is dedicated to Shakspere's young patron, Henry, Earl of Southampton;

* On the special use of the word "quality" for the stage-player's profession, see a note by Hermann Kurz in his article, "Shakespeare der Schauspieler," *Shakespeare-Jahrbuch*, vol. vi. pp. 317, 318.

† Chettle's "Kind Heart's Dream," 1592. But see Mr. Howard Staunton's letter in *The Athenæum*, Feb. 7, 1874; Mr. Simpson's article, "Shakspere Allusion Books," *The Academy*, April 11, 1874; and Dr. Ingleby's preface to *Shakspere Allusion Books*, published for the New Shakspere Society.

‡ *The Leopold Shakspere* (London, 1877), p. xxx. fol. (by permission).

and I would fain believe the subject was set him by that patron. But from whatever source came the impulse to take from Ovid the heated story of the heathen goddess's lust, we cannot forbear noticing how through this stifling atmosphere Shakspere has blown the fresh breezes of English meads and downs. *Midsummer-Night's Dream* itself is not fuller of evidence of Shakspere's intimate knowledge of, and intense delight in, country scenes and sights, whether shown in his description of horse and hounds, or in closer touches, like that of the hush of wind before the rain; while such lines as those about the eagle flapping, "shaking its wings" (57), over its food, send us still to the Zoological Gardens to verify. Two lines there are, reflecting Shakspere's own experience of life—his own early life in London possibly—which we must not fail to note; they are echoed in Hamlet:

> "For misery is trodden on by many,
> And being low, never reliev'd by any."

'T was a lesson plainly taught by the Elizabethan days, and the Victorian preach it too. It has been the fashion lately to run down the *Venus* as compared with Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*. Its faults are manifest. It shows less restraint and training than the work of the earlier-ripened Marlowe; but to me it has a fulness of power and promise of genius enough to make three Marlowes. . . .

Though the *Venus* was dedicated by Shakspere, when twenty-nine, to the Earl of Southampton before he was twenty,* and cannot be called an improving poem for a young nobleman to read, we must remember the difference between the

* He was born October 6, 1573; his father died October 4, 1581; he entered at St. John's College, Cambridge, on December 11, 1585, just after he was twelve; took his degree of Master of Arts before he was sixteen, on June 6, 1589; and soon after entered at Gray's Inn, London. He was a ward of Lord Burghley. He became a favourite of Queen Elizabeth's, but lost her favour, in 1595, for making love to Elizabeth Vernon (Essex's cousin), whom he married later, in 1598. (Massey's *Shakspere's Sonnets*, p. 53, etc.)

Elizabethan times and our own. Then, not one in a thousand of the companions of poets would have complained of Shakspere's choice of subject, or thought it other than as legitimate as its treatment was beautiful. The same subject was repeated perhaps by Shakspere in some sonnets of *The Passionate Pilgrim;* and a like one, in higher and happier tone, was made the motive of his *All's Well that Ends Well* —as I believe, the recast of his early *Love's Labours Won.* However it grates on one to compare the true and loving Helena with the lustful Venus, one must admit that the pursuit of an unwilling man by a willing woman—though he was no Joseph, and she no Potiphar's wife—was not so distasteful to the Elizabethan age as it is to the Victorian. Constable's best poem (printed in 1600) treats the same topic as Shakspere's first: its title is *The Shepherd's Song of Venus and Adonis.**

Of possession and promise in Shakspere's first poem, we have an intense love of nature, and a conviction (which never left him) of her sympathy with the moods of men; a penetrating eye; a passionate soul;† a striking power of throwing himself into all he sees, and reproducing it living and real to his reader; a lively fancy, command of words, and music of verse; these wielded by a shaping spirit that strives to keep each faculty under one control, and guide it while doing its share of the desired whole. . . .

The first‡ allusion to the *Venus* is by Meres in 1598: . . .

* Lodge has three stanzas in his *Glaucus and Scilla*, 1589, on Adonis's death, and Venus coming down to his corpse.

† "A young poet can, at most, give evidence of ardent feeling and fresh imagination."—Mark Pattison, *Macmillan's Magazine*, March, 1875, p. 386.

‡ If there really was an earlier edition in 1595, or any year before 1598, of John Weever's *Epigrammes*, which we know only in the edition of 1599, then Weever was before Meres in recognizing the merit of Shakspere's *Venus*, *Lucrece*, *Romeo*, and *Richard*. See the *Epigram* 22, in the New Shakspere Society's *Allusion Books*, Pt. I. p. 182.

"witness his *Venus and Adonis*, his *Lucrece*," etc. In 1598 the two poems were again noticed in "A Remembrance of some English Poets," the fourth tract in a volume called *Poems: in Diuers Humors*, of which the first tract bears Richard Barnfield's name:

> "And *Shakespeare* thou, whose hony-flowing Vaine,
> (Pleasing the World) thy Praises doth obtaine;
> Whose *Venus*, and whose *Lucrece* (sweete and chaste),
> Thy Name in fame's immortall Booke have plac't.
> Liue ever you! at least, in Fame liue ever!
> Well may the Bodye dye; but Fame dies neuer."

In the same year, 1598, the satirist, John Marston,* published "the first heir of his invention," which he called (p. 202) "the first bloomes of my poesie," "The Metamorphosis of Pigmalion's Image. And Certaine Satyres" (*Works*, 1856, iii. 199), and in it, says Mr. Minto (*Characteristics of English Poets*, 1874, p. 437), reviving an old theory, "Shakspere's *Venus and Adonis* was singled out as the type of dangerously voluptuous poetry, and unmercifully parodied; the acts of the goddess to win over the cold youth being coarsely paralleled in mad mockery by the acts of Pygmalion to bring his beloved statue to life." Now the fact is, that there is no trace of "mad mockery" or parody in Marston's poem, though there are echoes in it of *Venus*, as there are of *Richard III.*,† *Hamlet*, etc., in Marston's *Scourge of Villanie*, his

* See the character given of him in the most interesting *Return from Parnassus* (about 1602, published 1606), Hazlitt's *Dodsley*, ix. 116, 117. Also the anecdote in Manningham's *Diary*.

† "A horse! a horse! My kingdom for a horse!" (1607. *What You Will*, act ii. sc. i. *Works*, i. 239). "A man! a man! a kingdom for a man!" (1598. *Scourge of Villanie*. *Works*, iii. 278). And he repeats the call, "A man, a man!" thrice in the next two pages (*Shakspere Allusion Books*, i. 188. New Shakspere Society). See, too, "A foole, a foole, a foole, my coxcombe for a foole!" (*Fawn*, 1606, act v. sc. i. *Works*, ii. 89); and on p. 23, Hercules's imitation of Iago's speech to Roderigo, in *Othello*, ii. 40–60 (Nicholson). Again, in *The Malcontent*, 1607, act iii. sc. iii. (*Works*, i. 239), "Ho. ho! ho, ho! arte there, olde true pennye;"

Fawn, etc.; and the far more probable view of the case is that put forward by Dr. Brinsley Nicholson: that Marston, being young, and of a warm temperament and licentious disposition, followed the lead of a poem then in everybody's mouth* (Shakspere's *Venus*), and produced his *Pigmalion's Image;* but being able only to heighten the *Venus's* sensuality, and leave out its poetry and bright outdoor life, he disgusted his readers, had his poem suppressed by Whitgift and Bancroft's order, and then tried to get out of the scrape by saying that he had written his nastiness only to condemn other poets for writing theirs! A likely story indeed! But let him tell it himself. In his "Satyre VI." of his *Scourge of Villanie*, 1598 (completed in 1599), *Works*, 1856, iii. 274, 275, he says:

> "Curio! know'st my sprite;
> Yet deem'st that in sad seriousness I write
> Such nasty stuffe as is *Pigmalion?*
> Such maggot-tainted, lewd corruption! . . .
> Think'st thou that I, which was create to whip
> Incarnate fiends . . .
> Think'st thou that I in melting poesie
> Will pamper itching sensualitie,
> That in the bodies scumme, all fatally
> Intombes the soules most sacred faculty?

from *Hamlet*, etc. Compare, too, Lampatho in *The Malcontent* (vol. i. p. 236) with Armado in *Love's Labours Lost*. Marston was steeped in Shakspere, though to little good.

* See *The Fair Maid of the Exchange:*

> "*Crip*[*ple*]. But heare you sir? reading so much as you haue done,
> Doe you not remember one pretty phrase,
> To scale the walles of a faire wenches loue?
> *Bow*[*dler*]. I never read any thing but *Venus* and *Adonis*.
> *Crip*. Why that's the very quintessence of loue;
> If you remember but a verse or two,
> Ile pawne my head, goods, lands, and all, 't will doe."

In R. Baron's "Fortune's Tennis-ball" (*Pocula Castalia*, 1640) are, says Dr. B. Nicholson, many appropriations from *Venus and Adonis*, suddenly occurring where hunting is spoken of. Falstaff is also referred to; and at the end are many appropriations from Ben Jonson's *Hymenæi*.

> Hence, thou misjudging censor! know, I wrot
> Those idle rimes to note the odious spot
> And blemish that deformes the lineaments
> Of moderne poesies habiliments.
> Oh that the beauties of invention *
> For want of judgements disposition,
> Should all be spoil'd!" . . .

Then, after describing seven types of poets—of whom the fifth *may be* Shakspere,† and the sixth Ben Jonson (comp. p. 245)—Marston goes on to satirize the readers of his and other writers' loose poems, for whom he "slubber'd up that chaos indigest" of his *Pigmalion*. This epithet is certainly not consistent with the dedication of his poem to Good Opinion and his Mistress; and his excuse for his failure in it is plainly an after-thought. But whatever we determine as to Marston's motives and honesty, we shall all join in regretting the "want of judgements disposition" that let Shakspere choose Venus ‡ for an early place in his glorious gallery of women—forms whose radiant purity and innocence have won all hearts; though we will remember this fault only as the low level from which he rose on stepping-stones of his dead self to higher things. He who put Venus near the beginning of his career, ended with Miranda, Perdita, Imogen, and Queen Katherine. Let *them* make atonement for *her!*

* Comp. Shakspere's "First heir of my invention."

† Yon 's one whose straines haue flowne so high a pitch,
That straight he flags, and tumbles in a ditch.
His sprightly hot high-soring poesie
Is like that dream'd-of imagery,
Whose head was gold, brest silver, brassie thigh,
Lead leggs, clay feete: O faire fram'd poesie!"

That Shakspere's subject was clay, and his verse gold, is certainly true.

‡ The author of the *Return from Parnassus* (written about 1602, published 1606), puts it thus (Hazlitt's *Dodsley*, ix. 118):

> "William Shakespeare?
> Who loves Adonis' love or Lucrece rape:
> His sweeter verse contains heart-robbing life,
> Could but a graver subject him content,
> Without love's foolish, lazy languishment."

Venus
Adonis

THE EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON.

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE HENRY WRIOTHESLY,

EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON AND BARON OF TICHFIELD.

RIGHT HONOURABLE,

I know not how I shall offend in dedicating my unpolished lines to your Lordship, nor how the world will censure me for choosing so strong a prop to support so weak a burthen: only if your honour seem but pleased, I account myself highly praised, and vow to take advantage of all idle hours till I have honoured you with some graver labour. But if the first heir of my invention prove deformed, I shall be sorry it had so noble a godfather, and never after ear so barren a land, for fear it yield me still so bad a harvest. I leave it to your honourable survey, and your honour to your heart's content, which I wish may always answer your own wish, and the world's hopeful expectation.

Your Honour's in all duty,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

VENUS AND ADONIS.

Even as the sun with purple-colour'd face
Had ta'en his last leave of the weeping morn,
Rose-cheek'd Adonis hied him to the chase;
Hunting he lov'd, but love he laugh'd to scorn:
Sick-thoughted Venus makes amain unto him,
And like a bold-fac'd suitor gins to woo him.

'Thrice fairer than myself,' thus she began,
'The field's chief flower, sweet above compare,
Stain to all nymphs, more lovely than a man,
More white and red than doves or roses are,
Nature that made thee, with herself at strife,
Saith that the world hath ending with thy life.

'Vouchsafe, thou wonder, to alight thy steed,
And rein his proud head to the saddle-bow;
If thou wilt deign this favour, for thy meed
A thousand honey secrets shalt thou know:
Here come and sit, where never serpent hisses,
And being set I 'll smother thee with kisses;

'And yet not cloy thy lips with loath'd satiety,
But rather famish them amid their plenty,
Making them red and pale with fresh variety,
Ten kisses short as one, one long as twenty:
A summer's day will seem an hour but short,
Being wasted in such time-beguiling sport.'

With this she seizeth on his sweating palm,
The precedent of pith and livelihood,
And, trembling in her passion, calls it balm,
Earth's sovereign salve to do a goddess good;
Being so enrag'd, desire doth lend her force
Courageously to pluck him from his horse.

Over one arm the lusty courser's rein,
Under her other was the tender boy,
Who blush'd and pouted in a dull disdain,
With leaden appetite, unapt to toy;
She red and hot as coals of glowing fire,
He red for shame, but frosty in desire.

The studded bridle on a ragged bough
Nimbly she fastens—O, how quick is love!—
The steed is stalled up, and even now
To tie the rider she begins to prove;
Backward she push'd him, as she would be thrust,
And govern'd him in strength, though not in lust.

So soon was she along as he was down,
Each leaning on their elbows and their hips;
Now doth she stroke his cheek, now doth he frown,
And gins to chide, but soon she stops his lips,
And kissing speaks, with lustful language broken,
'If thou wilt chide, thy lips shall never open.'

He burns with bashful shame, she with her tears
Doth quench the maiden burning of his cheeks;

Then with her windy sighs and golden hairs
To fan and blow them dry again she seeks:
He saith she is immodest, blames her miss;
What follows more she murthers with a kiss.

Even as an empty eagle, sharp by fast,
Tires with her beak on feathers, flesh, and bone,
Shaking her wings, devouring all in haste,
Till either gorge be stuff'd or prey be gone;
Even so she kiss'd his brow, his cheek, his chin,
And where she ends she doth anew begin.

Forc'd to content, but never to obey,
Panting he lies, and breatheth in her face:
She feedeth on the steam as on a prey,
And calls it heavenly moisture, air of grace;
Wishing her cheeks were gardens full of flowers,
So they were dew'd with such distilling showers.

Look how a bird lies tangled in a net,
So fasten'd in her arms Adonis lies;
Pure shame and awed resistance made him fret,
Which bred more beauty in his angry eyes:
Rain added to a river that is rank
Perforce will force it overflow the bank.

Still she entreats, and prettily entreats,
For to a pretty ear she tunes her tale;
Still is he sullen, still he lowers and frets,
'Twixt crimson shame and anger ashy-pale:
Being red, she loves him best; and being white,
Her best is better'd with a more delight.

Look how he can, she cannot choose but love;
And by her fair immortal hand she swears
From his soft bosom never to remove
Till he take truce with her contending tears,

Which long have rain'd, making her cheeks all wet;
And one sweet kiss shall pay this countless debt.

Upon this promise did he raise his chin,
Like a divedapper peering through a wave,
Who, being look'd on, ducks as quickly in;
So offers he to give what she did crave,
But when her lips were ready for his pay,
He winks, and turns his lips another way.

Never did passenger in summer's heat
More thirst for drink than she for this good turn.
Her help she sees, but help she cannot get;
She bathes in water, yet her fire must burn:
'O, pity,' gan she cry, 'flint-hearted boy!
'T is but a kiss I beg; why art thou coy?

'I have been woo'd, as I entreat thee now,
Even by the stern and direful god of war,
Whose sinewy neck in battle ne'er did bow,
Who conquers where he comes in every jar;
Yet hath he been my captive and my slave,
And begg'd for that which thou unask'd shalt have.

'Over my altars hath he hung his lance,
His batter'd shield, his uncontrolled crest,
And for my sake hath learn'd to sport and dance,
To toy, to wanton, dally, smile, and jest,
Scorning his churlish drum and ensign red,
Making my arms his field, his tent my bed.

'Thus he that overrul'd I oversway'd,
Leading him prisoner in a red-rose chain;
Strong-temper'd steel his stronger strength obey'd,
Yet was he servile to my coy disdain.
O, be not proud, nor brag not of thy might,
For mastering her that foil'd the god of fight!

'Touch but my lips with those fair lips of thine,—
Though mine be not so fair, yet are they red,—
The kiss shall be thine own as well as mine.
What seest thou in the ground? hold up thy head.
Look in mine eye-balls, there thy beauty lies;
Then why not lips on lips, since eyes in eyes?

'Art thou asham'd to kiss! then wink again,
And I will wink; so shall the day seem night;
Love keeps his revels where there are but twain;
Be bold to play, our sport is not in sight:
These blue-vein'd violets whereon we lean
Never can blab, nor know not what we mean.

'The tender spring upon thy tempting lip
Shows thee unripe, yet mayst thou well be tasted;
Make use of time, let not advantage slip;
Beauty within itself should not be wasted:
Fair flowers that are not gather'd in their prime
Rot and consume themselves in little time.

'Were I hard-favour'd, foul, or wrinkled-old,
Ill-nurtur'd, crooked, churlish, harsh in voice,
O'erworn, despised, rheumatic and cold,
Thick-sighted, barren, lean and lacking juice,
Then mightst thou pause, for then I were not for thee;
But having no defects, why dost abhor me?

'Thou canst not see one wrinkle in my brow;
Mine eyes are gray and bright and quick in turning;
My beauty as the spring doth yearly grow;
My flesh is soft and plump, my marrow burning;
My smooth moist hand, were it with thy hand felt,
Would in thy palm dissolve, or seem to melt.

'Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine ear,
Or, like a fairy, trip upon the green,

Or, like a nymph, with long dishevell'd hair,
Dance on the sands, and yet no footing seen;
Love is a spirit all compact of fire,
Not gross to sink, but light, and will aspire.

'Witness this primrose bank whereon I lie;
These forceless flowers like sturdy trees support me;
Two strengthless doves will draw me through the sky,
From morn till night, even where I list to sport me:
Is love so light, sweet boy, and may it be
That thou shouldst think it heavy unto thee?

'Is thine own heart to thine own face affected?
Can thy right hand seize love upon thy left?
Then woo thyself, be of thyself rejected,
Steal thine own freedom and complain on theft.
Narcissus so himself himself forsook,
And died to kiss his shadow in the brook.

'Torches are made to light, jewels to wear,
Dainties to taste, fresh beauty for the use,
Herbs for their smell, and sappy plants to bear;
Things growing to themselves are growth's abuse:
Seeds spring from seeds and beauty breedeth beauty;
Thou wast begot; to get it is thy duty.

'Upon the earth's increase why shouldst thou feed,
Unless the earth with thy increase be fed?
By law of nature thou art bound to breed,
That thine may live when thou thyself art dead;
And so, in spite of death, thou dost survive,
In that thy likeness still is left alive.'

By this the love-sick queen began to sweat,
For where they lay the shadow had forsook them,
And Titan, tired in the mid-day heat,
With burning eye did hotly overlook them;

Wishing Adonis had his team to guide,
So he were like him and by Venus' side.

And now Adonis, with a lazy spright,
And with a heavy, dark, disliking eye,
His lowering brows o'erwhelming his fair sight,
Like misty vapours when they blot the sky,
Souring his cheeks, cries 'Fie, no more of love!
The sun doth burn my face; I must remove.'

'Ay me,' quoth Venus, 'young and so unkind?
What bare excuses mak'st thou to be gone!
I 'll sigh celestial breath, whose gentle wind
Shall cool the heat of this descending sun:
I 'll make a shadow for thee of my hairs;
If they burn too, I 'll quench them with my tears.

'The sun that shines from heaven shines but warm,
And, lo, I lie between that sun and thee:
The heat I have from thence doth little harm,
Thine eye darts forth the fire that burneth me;
And were I not immortal, life were done
Between this heavenly and earthly sun.

'Art thou obdurate, flinty, hard as steel,
Nay, more than flint, for stone at rain relenteth?
Art thou a woman's son, and canst not feel
What 't is to love? how want of love tormenteth?
O, had thy mother borne so hard a mind,
She had not brought forth thee, but died unkind!

'What am I, that thou shouldst contemn me this?
Or what great danger dwells upon my suit?
What were thy lips the worse for one poor kiss?
Speak, fair; but speak fair words, or else be mute:
Give me one kiss, I 'll give it thee again,
And one for interest, if thou wilt have twain.

'Fie, lifeless picture, cold and senseless stone,
Well-painted idol, image dull and dead,
Statue contenting but the eye alone,
Thing like a man, but of no woman bred!
Thou art no man, though of a man's complexion;
For men will kiss even by their own direction.'

This said, impatience chokes her pleading tongue,
And swelling passion doth provoke a pause;
Red cheeks and fiery eyes blaze forth her wrong;
Being judge in love, she cannot right her cause:
And now she weeps, and now she fain would speak,
And now her sobs do her intendments break.

Sometimes she shakes her head and then his hand,
Now gazeth she on him, now on the ground;
Sometimes her arms infold him like a band:
She would, he will not in her arms be bound;
And when from thence he struggles to be gone,
She locks her lily fingers one in one.

'Fondling,' she saith, 'since I have hemm'd thee here
Within the circuit of this ivory pale,
I 'll be a park, and thou shalt be my deer;
Feed where thou wilt, on mountain or in dale:
Graze on my lips; and if those hills be dry,
Stray lower, where the pleasant fountains lie.

'Within this limit is relief enough,
Sweet bottom-grass and high delightful plain,
Round rising hillocks, brakes obscure and rough,
To shelter thee from tempest and from rain:
Then be my deer, since I am such a park;
No dog shall rouse thee, though a thousand bark.'

At this Adonis smiles as in disdain,
That in each cheek appears a pretty dimple:

Love made those hollows, if himself were slain,
He might be buried in a tomb so simple;
Foreknowing well, if there he came to lie,
Why, there Love liv'd and there he could not die.

These lovely caves, these round enchanting pits,
Open'd their mouths to swallow Venus' liking.
Being mad before, how doth she now for wits?
Struck dead at first, what needs a second striking?
Poor queen of love, in thine own law forlorn,
To love a cheek that smiles at thee in scorn!

Now which way shall she turn? what shall she say?
Her words are done, her woes the more increasing;
The time is spent, her object will away,
And from her twining arms doth urge releasing.
'Pity,' she cries, 'some favour, some remorse!'
Away he springs and hasteth to his horse.

But, lo, from forth a copse that neighbours by,
A breeding jennet, lusty, young, and proud,
Adonis' trampling courser doth espy,
And forth she rushes, snorts, and neighs aloud;
The strong-neck'd steed, being tied unto a tree,
Breaketh his rein, and to her straight goes he.

Imperiously he leaps, he neighs, he bounds,
And now his woven girths he breaks asunder;
The bearing earth with his hard hoof he wounds,
Whose hollow womb resounds like heaven's thunder;
The iron bit he crushes 'tween his teeth,
Controlling what he was controlled with.

His ears up-prick'd; his braided hanging mane
Upon his compass'd crest now stand on end;
His nostrils drink the air, and forth again,
As from a furnace, vapours doth he send;

His eye, which scornfully glisters like fire,
Shows his hot courage and his high desire.

Sometime he trots, as if he told the steps,
With gentle majesty and modest pride;
Anon he rears upright, curvets, and leaps,
As who should say 'Lo, thus my strength is tried,
And this I do to captivate the eye
Of the fair breeder that is standing by.'

What recketh he his rider's angry stir,
His flattering 'Holla,' or his 'Stand, I say'?
What cares he now for curb or pricking spur?
For rich caparisons or trapping gay?
He sees his love, and nothing else he sees,
For nothing else with his proud sight agrees.

Look, when a painter would surpass the life,
In limning out a well-proportion'd steed,
His art with nature's workmanship at strife,
As if the dead the living should exceed;
So did this horse excel a common one
In shape, in courage, colour, pace, and bone.

Round-hoof'd, short-jointed, fetlocks shag and long,
Broad breast, full eye, small head, and nostril wide,
High crest, short ears, straight legs and passing strong,
Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender hide:
Look, what a horse should have he did not lack,
Save a proud rider on so proud a back.

Sometime he scuds far off, and there he stares;
Anon he starts at stirring of a feather;
To bid the wind a base he now prepares,
And whether he run or fly they know not whether;
For through his mane and tail the high wind sings,
Fanning the hairs, who wave like feather'd wings.

He looks upon his love and neighs unto her;
She answers him as if she knew his mind:
Being proud, as females are, to see him woo her,
She puts on outward strangeness, seems unkind,
Spurns at his love and scorns the heat he feels,
Beating his kind embracements with her heels.

Then, like a melancholy malcontent,
He vails his tail that, like a falling plume,
Cool shadow to his melting buttock lent;
He stamps and bites the poor flies in his fume.
His love, perceiving how he is enrag'd,
Grew kinder, and his fury was assuag'd.

His testy master goeth about to take him;
When, lo, the unback'd breeder, full of fear,
Jealous of catching, swiftly doth forsake him,
With her the horse, and left Adonis there:
As they were mad, unto the wood they hie them,
Out-stripping crows that strive to over-fly them.

All swoln with chafing, down Adonis sits,
Banning his boisterous and unruly beast:
And now the happy season once more fits,
That love-sick Love by pleading may be blest;
For lovers say, the heart hath treble wrong
When it is barr'd the aidance of the tongue.

An oven that is stopp'd, or river stay'd,
Burneth more hotly, swelleth with more rage:
So of concealed sorrow may be said;
Free vent of words love's fire doth assuage;
But when the heart's attorney once is mute,
The client breaks, as desperate in his suit.

He sees her coming, and begins to glow,
Even as a dying coal revives with wind,

And with his bonnet hides his angry brow;
Looks on the dull earth with disturbed mind,
  Taking no notice that she is so nigh,
  For all askance he holds her in his eye.

O, what a sight it was, wistly to view
How she came stealing to the wayward boy!
To note the fighting conflict of her hue,
How white and red each other did destroy!
  But now her cheek was pale, and by and by
  It flash'd forth fire, as lightning from the sky.

Now was she just before him as he sat,
And like a lowly lover down she kneels;
With one fair hand she heaveth up his hat,
Her other tender hand his fair cheek feels:
  His tenderer cheek receives her soft hand's print,
  As apt as new-fallen snow takes any dint.

O, what a war of looks was then between them!
Her eyes petitioners to his eyes suing;
His eyes saw her eyes as they had not seen them;
Her eyes woo'd still, his eyes disdain'd the wooing:
  And all this dumb play had his acts made plain
  With tears, which, chorus-like, her eyes did rain.

Full gently now she takes him by the hand,
A lily prison'd in a gaol of snow,
Or ivory in an alabaster band;
So white a friend engirts so white a foe:
  This beauteous combat, wilful and unwilling,
  Show'd like two silver doves that sit a-billing.

Once more the engine of her thoughts began:
'O fairest mover on this mortal round,
Would thou wert as I am, and I a man,
My heart all whole as thine, thy heart my wound;

For one sweet look thy help I would assure thee,
Though nothing but my body's bane would cure thee.'

'Give me my hand,' saith he, 'why dost thou feel it?'
'Give me my heart,' saith she, 'and thou shalt have it;
O, give it me, lest thy hard heart do steel it,
And being steel'd, soft sighs can never grave it:
Then love's deep groans I never shall regard,
Because Adonis' heart hath made mine hard.'

'For shame,' he cries, 'let go, and let me go;
My day's delight is past, my horse is gone,
And 't is your fault I am bereft him so:
I pray you hence, and leave me here alone;
For all my mind, my thought, my busy care,
Is how to get my palfrey from the mare.'

Thus she replies: 'Thy palfrey, as he should,
Welcomes the warm approach of sweet desire:
Affection is a coal that must be cool'd;
Else, suffer'd, it will set the heart on fire:
The sea hath bounds, but deep desire hath none;
Therefore no marvel though thy horse be gone.

'How like a jade he stood, tied to the tree,
Servilely master'd with a leathern rein!
But when he saw his love, his youth's fair fee,
He held such petty bondage in disdain;
Throwing the base thong from his bending crest,
Enfranchising his mouth, his back, his breast.

'Who sees his true-love in her naked bed,
Teaching the sheets a whiter hue than white,
But, when his glutton eye so full hath fed,
His other agents aim at like delight?
Who is so faint that dares not be so bold
To touch the fire, the weather being cold?

'Let me excuse thy courser, gentle boy;
And learn of him, I heartily beseech thee,
To take advantage on presented joy;
Though I were dumb, yet his proceedings teach thee:
O, learn to love; the lesson is but plain,
And once made perfect, never lost again.'

'I know not love,' quoth he, 'nor will not know it,
Unless it be a boar, and then I chase it;
'T is much to borrow, and I will not owe it;
My love to love is love but to disgrace it;
For I have heard it is a life in death,
That laughs and weeps, and all but with a breath.

'Who wears a garment shapeless and unfinish'd?
Who plucks the bud before one leaf put forth?
If springing things be any jot diminish'd,
They wither in their prime, prove nothing worth;
The colt that 's back'd and burden'd being young
Loseth his pride and never waxeth strong.

'You hurt my hand with wringing; let us part,
And leave this idle theme, this bootless chat:
Remove your siege from my unyielding heart;
To love's alarms it will not ope the gate:
Dismiss your vows, your feigned tears, your flattery;
For where a heart is hard they make no battery.'

'What! canst thou talk?' quoth she, 'hast thou a tongue?
O, would thou hadst not, or I had no hearing!
Thy mermaid's voice hath done me double wrong;
I had my load before, now press'd with bearing:
Melodious discord, heavenly tune harsh-sounding,
Ear's deep-sweet music, and heart's deep-sore wounding.

'Had I no eyes but ears, my ears would love
That inward beauty and invisible;
Or were I deaf, thy outward parts would move
Each part in me that were but sensible:
Though neither eyes nor ears, to hear nor see,
Yet should I be in love by touching thee.

'Say, that the sense of feeling were bereft me,
And that I could not see, nor hear, nor touch,
And nothing but the very smell were left me,
Yet would my love to thee be still as much;
For from the stillitory of thy face excelling
Comes breath perfum'd that breedeth love by smelling.

'But, O, what banquet wert thou to the taste,
Being nurse and feeder of the other four!
Would they not wish the feast might ever last,
And bid Suspicion double-lock the door,
Lest Jealousy, that sour unwelcome guest,
Should, by his stealing in, disturb the feast?'

Once more the ruby-colour'd portal open'd,
Which to his speech did honey passage yield;
Like a red morn, that ever yet betoken'd
Wrack to the seaman, tempest to the field,
Sorrow to shepherds, woe unto the birds,
Gusts and foul flaws to herdmen and to herds.

This ill presage advisedly she marketh;
Even as the wind is hush'd before it raineth,
Or as the wolf doth grin before he barketh,
Or as the berry breaks before it staineth,
Or like the deadly bullet of a gun,
His meaning struck her ere his words begun.

And at his look she flatly falleth down,
For looks kill love and love by looks reviveth;

A smile recures the wounding of a frown;
But blessed bankrupt, that by love so thriveth!
The silly boy, believing she is dead,
Claps her pale cheek, till clapping makes it red;

And all amaz'd brake off his late intent,
For sharply he did think to reprehend her,
Which cunning love did wittily prevent:
Fair fall the wit that can so well defend her!
For on the grass she lies as she were slain,
Till his breath breatheth life in her again.

He wrings her nose, he strikes her on the cheeks,
He bends her fingers, holds her pulses hard,
He chafes her lips; a thousand ways he seeks
To mend the hurt that his unkindness marr'd:
He kisses her; and she, by her good will,
Will never rise, so he will kiss her still.

The night of sorrow now is turn'd to day;
Her two blue windows faintly she upheaveth,
Like the fair sun, when in his fresh array
He cheers the morn and all the earth relieveth;
And as the bright sun glorifies the sky,
So is her face illumin'd with her eye,

Whose beams upon his hairless face are fix'd,
As if from thence they borrow'd all their shine.
Were never four such lamps together mix'd,
Had not his clouded with his brow's repine;
But hers, which through the crystal tears gave light,
Shone like the moon in water seen by night.

'O, where am I?' quoth she, 'in earth or heaven,
Or in the ocean drench'd, or in the fire?
What hour is this? or morn or weary even?
Do I delight to die, or life desire?

But now I liv'd, and life was death's annoy;
But now I died, and death was lively joy.

'O, thou didst kill me; kill me once again:
Thy eyes' shrewd tutor, that hard heart of thine,
Hath taught them scornful tricks and such disdain
That they have murther'd this poor heart of mine;
And these mine eyes, true leaders to their queen,
But for thy piteous lips no more had seen.

'Long may they kiss each other for this cure!
O, never let their crimson liveries wear!
And as they last, their verdure still endure,
To drive infection from the dangerous year!
That the star-gazers, having writ on death,
May say, the plague is banish'd by thy breath.

'Pure lips, sweet seals in my soft lips imprinted,
What bargains may I make, still to be sealing?
To sell myself I can be well contented,
So thou wilt buy and pay and use good dealing;
Which purchase if thou make, for fear of slips
Set thy seal-manual on my wax-red lips.

'A thousand kisses buys my heart from me;
And pay them at thy leisure, one by one.
What is ten hundred touches unto thee?
Are they not quickly told and quickly gone?
Say, for non-payment that the debt should double,
Is twenty hundred kisses such a trouble?'

'Fair queen,' quoth he, 'if any love you owe me,
Measure my strangeness with my unripe years:
Before I know myself, seek not to know me;
No fisher but the ungrown fry forbears:
The mellow plum doth fall, the green sticks fast,
Or being early pluck'd is sour to taste.

'Look, the world's comforter, with weary gait,
His day's hot task hath ended in the west;
The owl, night's herald, shrieks, "'T is very late;"
The sheep are gone to fold, birds to their nest,
And coal-black clouds that shadow heaven's light
Do summon us to part and bid good night.

'Now let me say "Good night," and so say you;
If you will say so, you shall have a kiss.'
'Good night,' quoth she, and, ere he says 'Adieu,'
The honey fee of parting tender'd is:
Her arms do lend his neck a sweet embrace;
Incorporate then they seem; face grows to face:

Till, breathless, he disjoin'd, and backward drew
The heavenly moisture, that sweet coral mouth,
Whose precious taste her thirsty lips well knew,
Whereon they surfeit, yet complain on drouth:
He with her plenty press'd, she faint with dearth,
Their lips together glued, fall to the earth.

Now quick desire hath caught the yielding prey,
And glutton-like she feeds, yet never filleth;
Her lips are conquerors, his lips obey,
Paying what ransom the insulter willeth;
Whose vulture thought doth pitch the price so high,
That she will draw his lips' rich treasure dry:

And having felt the sweetness of the spoil,
With blindfold fury she begins to forage;
Her face doth reek and smoke, her blood doth boil,
And careless lust stirs up a desperate courage;
Planting oblivion, beating reason back,
Forgetting shame's pure blush and honour's wrack.

Hot, faint, and weary, with her hard embracing,
Like a wild bird being tam'd with too much handling,

Or as the fleet-foot roe that 's tir'd with chasing,
Or like the froward infant still'd with dandling,
He now obeys, and now no more resisteth,
While she takes all she can, not all she listeth.

What wax so frozen but dissolves with tempering,
And yields at last to every light impression?
Things out of hope are compass'd oft with venturing,
Chiefly in love, whose leave exceeds commission;
Affection faints not like a pale-fac'd coward,
But then wooes best when most his choice is froward.

When he did frown, O, had she then gave over,
Such nectar from his lips she had not suck'd.
Foul words and frowns must not repel a lover;
What though the rose have prickles, yet 't is pluck'd:
Were beauty under twenty locks kept fast,
Yet love breaks through and picks them all at last.

For pity now she can no more detain him;
The poor fool prays her that he may depart:
She is resolv'd no longer to restrain him;
Bids him farewell, and look well to her heart,
The which, by Cupid's bow she doth protest,
He carries thence incaged in his breast.

'Sweet boy,' she says, 'this night I 'll waste in sorrow,
For my sick heart commands mine eyes to watch.
Tell me, Love's master, shall we meet to-morrow?
Say, shall we? shall we? wilt thou make the match?'
He tells her, no; to-morrow he intends
To hunt the boar with certain of his friends.

'The boar!' quoth she; whereat a sudden pale,
Like lawn being spread upon the blushing rose,
Usurps her cheek; she trembles at his tale,
And on his neck her yoking arms she throws:

She sinketh down, still hanging by his neck,
He on her belly falls, she on her back.

Now is she in the very lists of love,
Her champion mounted for the hot encounter:
All is imaginary she doth prove,
He will not manage her, although he mount her;
That worse than Tantalus' is her annoy,
To clip Elysium and to lack her joy.

Even as poor birds, deceiv'd with painted grapes,
Do surfeit by the eye and pine the maw,
Even so she languisheth in her mishaps,
As those poor birds that helpless berries saw.
The warm effects which she in him finds missing
She seeks to kindle with continual kissing.

But all in vain; good queen, it will not be:
She hath assay'd as much as may be prov'd;
Her pleading hath deserv'd a greater fee;
She 's Love, she loves, and yet she is not lov'd.
'Fie, fie,' he says, 'you crush me; let me go;
You have no reason to withhold me so.'

'Thou hadst been gone,' quoth she, 'sweet boy, ere this,
But that thou told'st me thou wouldst hunt the boar.
O, be advis'd! thou know'st not what it is
With javelin's point a churlish swine to gore,
Whose tushes never sheath'd he whetteth still,
Like to a mortal butcher bent to kill.

'On his bow-back he hath a battle set
Of bristly pikes, that ever threat his foes;
His eyes, like glow-worms, shine when he doth fret;
His snout digs sepulchres where'er he goes;
Being mov'd, he strikes whate'er is in his way,
And whom he strikes his crooked tushes slay.

'His brawny sides, with hairy bristles arm'd,
Are better proof than thy spear's point can enter;
His short thick neck cannot be easily harm'd;
Being ireful, on the lion he will venture:
The thorny brambles and embracing bushes,
As fearful of him, part, through whom he rushes.

'Alas, he nought esteems that face of thine,
To which Love's eyes pay tributary gazes;
Nor thy soft hands, sweet lips, and crystal eyne,
Whose full perfection all the world amazes;
But having thee at vantage,—wondrous dread!—
Would root these beauties as he roots the mead.

'O, let him keep his loathsome cabin still;
Beauty hath nought to do with such foul fiends:
Come not within his danger by thy will;
They that thrive well take counsel of their friends.
When thou didst name the boar, not to dissemble,
I fear'd thy fortune, and my joints did tremble.

'Didst thou not mark my face? was it not white?
Saw'st thou not signs of fear lurk in mine eye?
Grew I not faint? and fell I not downright?
Within my bosom, whereon thou dost lie,
My boding heart pants, beats, and takes no rest,
But, like an earthquake, shakes thee on my breast.

'For where Love reigns, disturbing Jealousy
Doth call himself Affection's sentinel;
Gives false alarms, suggesteth mutiny,
And in a peaceful hour doth cry "Kill, kill!"
Distempering gentle Love in his desire,
As air and water do abate the fire.

'This sour informer, this bate-breeding spy,
This canker that eats up Love's tender spring,

This carry-tale, dissentious Jealousy,
That sometime true news, sometime false doth bring,
Knocks at my heart and whispers in mine ear
That if I love thee, I thy death should fear:

'And more than so, presenteth to mine eye
The picture of an angry-chafing boar,
Under whose sharp fangs on his back doth lie
An image like thyself, all stain'd with gore;
Whose blood upon the fresh flowers being shed
Doth make them droop with grief and hang the head.

'What should I do, seeing thee so indeed,
That tremble at the imagination?
The thought of it doth make my faint heart bleed,
And fear doth teach it divination;
I prophesy thy death, my living sorrow,
If thou encounter with the boar to-morrow.

'But if thou needs wilt hunt, be rul'd by me;
Uncouple at the timorous flying hare,
Or at the fox, which lives by subtlety,
Or at the roe, which no encounter dare:
Pursue these fearful creatures o'er the downs,
And on thy well-breath'd horse keep with thy hounds.

'And when thou hast on foot the purblind hare,
Mark the poor wretch, to overshoot his troubles
How he outruns the wind, and with what care
He cranks and crosses with a thousand doubles:
The many musits through the which he goes
Are like a labyrinth to amaze his foes.

'Sometime he runs among a flock of sheep,
To make the cunning hounds mistake their smell,
And sometime where earth-delving conies keep,
To stop the loud pursuers in their yell,

And sometime sorteth with a herd of deer;
Danger deviseth shifts, wit waits on fear:

'For there his smell with others being mingled,
The hot scent-snuffing hounds are driven to doubt,
Ceasing their clamorous cry till they have singled
With much ado the cold fault cleanly out;
Then do they spend their mouths: Echo replies,
As if another chase were in the skies.

'By this, poor Wat, far off upon a hill,
Stands on his hinder legs with listening ear,
To hearken if his foes pursue him still:
Anon their loud alarums he doth hear;
And now his grief may be compared well
To one sore sick that hears the passing-bell.

'Then shalt thou see the dew-bedabbled wretch
Turn, and return, indenting with the way;
Each envious brier his weary legs doth scratch,
Each shadow makes him stop, each murmur stay:
For misery is trodden on by many,
And being low never reliev'd by any.

'Lie quietly, and hear a little more;
Nay, do not struggle, for thou shalt not rise:
To make thee hate the hunting of the boar,
Unlike myself thou hear'st me moralize,
Applying this to that, and so to so;
For love can comment upon every woe.

'Where did I leave?' 'No matter where,' quoth he;
'Leave me, and then the story aptly ends:
The night is spent.' 'Why, what of that?' quoth she.
'I am,' quoth he, 'expected of my friends;
And now 't is dark, and going I shall fall.'
'In night,' quoth she, 'desire sees best of all.

'But if thou fall, O, then imagine this,
The earth, in love with thee, thy footing trips,
And all is but to rob thee of a kiss.
Rich preys make true men thieves; so do thy lips
Make modest Dian cloudy and forlorn,
Lest she should steal a kiss and die forsworn.

'Now of this dark night I perceive the reason:
Cynthia for shame obscures her silver shine,
Till forging Nature be condemn'd of treason,
For stealing moulds from heaven that were divine;
Wherein she fram'd thee in high heaven's despite,
To shame the sun by day and her by night.

'And therefore hath she brib'd the Destinies
To cross the curious workmanship of nature,
To mingle beauty with infirmities,
And pure perfection with impure defeature,
Making it subject to the tyranny
Of mad mischances and much misery;

'As burning fevers, agues pale and faint,
Life-poisoning pestilence and frenzies wood,
The marrow-eating sickness, whose attaint
Disorder breeds by heating of the blood:
Surfeits, imposthumes, grief, and damn'd despair,
Swear Nature's death for framing thee so fair.

'And not the least of all these maladies
But in one minute's fight brings beauty under:
Both favour, savour, hue, and qualities,
Whereat the impartial gazer late did wonder,
Are on the sudden wasted, thaw'd, and done,
As mountain snow melts with the mid-day sun.

'Therefore, despite of fruitless chastity,
Love-lacking vestals and self-loving nuns,

That on the earth would breed a scarcity
And barren dearth of daughters and of sons,
Be prodigal; the lamp that burns by night
Dries up his oil to lend the world his light.

'What is thy body but a swallowing grave,
Seeming to bury that posterity
Which by the rights of time thou needs must have,
If thou destroy them not in dark obscurity?
If so, the world will hold thee in disdain,
Sith in thy pride so fair a hope is slain.

'So in thyself thyself art made away;
A mischief worse than civil home-bred strife,
Or theirs whose desperate hands themselves do slay,
Or butcher-sire that reaves his son of life.
Foul-cankering rust the hidden treasure frets,
But gold that 's put to use more gold begets.'

'Nay, then,' quoth Adon, 'you will fall again
Into your idle over-handled theme:
The kiss I gave you is bestow'd in vain,
And all in vain you strive against the stream;
For, by this black-fac'd night, desire's foul nurse,
Your treatise makes me like you worse and worse.

'If love have lent you twenty thousand tongues,
And every tongue more moving than your own,
Bewitching like the wanton mermaid's songs,
Yet from mine ear the tempting tune is blown;
For know, my heart stands armed in mine ear,
And will not let a false sound enter there,

'Lest the deceiving harmony should run
Into the quiet closure of my breast;
And then my little heart were quite undone,
In his bedchamber to be barr'd of rest.

No, lady, no; my heart longs not to groan,
But soundly sleeps, while now it sleeps alone.

'What have you urg'd that I cannot reprove?
The path is smooth that leadeth on to danger:
I hate not love, but your device in love,
That lends embracements unto every stranger.
You do it for increase; O strange excuse,
When reason is the bawd to lust's abuse!

'Call it not love, for Love to heaven is fled,
Since sweating Lust on earth usurp'd his name;
Under whose simple semblance he hath fed
Upon fresh beauty, blotting it with blame;
Which the hot tyrant stains and soon bereaves,
As caterpillars do the tender leaves.

'Love comforteth like sunshine after rain,
But Lust's effect is tempest after sun;
Love's gentle spring doth always fresh remain,
Lust's winter comes ere summer half be done;
Love surfeits not, Lust like a glutton dies;
Love is all truth, Lust full of forged lies.

'More I could tell, but more I dare not say;
The text is old, the orator too green.
Therefore, in sadness, now I will away:
My face is full of shame, my heart of teen;
Mine ears, that to your wanton talk attended,
Do burn themselves for having so offended.'

With this, he breaketh from the sweet embrace
Of those fair arms which bound him to her breast,
And homeward through the dark laund runs apace,
Leaves Love upon her back deeply distress'd.
Look, how a bright star shooteth from the sky,
So glides he in the night from Venus' eye;

Which after him she darts, as one on shore
Gazing upon a late-embarked friend,
Till the wild waves will have him seen no more,
Whose ridges with the meeting clouds contend:
So did the merciless and pitchy night
Fold in the object that did feed her sight.

Whereat amaz'd, as one that unaware
Hath dropp'd a precious jewel in the flood,
Or 'stonish'd as night-wanderers often are,
Their light blown out in some mistrustful wood,
Even so confounded in the dark she lay,
Having lost the fair discovery of her way.

And now she beats her heart, whereat it groans,
That all the neighbour caves, as seeming troubled,
Make verbal repetition of her moans;
Passion on passion deeply is redoubled:
'Ay me!' she cries, and twenty times 'Woe, woe!'
And twenty echoes twenty times cry so.

She marking them begins a wailing note
And sings extemporally a woeful ditty:
How love makes young men thrall and old men dote;
How love is wise in folly, foolish-witty.
Her heavy anthem still concludes in woe,
And still the choir of echoes answer so.

Her song was tedious and outwore the night,
For lovers' hours are long, though seeming short;
If pleas'd themselves, others, they think, delight
In such-like circumstance, with such-like sport;
Their copious stories oftentimes begun
End without audience and are never done.

For who hath she to spend the night withal
But idle sounds resembling parasites,

Like shrill-tongued tapsters answering every call,
Soothing the humour of fantastic wits?
She says 'T is so:' they answer all 'T is so;'
And would say after her, if she said 'No.'

Lo, here the gentle lark, weary of rest,
From his moist cabinet mounts up on high,
And wakes the morning, from whose silver breast
The sun ariseth in his majesty;
Who doth the world so gloriously behold
That cedar-tops and hills seem burnish'd gold.

Venus salutes him with this fair good-morrow:
'O thou clear god, and patron of all light,
From whom each lamp and shining star doth borrow
The beauteous influence that makes him bright,
There lives a son that suck'd an earthly mother,
May lend thee light, as thou dost lend to other.'

This said, she hasteth to a myrtle grove,
Musing the morning is so much o'erworn,
And yet she hears no tidings of her love:
She hearkens for his hounds and for his horn;
Anon she hears them chant it lustily,
And all in haste she coasteth to the cry.

And as she runs, the bushes in the way
Some catch her by the neck, some kiss her face,
Some twine about her thigh to make her stay;
She wildly breaketh from their strict embrace,
Like a milch doe, whose swelling dugs do ache,
Hasting to feed her fawn hid in some brake.

By this, she hears the hounds are at a bay;
Whereat she starts, like one that spies an adder
Wreath'd up in fatal folds just in his way,
The fear whereof doth make him shake and shudder:

Even so the timorous yelping of the hounds
Appals her senses and her spirit confounds.

For now she knows it is no gentle chase,
But the blunt boar, rough bear, or lion proud,
Because the cry remaineth in one place,
Where fearfully the dogs exclaim aloud;
Finding their enemy to be so curst,
They all strain courtesy who shall cope him first.

This dismal cry rings sadly in her ear,
Through which it enters to surprise her heart, 89
Who, overcome by doubt and bloodless fear,
With cold-pale weakness numbs each feeling part;
Like soldiers, when their captain once doth yield,
They basely fly and dare not stay the field.

Thus stands she in a trembling ecstasy,
Till, cheering up her senses all dismay'd,
She tells them 't is a causeless fantasy,
And childish error, that they are afraid;
Bids them leave quaking, bids them fear no more:—
And with that word she spied the hunted boar, 90

Whose frothy mouth, bepainted all with red,
Like milk and blood being mingled both together,
A second fear through all her sinews spread,
Which madly hurries her she knows not whither:
This way she runs, and now she will no further,
But back retires to rate the boar for murther.

A thousand spleens bear her a thousand ways;
She treads the path that she untreads again;
Her more than haste is mated with delays,
Like the proceedings of a drunken brain, 91
Full of respects, yet nought at all respecting,
In hand with all things, nought at all effecting.

Here kennell'd in a brake she finds a hound,
And asks the weary caitiff for his master,
And there another licking of his wound,
'Gainst venom'd sores the only sovereign plaster;
And here she meets another sadly scowling,
To whom she speaks, and he replies with howling.

When he hath ceas'd his ill-resounding noise,
Another flap-mouth'd mourner, black and grim,
Against the welkin volleys out his voice;
Another and another answer him,
Clapping their proud tails to the ground below,
Shaking their scratch'd ears, bleeding as they go.

Look, how the world's poor people are amaz'd
At apparitions, signs, and prodigies,
Whereon with fearful eyes they long have gaz'd,
Infusing them with dreadful prophecies;
So she at these sad signs draws up her breath,
And, sighing it again, exclaims on Death.

'Hard-favour'd tyrant, ugly, meagre, lean,
Hateful divorce of love,'—thus chides she Death,—
'Grim-grinning ghost, earth's worm, what dost thou mean
To stifle beauty and to steal his breath
Who, when he liv'd, his breath and beauty set
Gloss on the rose, smell to the violet?

'If he be dead,—O no, it cannot be,
Seeing his beauty, thou shouldst strike at it:—
O yes, it may; thou hast no eyes to see,
But hatefully at random dost thou hit.
Thy mark is feeble age, but thy false dart
Mistakes that aim and cleaves an infant's heart.

'Hadst thou but bid beware, then he had spoke,
And, hearing him, thy power had lost his power.

The Destinies will curse thee for this stroke;
They bid thee crop a weed, thou pluck'st a flower:
Love's golden arrow at him should have fled,
And not Death's ebon dart, to strike him dead.

'Dost thou drink tears, that thou provok'st such weeping?
What may a heavy groan advantage thee?
Why hast thou cast into eternal sleeping
Those eyes that taught all other eyes to see?
Now Nature cares not for thy mortal vigour,
Since her best work is ruin'd with thy rigour.'

Here overcome, as one full of despair,
She vail'd her eyelids, who, like sluices, stopt
The crystal tide that from her two cheeks fair
In the sweet channel of her bosom dropt;
But through the flood-gates breaks the silver rain,
And with his strong course opens them again.

O, how her eyes and tears did lend and borrow!
Her eyes seen in the tears, tears in her eye;
Both crystals, where they view'd each other's sorrow,
Sorrow that friendly sighs sought still to dry;
But like a stormy day, now wind, now rain,
Sighs dry her cheeks, tears make them wet again.

Variable passions throng her constant woe,
As striving who should best become her grief;
All entertain'd, each passion labours so,
That every present sorrow seemeth chief,
But none is best: then join they all together,
Like many clouds consulting for foul weather.

By this, far off she hears some huntsman hollo;
A nurse's song ne'er pleas'd her babe so well:
The dire imagination she did follow
This sound of hope doth labour to expel;

For now reviving joy bids her rejoice,
And flatters her it is Adonis' voice.

Whereat her tears began to turn their tide,
Being prison'd in her eye like pearls in glass;
Yet sometimes falls an orient drop beside,
Which her cheek melts, as scorning it should pass,
To wash the foul face of the sluttish ground,
Who is but drunken when she seemeth drown'd.

O hard-believing love, how strange it seems
Not to believe, and yet too credulous!
Thy weal and woe are both of them extremes;
Despair and hope makes thee ridiculous:
The one doth flatter thee in thoughts unlikely,
In likely thoughts the other kills thee quickly.

Now she unweaves the web that she hath wrought;
Adonis lives, and Death is not to blame;
It was not she that call'd him all to naught:
Now she adds honours to his hateful name;
She clepes him king of graves and grave for kings,
Imperious supreme of all mortal things.

'No, no,' quoth she, 'sweet Death, I did but jest;
Yet pardon me I felt a kind of fear
Whenas I met the boar, that bloody beast,
Which knows no pity, but is still severe;
Then, gentle shadow,—truth I must confess,—
I rail'd on thee, fearing my love's decease.

''T is not my fault; the boar provok'd my tongue:
Be wreak'd on him, invisible commander;
'T is he, foul creature, that hath done thee wrong;
I did but act, he 's author of thy slander:
Grief hath two tongues, and never woman yet
Could rule them both without ten women's wit.'

Thus hoping that Adonis is alive,
Her rash suspect she doth extenuate;
And that his beauty may the better thrive,
With Death she humbly doth insinuate;
Tells him of trophies, statues, tombs, and stories
His victories, his triumphs, and his glories.

'O Jove,' quoth she, 'how much a fool was I
To be of such a weak and silly mind
To wail his death who lives and must not die
Till mutual overthrow of mortal kind!
For he being dead, with him is beauty slain,
And, beauty dead, black chaos comes again.

'Fie, fie, fond love, thou art so full of fear
As one with treasure laden hemm'd with thieves;
Trifles, unwitnessed with eye or ear,
Thy coward heart with false bethinking grieves.'
Even at this word she hears a merry horn,
Whereat she leaps that was but late forlorn.

As falcon to the lure, away she flies—
The grass stoops not, she treads on it so light—
And in her haste unfortunately spies
The foul boar's conquest on her fair delight;
Which seen, her eyes, as murther'd with the view,
Like stars asham'd of day, themselves withdrew;

Or, as the snail, whose tender horns being hit,
Shrinks backward in his shelly cave with pain,
And there, all smother'd up, in shade doth sit,
Long after fearing to creep forth again;
So, at his bloody view, her eyes are fled
Into the deep-dark cabins of her head,

Where they resign their office and their light
To the disposing of her troubled brain;

Who bids them still consort with ugly night,
And never wound the heart with looks again;
Who, like a king perplexed in his throne,
By their suggestion gives a deadly groan,

Whereat each tributary subject quakes;
As when the wind, imprison'd in the ground,
Struggling for passage, earth's foundation shakes,
Which with cold terror doth men's minds confound.
This mutiny each part doth so surprise
That from their dark beds once more leap her eyes,

And, being open'd, threw unwilling light
Upon the wide wound that the boar had trench'd
In his soft flank, whose wonted lily white
With purple tears that his wound wept was drench'd;
No flower was nigh, no grass, herb, leaf, or weed,
But stole his blood and seem'd with him to bleed.

This solemn sympathy poor Venus noteth;
Over one shoulder doth she hang her head;
Dumbly she passions, franticly she doteth;
She thinks he could not die, he is not dead:
Her voice is stopt, her joints forget to bow;
Her eyes are mad that they have wept till now.

Upon his hurt she looks so steadfastly,
That her sight dazzling makes the wound seem three;
And then she reprehends her mangling eye,
That makes more gashes where no breach should be:
His face seems twain, each several limb is doubled:
For oft the eye mistakes, the brain being troubled.

'My tongue cannot express my grief for one,
And yet,' quoth she, 'behold two Adons dead!
My sighs are blown away, my salt tears gone,
Mine eyes are turn'd to fire, my heart to lead:

Heavy heart's lead, melt at mine eyes' red fire!
So shall I die by drops of hot desire.

'Alas, poor world, what treasure hast thou lost!
What face remains alive that 's worth the viewing?
Whose tongue is music now? what canst thou boast
Of things long since, or any thing ensuing?
The flowers are sweet, their colours fresh and trim;
But true-sweet beauty liv'd and died with him.

'Bonnet nor veil henceforth no creature wear!
Nor sun nor wind will ever strive to kiss you:
Having no fair to lose, you need not fear;
The sun doth scorn you and the wind doth hiss you:
But when Adonis liv'd, sun and sharp air
Lurk'd like two thieves, to rob him of his fair.

'And therefore would he put his bonnet on,
Under whose brim the gaudy sun would peep;
The wind would blow it off and, being gone,
Play with his locks: then would Adonis weep;
And straight, in pity of his tender years,
They both would strive who first should dry his tears.

'To see his face the lion walk'd along
Behind some hedge, because he would not fear him;
To recreate himself when he hath sung,
The tiger would be tame and gently hear him;
If he had spoke, the wolf would leave his prey,
And never fright the silly lamb that day.

'When he beheld his shadow in the brook,
The fishes spread on it their golden gills;
When he was by, the birds such pleasure took,
That some would sing, some other in their bills
Would bring him mulberries and ripe-red cherries;
He fed them with his sight, they him with berries.

'But this foul, grim, and urchin-snouted boar,
Whose downward eye still looketh for a grave,
Ne'er saw the beauteous livery that he wore;
Witness the entertainment that he gave:
If he did see his face, why then I know
He thought to kiss him, and hath kill'd him so.

''T is true, 't is true; thus was Adonis slain:
He ran upon the boar with his sharp spear,
Who did not whet his teeth at him again,
But by a kiss thought to persuade him there;
And nuzzling in his flank, the loving swine
Sheath'd unaware the tusk in his soft groin.

'Had I been tooth'd like him, I must confess,
With kissing him I should have kill'd him first;
But he is dead, and never did he bless
My youth with his; the more am I accurst.'
With this, she falleth in the place she stood,
And stains her face with his congealed blood.

She looks upon his lips, and they are pale;
She takes him by the hand, and that is cold;
She whispers in his ears a heavy tale,
As if they heard the woeful words she told;
She lifts the coffer-lids that close his eyes,
Where, lo, two lamps burnt out in darkness lies;

Two glasses, where herself herself beheld
A thousand times, and now no more reflect;
Their virtue lost, wherein they late excell'd,
And every beauty robb'd of his effect:
'Wonder of time,' quoth she, 'this is my spite,
That, thou being dead, the day should yet be light.

'Since thou art dead, lo, here I prophesy:
Sorrow on love hereafter shall attend,

It shall be waited on with jealousy,
Find sweet beginning, but unsavoury end;
Ne'er settled equally, but high or low,
That all love's pleasure shall not match his woe.

'It shall be fickle, false, and full of fraud,
Bud and be blasted in a breathing-while;
The bottom poison, and the top o'erstraw'd
With sweets that shall the truest sight beguile:
The strongest body shall it make most weak,
Strike the wise dumb, and teach the fool to speak.

'It shall be sparing and too full of riot,
Teaching decrepit age to tread the measures;
The staring ruffian shall it keep in quiet,
Pluck down the rich, enrich the poor with treasures;
It shall be raging-mad and silly-mild,
Make the young old, the old become a child.

'It shall suspect where is no cause of fear;
It shall not fear where it should most mistrust;
It shall be merciful and too severe,
And most deceiving when it seems most just;
Perverse it shall be where it shows most toward,
Put fear to valour, courage to the coward.

'It shall be cause of war and dire events,
And set dissension 'twixt the son and sire;
Subject and servile to all discontents,
As dry combustious matter is to fire:
Sith in his prime Death doth my love destroy,
They that love best their loves shall not enjoy.'

By this, the boy that by her side lay kill'd
Was melted like a vapour from her sight,
And in his blood that on the ground lay spill'd,
A purple flower sprung up, chequer'd with white,

Resembling well his pale cheeks and the blood
Which in round drops upon their whiteness stood.

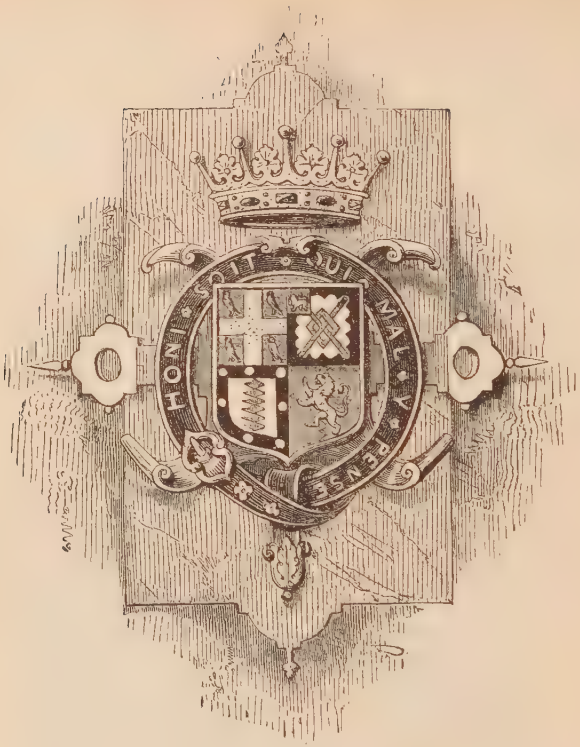
She bows her head, the new-sprung flower to smell,
Comparing it to her Adonis' breath,
And says, within her bosom it shall dwell,
Since he himself is reft from her by death;
She crops the stalk, and in the breach appears
Green-dropping sap, which she compares to tears.

'Poor flower,' quoth she, 'this was thy father's guise—
Sweet issue of a more sweet-smelling sire—
For every little grief to wet his eyes:
To grow unto himself was his desire,
And so 't is thine; but know, it is as good
To wither in my breast as in his blood.

'Here was thy father's bed, here in my breast;
Thou art the next of blood, and 't is thy right:
Lo, in this hollow cradle take thy rest,
My throbbing heart shall rock thee day and night;
There shall not be one minute in an hour
Wherein I will not kiss my sweet love's flower.'

Thus weary of the world, away she hies,
And yokes her silver doves, by whose swift aid
Their mistress mounted through the empty skies
In her light chariot quickly is convey'd;
Holding their course to Paphos, where their queen
Means to immure herself and not be seen.

THE
RAPE
of
LUCRECE



COAT OF ARMS OF THE EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON.

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE HENRY WRIOTHESLY,

EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON AND BARON OF TICHFIELD.

The love I dedicate to your lordship is without end; whereof this pamphlet, without beginning, is but a superfluous moiety. The warrant I have of your honourable disposition, not the worth of my untutored lines, makes it assured of acceptance. What I have done is yours; what I have to do is yours; being part in all I have, devoted yours. Were my worth greater, my duty would show greater; meantime, as it is, it is bound to your lordship, to whom I wish long life, still lengthened with all happiness.

Your lordship's in all duty,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

ARDEA.

THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

THE ARGUMENT.

LUCIUS TARQUINIUS, for his excessive pride surnamed Superbus, after he had caused his own father-in-law Servius Tullius to be cruelly murthered, and, contrary to the Roman laws and customs, not requiring or staying for the people's suffrages, had possessed himself of the kingdom, went, accompanied with his sons and other noblemen of Rome, to besiege Ardea. During which siege the principal men of the army meeting one evening at the tent of Sextus Tarquinius, the king's son, in their discourses after supper every one commended the virtues of his own wife; among whom Collatinus extolled the incomparable chastity of his wife Lucretia. In that pleasant humour they all posted to Rome; and intending, by their secret and sudden arrival, to make trial of that which every one had before avouched, only Collatinus finds his wife, though it were

late in the night, spinning amongst her maids: the other ladies were all found dancing and revelling, or in several disports. Whereupon the noblemen yielded Collatinus the victory, and his wife the fame. At that time Sextus Tarquinius, being inflamed with Lucrece' beauty, yet smothering his passions for the present, departed with the rest back to the camp; from whence he shortly after privily withdrew himself, and was, according to his estate, royally entertained and lodged by Lucrece at Collatium. The same night he treacherously stealeth into her chamber, violently ravished her, and early in the morning speedeth away. Lucrece, in this lamentable plight, hastily dispatcheth messengers, one to Rome for her father, another to the camp for Collatine. They came, the one accompanied with Junius Brutus, the other with Publius Valerius, and finding Lucrece attired in mourning habit, demanded the cause of her sorrow. She, first taking an oath of them for her revenge, revealed the actor and whole manner of his dealing, and withal suddenly stabbed herself. Which done, with one consent they all vowed to root out the whole hated family of the Tarquins; and bearing the dead body to Rome, Brutus acquainted the people with the doer and manner of the vile deed, with a bitter invective against the tyranny of the king: wherewith the people were so moved, that with one consent and a general acclamation the Tarquins were all exiled, and the state government changed from kings to consuls.

From the besieged Ardea all in post,
Borne by the trustless wings of false desire,
Lust-breathed Tarquin leaves the Roman host,
And to Collatium bears the lightless fire
Which, in pale embers hid, lurks to aspire
And girdle with embracing flames the waist
Of Collatine's fair love, Lucrece the chaste.

Haply that name of 'chaste' unhappily set
This bateless edge on his keen appetite,
When Collatine unwisely did not let
To praise the clear unmatched red and white
Which triumph'd in that sky of his delight,
Where mortal stars, as bright as heaven's beauties,
With pure aspects did him peculiar duties.

For he the night before, in Tarquin's tent,
Unlock'd the treasure of his happy state;
What priceless wealth the heavens had him lent
In the possession of his beauteous mate;
Reckoning his fortune at such high-proud rate,
That kings might be espoused to more fame,
But king nor peer to such a peerless dame.

O happiness enjoy'd but of a few!
And, if possess'd, as soon decay'd and done
As is the morning's silver-melting dew
Against the golden splendour of the sun!
An expir'd date, cancell'd ere well begun:
Honour and beauty, in the owner's arms,
Are weakly fortress'd from a world of harms.

Beauty itself doth of itself persuade
The eyes of men without an orator;
What needeth then apologies be made,
To set forth that which is so singular?
Or why is Collatine the publisher
Of that rich jewel he should keep unknown
From thievish ears, because it is his own?

Perchance his boast of Lucrece' sovereignty
Suggested this proud issue of a king,
For by our ears our hearts oft tainted be;
Perchance that envy of so rich a thing,
Braving compare, disdainfully did sting
His high-pitch'd thoughts, that meaner men should vaunt
That golden hap which their superiors want.

But some untimely thought did instigate
His all-too-timeless speed, if none of those;
His honour, his affairs, his friends, his state,

Neglected all, with swift intent he goes
To quench the coal which in his liver glows.
O rash false heat, wrapp'd in repentant cold,
Thy hasty spring still blasts, and ne'er grows old!

When at Collatium this false lord arriv'd,
Well was he welcom'd by the Roman dame,
Within whose face beauty and virtue striv'd
Which of them both should underprop her fame:
When virtue bragg'd, beauty would blush for shame;
When beauty boasted blushes, in despite
Virtue would stain that o'er with silver white.

But beauty, in that white intituled,
From Venus' doves doth challenge that fair field:
Then virtue claims from beauty beauty's red,
Which virtue gave the golden age to gild
Their silver cheeks, and call'd it then their shield;
Teaching them thus to use it in the fight,—
When shame assail'd, the red should fence the white.

This heraldry in Lucrece' face was seen,
Argued by beauty's red and virtue's white:
Of either's colour was the other queen,
Proving from world's minority their right;
Yet their ambition makes them still to fight,
The sovereignty of either being so great,
That oft they interchange each other's seat.

This silent war of lilies and of roses,
Which Tarquin view'd in her fair face's field,
In their pure ranks his traitor eye encloses;
Where, lest between them both it should be kill'd,
The coward captive vanquished doth yield
To those two armies that would let him go,
Rather than triumph in so false a foe.

Now thinks he that her husband's shallow tongue —
The niggard prodigal that prais'd her so —
In that high task hath done her beauty wrong,
Which far exceeds his barren skill to show;
Therefore that praise which Collatine doth owe
  Enchanted Tarquin answers with surmise,
  In silent wonder of still-gazing eyes.

This earthly saint, adored by this devil,
Little suspecteth the false worshipper,
For unstain'd thoughts do seldom dream on evil;
Birds never lim'd no secret bushes fear:
So guiltless she securely gives good cheer
  And reverend welcome to her princely guest,
  Whose inward ill no outward harm express'd:

For that he colour'd with his high estate,
Hiding base sin in plaits of majesty,
That nothing in him seem'd inordinate,
Save sometime too much wonder of his eye,
Which, having all, all could not satisfy;
  But, poorly rich, so wanteth in his store,
  That, cloy'd with much, he pineth still for more.

But she, that never cop'd with stranger eyes,
Could pick no meaning from their parling looks,
Nor read the subtle-shining secrecies
Writ in the glassy margents of such books:
She touch'd no unknown baits, nor fear'd no hooks;
  Nor could she moralize his wanton sight,
  More than his eyes were open'd to the light.

He stories to her ears her husband's fame,
Won in the fields of fruitful Italy,
And decks with praises Collatine's high name,

Made glorious by his manly chivalry
With bruised arms and wreaths of victory;
Her joy with heav'd-up hand she doth express,
And, wordless, so greets heaven for his success.

Far from the purpose of his coming hither,
He makes excuses for his being there:
No cloudy show of stormy blustering weather
Doth yet in his fair welkin once appear;
Till sable Night, mother of dread and fear,
Upon the world dim darkness doth display,
And in her vaulty prison stows the day.

For then is Tarquin brought unto his bed,
Intending weariness with heavy spright;
For, after supper, long he questioned
With modest Lucrece and wore out the night:
Now leaden slumber with life's strength doth fight,
And every one to rest themselves betake,
Save thieves, and cares, and troubled minds, that wake.

As one of which doth Tarquin lie revolving
The sundry dangers of his will's obtaining,
Yet ever to obtain his will resolving,
Though weak-built hopes persuade him to abstaining;
Despair to gain doth traffic oft for gaining,
And when great treasure is the meed propos'd,
Though death be adjunct, there 's no death suppos'd.

Those that much covet are with gain so fond,
For what they have not, that which they possess
They scatter and unloose it from their bond,
And so, by hoping more, they have but less;
Or, gaining more, the profit of excess
Is but to surfeit, and such griefs sustain,
That they prove bankrupt in this poor-rich gain.

The aim of all is but to nurse the life
With honour, wealth, and ease, in waning age;
And in this aim there is such thwarting strife,
That one for all or all for one we gage,
As life for honour in fell battle's rage,
Honour for wealth; and oft that wealth doth cost
The death of all, and all together lost.

So that in venturing ill we leave to be
The things we are for that which we expect;
And this ambitious foul infirmity,
In having much, torments us with defect
Of that we have: so then we do neglect
The thing we have; and, all for want of wit,
Make something nothing by augmenting it.

Such hazard now must doting Tarquin make,
Pawning his honour to obtain his lust,
And for himself himself he must forsake;
Then where is truth, if there be no self-trust?
When shall he think to find a stranger just,
When he himself himself confounds, betrays
To slanderous tongues and wretched hateful days?

Now stole upon the time the dead of night,
When heavy sleep had clos'd up mortal eyes:
No comfortable star did lend his light,
No noise but owls' and wolves' death-boding cries;
Now serves the season that they may surprise
The silly lambs: pure thoughts are dead and still,
While lust and murther wakes to stain and kill.

And now this lustful lord leap'd from his bed,
Throwing his mantle rudely o'er his arm;
Is madly toss'd between desire and dread:
The one sweetly flatters, the other feareth harm;
But honest fear, bewitch'd with lust's foul charm,

Doth too too oft betake him to retire,
Beaten away by brain-sick rude desire.

His falchion on a flint he softly smiteth,
That from the cold stone sparks of fire do fly;
Whereat a waxen torch forthwith he lighteth,
Which must be lode-star to his lustful eye,
And to the flame thus speaks advisedly:
'As from this cold flint I enforc'd this fire,
So Lucrece must I force to my desire.'

Here pale with fear he doth premeditate
The dangers of his loathsome enterprise,
And in his inward mind he doth debate
What following sorrow may on this arise;
Then looking scornfully, he doth despise
His naked armour of still-slaughter'd lust,
And justly thus controls his thoughts unjust:

'Fair torch, burn out thy light, and lend it not
To darken her whose light excelleth thine;
And die, unhallow'd thoughts, before you blot
With your uncleanness that which is divine;
Offer pure incense to so pure a shrine:
Let fair humanity abhor the deed
That spots and stains love's modest snow-white weed.

'O shame to knighthood and to shining arms!
O foul dishonour to my household's grave!
O impious act, including all foul harms!
A martial man to be soft fancy's slave!
True valour still a true respect should have;
Then my digression is so vile, so base,
That it will live engraven in my face.

'Yea, though I die, the scandal will survive,
And be an eye-sore in my golden coat;
Some loathsome dash the herald will contrive,

To cipher me how fondly I did dote;
That my posterity, sham'd with the note,
Shall curse my bones, and hold it for no sin
To wish that I their father had not been.

'What win I, if I gain the thing I seek?
A dream, a breath, a froth of fleeting joy.
Who buys a minute's mirth to wail a week,
Or sells eternity to get a toy?
For one sweet grape who will the vine destroy?
Or what fond beggar, but to touch the crown,
Would with the sceptre straight be strucken down?

'If Collatinus dream of my intent,
Will he not wake, and in a desperate rage
Post hither, this vile purpose to prevent?
This siege that hath engirt his marriage,
This blur to youth, this sorrow to the sage,
This dying virtue, this surviving shame,
Whose crime will bear an ever-during blame?

'O, what excuse can my invention make
When thou shalt charge me with so black a deed?
Will not my tongue be mute, my frail joints shake,
Mine eyes forego their light, my false heart bleed?
The guilt being great, the fear doth still exceed;
And extreme fear can neither fight nor fly,
But coward-like with trembling terror die.

'Had Collatinus kill'd my son or sire,
Or lain in ambush to betray my life,
Or were he not my dear friend, this desire
Might have excuse to work upon his wife,
As in revenge or quittal of such strife;
But as he is my kinsman, my dear friend,
The shame and fault finds no excuse nor end.

'Shameful it is; ay, if the fact be known:
Hateful it is; there is no hate in loving:
I 'll beg her love; but she is not her own:
The worst is but denial and reproving;
My will is strong, past reason's weak removing.
Who fears a sentence or an old man's saw
Shall by a painted cloth be kept in awe.'

Thus, graceless, holds he disputation
'Tween frozen conscience and hot-burning will,
And with good thoughts makes dispensation,
Urging the worser sense for vantage still;
Which in a moment doth confound and kill
All pure effects, and doth so far proceed,
That what is vile shows like a virtuous deed.

Quoth he, 'She took me kindly by the hand,
And gaz'd for tidings in my eager eyes,
Fearing some hard news from the warlike band,
Where her beloved Collatinus lies.
O, how her fear did make her colour rise!
First red as roses that on lawn we lay,
Then white as lawn, the roses took away.

'And how her hand, in my hand being lock'd,
Forc'd it to tremble with her loyal fear!
Which struck her sad, and then it faster rock'd,
Until her husband's welfare she did hear;
Whereat she smiled with so sweet a cheer,
That had Narcissus seen her as she stood,
Self-love had never drown'd him in the flood.

'Why hunt I then for colour or excuses?
All orators are dumb when beauty pleadeth;
Poor wretches have remorse in poor abuses;
Love thrives not in the heart that shadows dreadeth;
Affection is my captain, and he leadeth;

And when his gaudy banner is display'd,
The coward fights and will not be dismay'd.

'Then, childish fear avaunt! debating die!
Respect and reason wait on wrinkled age!
My heart shall never countermand mine eye:
Sad pause and deep regard beseems the sage;
My part is youth, and beats these from the stage:
Desire my pilot is, beauty my prize;
Then who fears sinking where such treasure lies?'

As corn o'ergrown by weeds, so heedful fear
Is almost chok'd by unresisted lust.
Away he steals with open listening ear,
Full of foul hope and full of fond mistrust;
Both which, as servitors to the unjust,
So cross him with their opposite persuasion,
That now he vows a league, and now invasion.

Within his thought her heavenly image sits,
And in the self-same seat sits Collatine:
That eye which looks on her confounds his wits;
That eye which him beholds, as more divine,
Unto a view so false will not incline,
But with a pure appeal seeks to the heart,
Which once corrupted takes the worser part;

And therein heartens up his servile powers,
Who, flatter'd by their leader's jocund show,
Stuff up his lust, as minutes fill up hours;
And as their captain, so their pride doth grow,
Paying more slavish tribute than they owe.
By reprobate desire thus madly led,
The Roman lord marcheth to Lucrece' bed.

The locks between her chamber and his will,
Each one by him enforc'd, retires his ward;
But, as they open, they all rate his ill,

Which drives the creeping thief to some regard:
The threshold grates the door to have him heard;
Night-wandering weasels shriek to see him there;
They fright him, yet he still pursues his fear.

As each unwilling portal yields him way,
Through little vents and crannies of the place
The wind wars with his torch to make him stay,
And blows the smoke of it into his face,
Extinguishing his conduct in this case;
But his hot heart, which fond desire doth scorch,
Puffs forth another wind that fires the torch:

And being lighted, by the light he spies
Lucretia's glove, wherein her needle sticks:
He takes it from the rushes where it lies,
And griping it, the needle his finger pricks;
As who should say 'This glove to wanton tricks
Is not inur'd; return again in haste;
Thou see'st our mistress' ornaments are chaste.'

But all these poor forbiddings could not stay him;
He in the worst sense construes their denial:
The doors, the wind, the glove, that did delay him,
He takes for accidental things of trial;
Or as those bars which stop the hourly dial,
Who with a lingering stay his course doth let,
Till every minute pays the hour his debt.

'So, so,' quoth he, 'these lets attend the time,
Like little frosts that sometime threat the spring,
To add a more rejoicing to the prime,
And give the sneaped birds more cause to sing.
Pain pays the income of each precious thing;
Huge rocks, high winds, strong pirates, shelves and sands,
The merchant fears, ere rich at home he lands.'

Now is he come unto the chamber-door
That shuts him from the heaven of his thought;
Which with a yielding latch, and with no more,
Hath barr'd him from the blessed thing he sought.
So from himself impiety hath wrought,
That for his prey to pray he doth begin,
As if the heavens should countenance his sin.

But in the midst of his unfruitful prayer,
Having solicited the eternal power
That his foul thoughts might compass his fair fair,
And they would stand auspicious to the hour,
Even there he starts: quoth he, 'I must deflower:
The powers to whom I pray abhor this fact,
How can they then assist me in the act?

'Then Love and Fortune be my gods, my guide!
My will is back'd with resolution:
Thoughts are but dreams till their effects be tried;
The blackest sin is clear'd with absolution;
Against love's fire fear's frost hath dissolution.
The eye of heaven is out, and misty night
Covers the shame that follows sweet delight.'

This said, his guilty hand pluck'd up the latch,
And with his knee the door he opens wide.
The dove sleeps fast that this night-owl will catch:
Thus treason works ere traitors be espied.
Who sees the lurking serpent steps aside;
But she, sound sleeping, fearing no such thing,
Lies at the mercy of his mortal sting.

Into the chamber wickedly he stalks,
And gazeth on her yet unstained bed.
The curtains being close, about he walks,
Rolling his greedy eyeballs in his head;
By their high treason is his heart misled,

Which gives the watchword to his hand full soon
To draw the cloud that hides the silver moon

Look, as the fair and fiery-pointed sun,
Rushing from forth a cloud, bereaves our sight,
Even so, the curtain drawn, his eyes begun
To wink, being blinded with a greater light;
Whether it is that she reflects so bright,
That dazzleth them, or else some shame suppos'd,
But blind they are, and keep themselves enclos'd.

O, had they in that darksome prison died!
Then had they seen the period of their ill;
Then Collatine again, by Lucrece' side,
In his clear bed might have reposed still;
But they must ope, this blessed league to kill,
And holy-thoughted Lucrece to their sight
Must sell her joy, her life, her world's delight.

Her lily hand her rosy cheek lies under,
Cozening the pillow of a lawful kiss,
Who, therefore angry, seems to part in sunder,
Swelling on either side to want his bliss;
Between whose hills her head entombed is,
Where, like a virtuous monument, she lies,
To be admir'd of lewd unhallow'd eyes.

Without the bed her other fair hand was,
On the green coverlet, whose perfect white
Show'd like an April daisy on the grass,
With pearly sweat, resembling dew of night.
Her eyes, like marigolds, had sheath'd their light,
And canopied in darkness sweetly lay,
Till they might open to adorn the day.

Her hair, like golden threads, play'd with her breath;
O modest wantons! wanton modesty!
Showing life's triumph in the map of death,

And death's dim look in life's mortality;
Each in her sleep themselves so beautify,
As if between them twain there were no strife,
But that life liv'd in death, and death in life.

Her breasts, like ivory globes circled with blue,
A pair of maiden worlds unconquered,
Save of their lord no bearing yoke they knew,
And him by oath they truly honoured.
These worlds in Tarquin new ambition bred,
Who, like a foul usurper, went about
From this fair throne to heave the owner out.

What could he see but mightily he noted?
What did he note but strongly he desir'd?
What he beheld, on that he firmly doted,
And in his will his wilful eye he tir'd.
With more than admiration he admir'd
Her azure veins, her alabaster skin,
Her coral lips, her snow-white dimpled chin.

As the grim lion fawneth o'er his prey,
Sharp hunger by the conquest satisfied,
So o'er this sleeping soul doth Tarquin stay,
His rage of lust by gazing qualified;
Slack'd, not suppress'd, for standing by her side,
His eye, which late this mutiny restrains,
Unto a greater uproar tempts his veins:

And they, like straggling slaves for pillage fighting,
Obdurate vassals fell exploits effecting,
In bloody death and ravishment delighting,
Nor children's tears nor mothers' groans respecting,
Swell in their pride, the onset still expecting;
Anon his beating heart, alarum striking,
Gives the hot charge and bids them do their liking.

His drumming heart cheers up his burning eye,
His eye commends the leading to his hand;
His hand, as proud of such a dignity,
Smoking with pride, march'd on to make his stand
On her bare breast, the heart of all her land,
Whose ranks of blue veins, as his hand did scale,
Left their round turrets destitute and pale.

They, mustering to the quiet cabinet
Where their dear governess and lady lies,
Do tell her she is dreadfully beset,
And fright her with confusion of their cries;
She, much amaz'd, breaks ope her lock'd-up eyes,
Who, peeping forth this tumult to behold,
Are by his flaming torch dimm'd and controll'd.

Imagine her as one in dead of night
From forth dull sleep by dreadful fancy waking,
That thinks she hath beheld some ghastly sprite,
Whose grim aspect sets every joint a-shaking;
What terror 't is! but she, in worser taking,
From sleep disturbed, heedfully doth view
The sight which makes supposed terror true.

Wrapp'd and confounded in a thousand fears,
Like to a new-kill'd bird she trembling lies;
She dares not look; yet, winking, there appears
Quick-shifting antics, ugly in her eyes:
Such shadows are the weak brain's forgeries,
Who, angry that the eyes fly from their lights,
In darkness daunts them with more dreadful sights.

His hand, that yet remains upon her breast,—
Rude ram, to batter such an ivory wall!—
May feel her heart—poor citizen!—distress'd,
Wounding itself to death, rise up and fall,
Beating her bulk, that his hand shakes withal.

This moves in him more rage and lesser pity,
To make the breach and enter this sweet city.

First, like a trumpet, doth his tongue begin
To sound a parley to his heartless foe,
Who o'er the white sheet peers her whiter chin,
The reason of this rash alarm to know,
Which he by dumb demeanour seeks to show;
But she with vehement prayers urgeth still
Under what colour he commits this ill.

Thus he replies: 'The colour in thy face,
That even for anger makes the lily pale,
And the red rose blush at her own disgrace,
Shall plead for me and tell my loving tale;
Under that colour am I come to scale
Thy never-conquer'd fort: the fault is thine,
For those thine eyes betray thee unto mine.

'Thus I forestall thee, if thou mean to chide:
Thy beauty hath ensnar'd thee to this night,
Where thou with patience must my will abide;
My will that marks thee for my earth's delight,
Which I to conquer sought with all my might,
But as reproof and reason beat it dead,
By thy bright beauty was it newly bred.

'I see what crosses my attempt will bring;
I know what thorns the growing rose defends;
I think the honey guarded with a sting;
All this beforehand counsel comprehends:
But will is deaf and hears no heedful friends;
Only he hath an eye to gaze on beauty,
And dotes on what he looks, 'gainst law or duty.

'I have debated, even in my soul,
What wrong, what shame, what sorrow I shall breed;
But nothing can affection's course control,

Or stop the headlong fury of his speed.
I know repentant tears ensue the deed,
Reproach, disdain, and deadly enmity;
Yet strive I to embrace mine infamy.'

This said, he shakes aloft his Roman blade,
Which, like a falcon towering in the skies,
Coucheth the fowl below with his wings' shade,
Whose crooked beak threats if he mount he dies;
So under his insulting falchion lies
Harmless Lucretia, marking what he tells
With trembling fear, as fowl hear falcon's bells.

'Lucrece,' quoth he, 'this night I must enjoy thee;
If thou deny, then force must work my way,
For in thy bed I purpose to destroy thee:
That done, some worthless slave of thine I 'll slay,
To kill thine honour with thy life's decay;
And in thy dead arms do I mean to place him,
Swearing I slew him, seeing thee embrace him.

'So thy surviving husband shall remain
The scornful mark of every open eye;
Thy kinsmen hang their heads at this disdain,
Thy issue blurr'd with nameless bastardy:
And thou, the author of their obloquy,
Shalt have thy trespass cited up in rhymes,
And sung by children in succeeding times.

'But if thou yield, I rest thy secret friend:
The fault unknown is as a thought unacted;
A little harm done to a great good end
For lawful policy remains enacted.
The poisonous simple sometimes is compacted
In a pure compound; being so applied,
His venom in effect is purified.

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'Then, for thy husband and thy children's sake,
Tender my suit: bequeath not to their lot
The shame that from them no device can take,
The blemish that will never be forgot,
Worse than a slavish wipe or birth-hour's blot;
For marks descried in men's nativity
Are nature's faults, not their own infamy.'

Here with a cockatrice' dead-killing eye
He rouseth up himself and makes a pause;
While she, the picture of pure piety,
Like a white hind under the gripe's sharp claws,
Pleads, in a wilderness where are no laws,
To the rough beast that knows no gentle right,
Nor aught obeys but his foul appetite.

But when a black-fac'd cloud the world doth threat,
In his dim mist the aspiring mountains hiding,
From earth's dark womb some gentle gust doth get,
Which blows these pitchy vapours from their biding,
Hindering their present fall by this dividing;
So his unhallow'd haste her words delays,
And moody Pluto winks while Orpheus plays.

Yet, foul night-waking cat, he doth but dally,
While in his hold-fast foot the weak mouse panteth:
Her sad behaviour feeds his vulture folly,
A swallowing gulf that even in plenty wanteth;
His ear her prayers admits, but his heart granteth
No penetrable entrance to her plaining:
Tears harden lust, though marble wear with raining.

Her pity-pleading eyes are sadly fix'd
In the remorseless wrinkles of his face;
Her modest eloquence with sighs is mix'd,
Which to her oratory adds more grace.
She puts the period often from his place,

And midst the sentence so her accent breaks,
That twice she doth begin ere once she speaks.

She conjures him by high almighty Jove,
By knighthood, gentry, and sweet friendship's oath,
By her untimely tears, her husband's love,
By holy human law, and common troth,
By heaven and earth, and all the power of both,
That to his borrow'd bed he make retire,
And stoop to honour, not to foul desire.

Quoth she, 'Reward not hospitality
With such black payment as thou hast pretended;
Mud not the fountain that gave drink to thee;
Mar not the thing that cannot be amended;
End thy ill aim before thy shoot be ended;
He is no woodman that doth bend his bow
To strike a poor unseasonable doe.

'My husband is thy friend; for his sake spare me:
Thyself art mighty; for thine own sake leave me:
Myself a weakling; do not then ensnare me:
Thou look'st not like deceit; do not deceive me.
My sighs, like whirlwinds, labour hence to heave thee:
If ever man were mov'd with woman's moans,
Be moved with my tears, my sighs, my groans;

'All which together, like a troubled ocean,
Beat at thy rocky and wrack-threatening heart,
To soften it with their continual motion,
For stones dissolv'd to water do convert.
O, if no harder than a stone thou art,
Melt at my tears, and be compassionate!
Soft pity enters at an iron gate.

'In Tarquin's likeness I did entertain thee;
Hast thou put on his shape to do him shame?
To all the host of heaven I complain me,

Thou wrong'st his honour, wound'st his princely name.
Thou art not what thou seem'st; and if the same,
Thou seem'st not what thou art, a god, a king;
For kings like gods should govern every thing.

'How will thy shame be seeded in thine age,
When thus thy vices bud before thy spring!
If in thy hope thou dar'st do such outrage,
What dar'st thou not when once thou art a king?
O, be remember'd, no outrageous thing
From vassal actors can be wip'd away;
Then kings' misdeeds cannot be hid in clay.

'This deed will make thee only lov'd for fear,
But happy monarchs still are fear'd for love;
With foul offenders thou perforce must bear,
When they in thee the like offences prove:
If but for fear of this, thy will remove;
For princes are the glass, the school, the book,
Where subjects' eyes do learn, do read, do look.

'And wilt thou be the school where Lust shall learn?
Must he in thee read lectures of such shame?
Wilt thou be glass wherein it shall discern
Authority for sin, warrant for blame,
To privilege dishonour in thy name?
Thou back'st reproach against long-living laud,
And mak'st fair reputation but a bawd.

'Hast thou command? by him that gave it thee,
From a pure heart command thy rebel will;
Draw not thy sword to guard iniquity,
For it was lent thee all that brood to kill.
Thy princely office how canst thou fulfil,
When, pattern'd by thy fault, foul sin may say,
He learn'd to sin, and thou didst teach the way?

'Think but how vile a spectacle it were,
To view thy present trespass in another.
Men's faults do seldom to themselves appear;
Their own transgressions partially they smother:
This guilt would seem death-worthy in thy brother.
O, how are they wrapp'd in with infamies
That from their own misdeeds askance their eyes!

'To thee, to thee, my heav'd-up hands appeal,
Not to seducing lust, thy rash relier:
I sue for exil'd majesty's repeal;
Let him return, and flattering thoughts retire:
His true respect will prison false desire,
And wipe the dim mist from thy doting eyne,
That thou shalt see thy state and pity mine.'

'Have done,' quoth he; 'my uncontrolled tide
Turns not, but swells the higher by this let.
Small lights are soon blown out, huge fires abide,
And with the wind in greater fury fret;
The petty streams that pay a daily debt
To their salt sovereign, with their fresh falls' haste
Add to his flow, but alter not his taste.'

'Thou art,' quoth she, 'a sea, a sovereign king;
And lo, there falls into thy boundless flood
Black lust, dishonour, shame, misgoverning,
Who seek to stain the ocean of thy blood.
If all these petty ills shall change thy good,
Thy sea within a puddle's womb is hears'd,
And not the puddle in thy sea dispers'd.

'So shall these slaves be king, and thou their slave;
Thou nobly base, they basely dignified;
Thou their fair life, and they thy fouler grave;
Thou loathed in their shame, they in thy pride:
The lesser thing should not the greater hide;

The cedar stoops not to the base shrub's foot,
But low shrubs wither at the cedar's root.

'So let thy thoughts, low vassals to thy state'—
'No more,' quoth he; 'by heaven, I will not hear thee:
Yield to my love; if not, enforced hate,
Instead of love's coy touch, shall rudely tear thee;
That done, despitefully I mean to bear thee
Unto the base bed of some rascal groom,
To be thy partner in this shameful doom.'

This said, he sets his foot upon the light,
For light and lust are deadly enemies;
Shame folded up in blind concealing night,
When most unseen, then most doth tyrannize.
The wolf hath seiz'd his prey, the poor lamb cries;
Till with her own white fleece her voice controll'd
Entombs her outcry in her lips' sweet fold:

For with the nightly linen that she wears
He pens her piteous clamours in her head,
Cooling his hot face in the chastest tears
That ever modest eyes with sorrow shed.
O, that prone lust should stain so pure a bed!
The spots whereof could weeping purify,
Her tears should drop on them perpetually.

But she hath lost a dearer thing than life,
And he hath won what he would lose again:
This forced league doth force a further strife;
This momentary joy breeds months of pain;
This hot desire converts to cold disdain;
Pure Chastity is rifled of her store,
And Lust, the thief, far poorer than before.

Look, as the full-fed hound or gorged hawk,
Unapt for tender smell or speedy flight,
Make slow pursuit, or altogether balk

The prey wherein by nature they delight,
So surfeit-taking Tarquin fares this night;
His taste delicious, in digestion souring,
Devours his will, that liv'd by foul devouring.

O, deeper sin than bottomless conceit
Can comprehend in still imagination!
Drunken Desire must vomit his receipt,
Ere he can see his own abomination.
While Lust is in his pride, no exclamation
Can curb his heat or rein his rash desire,
Till like a jade Self-will himself doth tire.

And then with lank and lean discolour'd cheek,
With heavy eye, knit brow, and strengthless pace,
Feeble Desire, all recreant, poor, and meek,
Like to a bankrupt beggar wails his case:
The flesh being proud, Desire doth fight with Grace,
For there it revels; and when that decays,
The guilty rebel for remission prays.

So fares it with this faultful lord of Rome,
Who this accomplishment so hotly chas'd;
For now against himself he sounds this doom,
That through the length of times he stands disgrac'd:
Besides, his soul's fair temple is defac'd;
To whose weak ruins muster troops of cares,
To ask the spotted princess how she fares.

She says, her subjects with foul insurrection
Have batter'd down her consecrated wall,
And by their mortal fault brought in subjection
Her immortality, and made her thrall
To living death and pain perpetual;
Which in her prescience she controlled still,
But her foresight could not forestall their will.

Even in this thought through the dark night he stealeth,
A captive victor that hath lost in gain;
Bearing away the wound that nothing healeth,
The scar that will, despite of cure, remain;
Leaving his spoil perplex'd in greater pain.
She bears the load of lust he left behind,
And he the burthen of a guilty mind.

He like a thievish dog creeps sadly thence;
She like a wearied lamb lies panting there;
He scowls and hates himself for his offence;
She, desperate, with her nails her flesh doth tear;
He faintly flies, sweating with guilty fear;
She stays, exclaiming on the direful night;
He runs, and chides his vanish'd, loath'd delight.

He thence departs a heavy convertite;
She there remains a hopeless castaway;
He in his speed looks for the morning light;
She prays she never may behold the day,
'For day,' quoth she, 'night's scapes doth open lay,
And my true eyes have never practis'd how
To cloak offences with a cunning brow.

'They think not but that every eye can see
The same disgrace which they themselves behold;
And therefore would they still in darkness be,
To have their unseen sin remain untold;
For they their guilt with weeping will unfold,
And grave, like water that doth eat in steel,
Upon my cheeks what helpless shame I feel.

Here she exclaims against repose and rest,
And bids her eyes hereafter still be blind;
She wakes her heart by beating on her breast,
And bids it leap from thence, where it may find
Some purer chest to close so pure a mind.

Frantic with grief thus breathes she forth her spite
Against the unseen secrecy of night:

'O comfort-killing Night, image of hell!
Dim register and notary of shame!
Black stage for tragedies and murthers fell!
Vast sin-concealing chaos! nurse of blame!
Blind muffled bawd! dark harbour for defame!
Grim cave of death! whispering conspirator
With close-tongued treason and the ravisher!

'O hateful, vaporous, and foggy Night!
Since thou art guilty of my cureless crime,
Muster thy mists to meet the eastern light,
Make war against proportion'd course of time;
Or if thou wilt permit the sun to climb
His wonted height, yet ere he go to bed
Knit poisonous clouds about his golden head.

'With rotten damps ravish the morning air;
Let their exhal'd unwholesome breaths make sick
The life of purity, the supreme fair,
Ere he arrive his weary noon-tide prick;
And let thy misty vapours march so thick,
That in their smoky ranks his smother'd light
May set at noon and make perpetual night.

'Were Tarquin Night, as he is but Night's child,
The silver-shining queen he would distain;
Her twinkling handmaids too, by him defil'd,
Through Night's black bosom should not peep again:
So should I have co-partners in my pain;
And fellowship in woe doth woe assuage,
As palmers' chat makes short their pilgrimage:

'Where now I have no one to blush with me,
To cross their arms and hang their heads with mine,
To mask their brows and hide their infamy;

But I alone alone must sit and pine,
Seasoning the earth with showers of silver brine,
Mingling my talk with tears, my grief with groans,
Poor wasting monuments of lasting moans.

'O Night, thou furnace of foul-reeking smoke,
Let not the jealous Day behold that face
Which underneath thy black all-hiding cloak
Immodestly lies martyr'd with disgrace!
Keep still possession of thy gloomy place,
That all the faults which in thy reign are made
May likewise be sepulchred in thy shade!

'Make me not object to the tell-tale Day!
The light will show, character'd in my brow,
The story of sweet chastity's decay,
The impious breach of holy wedlock vow;
Yea, the illiterate, that know not how
To cipher what is writ in learned books,
Will quote my loathsome trespass in my looks.

'The nurse, to still her child, will tell my story,
And fright her crying babe with Tarquin's name;
The orator, to deck his oratory,
Will couple my reproach to Tarquin's shame;
Feast-finding minstrels, tuning my defame,
Will tie the hearers to attend each line,
How Tarquin wronged me, I Collatine.

'Let my good name, that senseless reputation,
For Collatine's dear love be kept unspotted;
If that be made a theme for disputation,
The branches of another root arè rotted,
And undeserv'd reproach to him allotted
That is as clear from this attaint of mine
As I, ere this, was pure to Collatine.

'O unseen shame! invisible disgrace!
O unfelt sore! crest-wounding, private scar!
Reproach is stamp'd in Collatinus' face,
And Tarquin's eye may read the mot afar,
How he in peace is wounded, not in war.
Alas, how many bear such shameful blows,
Which not themselves, but he that gives them knows!

'If, Collatine, thine honour lay in me,
From me by strong assault it is bereft.
My honey lost, and I, a drone-like bee,
Have no perfection of my summer left,
But robb'd and ransack'd by injurious theft;
In thy weak hive a wandering wasp hath crept,
And suck'd the honey which thy chaste bee kept.

'Yet am I guilty of thy honour's wrack;
Yet for thy honour did I entertain him;
Coming from thee, I could not put him back,
For it had been dishonour to disdain him:
Besides, of weariness he did complain him,
And talk'd of virtue; O unlook'd-for evil,
When virtue is profan'd in such a devil!

'Why should the worm intrude the maiden bud?
Or hateful cuckoos hatch in sparrows' nests?
Or toads infect fair founts with venom mud?
Or tyrant folly lurk in gentle breasts?
Or kings be breakers of their own behests?
But no perfection is so absolute,
That some impurity doth not pollute.

'The aged man that coffers up his gold
Is plagued with cramps and gouts and painful fits,
And scarce hath eyes his treasure to behold,
But like still-pining Tantalus he sits,
And useless barns the harvest of his wits;

Having no other pleasure of his gain
But torment that it cannot cure his pain.

'So then he hath it when he cannot use it,
And leaves it to be master'd by his young,
Who in their pride do presently abuse it;
Their father was too weak, and they too strong,
To hold their cursed-blessed fortune long.
The sweets we wish for turn to loathed sours
Even in the moment that we call them ours.

'Unruly blasts wait on the tender spring;
Unwholesome weeds take root with precious flowers;
The adder hisses where the sweet birds sing;
What virtue breeds iniquity devours:
We have no good that we can say is ours,
But ill-annexed Opportunity
Or kills his life or else his quality.

'O Opportunity, thy guilt is great!
'T is thou that execut'st the traitor's treason:
Thou set'st the wolf where he the lamb may get;
Whoever plots the sin, thou point'st the season;
'T is thou that spurn'st at right, at law, at reason;
And in thy shady cell, where none may spy him,
Sits Sin, to seize the souls that wander by him.

'Thou mak'st the vestal violate her oath;
Thou blow'st the fire when temperance is thaw'd;
Thou smother'st honesty, thou murther'st troth;
Thou foul abettor! thou notorious bawd!
Thou plantest scandal and displacest laud;
Thou ravisher, thou traitor, thou false thief,
Thy honey turns to gall, thy joy to grief!

'Thy secret pleasure turns to open shame,
Thy private feasting to a public fast,
Thy smoothing titles to a ragged name,

Thy sugar'd tongue to bitter wormwood taste;
Thy violent vanities can never last.
How comes it then, vile Opportunity,
Being so bad, such numbers seek for thee?

'When wilt thou be the humble suppliant's friend,
And bring him where his suit may be obtain'd?
When wilt thou sort an hour great strifes to end?
Or free that soul which wretchedness hath chain'd?
Give physic to the sick, ease to the pain'd?
The poor, lame, blind, halt, creep, cry out for thee;
But they ne'er meet with Opportunity.

'The patient dies while the physician sleeps;
The orphan pines while the oppressor feeds;
Justice is feasting while the widow weeps;
Advice is sporting while infection breeds.
Thou grant'st no time for charitable deeds;
Wrath, envy, treason, rape, and murther's rages,
Thy heinous hours wait on them as their pages.

'When Truth and Virtue have to do with thee,
A thousand crosses keep them from thy aid:
They buy thy help; but Sin ne'er gives a fee,
He gratis comes; and thou art well appaid
As well to hear as grant what he hath said.
My Collatine would else have come to me
When Tarquin did, but he was stay'd by thee.

'Guilty thou art of murther and of theft,
Guilty of perjury and subornation,
Guilty of treason, forgery, and shift,
Guilty of incest, that abomination;
An accessary by thine inclination
To all sins past, and all that are to come,
From the creation to the general doom.

'Misshapen Time, copesmate of ugly Night,
Swift subtle post, carrier of grisly care,
Eater of youth, false slave to false delight,
Base watch of woes, sin's pack-horse, virtue's snare,
Thou nursest all and murther'st all that are;
O, hear me then, injurious, shifting Time!
Be guilty of my death, since of my crime.

'Why hath thy servant, Opportunity,
Betray'd the hours thou gav'st me to repose,
Cancell'd my fortunes, and enchained me
To endless date of never-ending woes?
Time's office is to fine the hate of foes,
To eat up errors by opinion bred,
Not spend the dowry of a lawful bed.

'Time's glory is to calm contending kings,
To unmask falsehood and bring truth to light,
To stamp the seal of time in aged things,
To wake the morn and sentinel the night,
To wrong the wronger till he render right,
To ruinate proud buildings with thy hours,
And smear with dust their glittering golden towers;

'To fill with worm-holes stately monuments,
To feed oblivion with decay of things,
To blot old books and alter their contents,
To pluck the quills from ancient ravens' wings,
To dry the old oak's sap and cherish springs,
To spoil antiquities of hammer'd steel,
And turn the giddy round of Fortune's wheel;

'To show the beldam daughters of her daughter,
To make the child a man, the man a child,
To slay the tiger that doth live by slaughter,
To tame the unicorn and lion wild,
To mock the subtle in themselves beguil'd,

To cheer the ploughman with increaseful crops,
And waste huge stones with little water-drops.

'Why work'st thou mischief in thy pilgrimage,
Unless thou couldst return to make amends?
One poor retiring minute in an age
Would purchase thee a thousand thousand friends,
Lending him wit that to bad debtors lends;
O, this dread night, wouldst thou one hour come back,
I could prevent this storm and shun thy wrack!

'Thou ceaseless lackey to eternity,
With some mischance cross Tarquin in his flight:
Devise extremes beyond extremity,
To make him curse this cursed crimeful night;
Let ghastly shadows his lewd eyes affright,
And the dire thought of his committed evil
Shape every bush a hideous shapeless devil.

'Disturb his hours of rest with restless trances,
Afflict him in his bed with bedrid groans;
Let there bechance him pitiful mischances,
To make him moan, but pity not his moans;
Stone him with harden'd hearts, harder than stones;
And let mild women to him lose their mildness,
Wilder to him than tigers in their wildness.

'Let him have time to tear his curled hair,
Let him have time against himself to rave,
Let him have time of Time's help to despair,
Let him have time to live a loathed slave,
Let him have time a beggar's orts to crave,
And time to see one that by alms doth live
Disdain to him disdained scraps to give.

'Let him have time to see his friends his foes,
And merry fools to mock at him resort;
Let him have time to mark how slow time goes

In time of sorrow, and how swift and short
His time of folly and his time of sport;
And ever let his unrecalling crime
Have time to wail the abusing of his time.

'O Time, thou tutor both to good and bad,
Teach me to curse him that thou taught'st this ill!
At his own shadow let the thief run mad,
Himself himself seek every hour to kill!
Such wretched hands such wretched blood should spill;
For who so base would such an office have
As slanderous deathsman to so base a slave?

'The baser is he, coming from a king,
To shame his hope with deeds degenerate;
The mightier man, the mightier is the thing
That makes him honour'd or begets him hate,
For greatest scandal waits on greatest state.
The moon being clouded presently is miss'd,
But little stars may hide them when they list.

'The crow may bathe his coal-black wings in mire,
And unperceiv'd fly with the filth away;
But if the like the snow-white swan desire,
The stain upon his silver down will stay.
Poor grooms are sightless night, kings glorious day;
Gnats are unnoted wheresoe'er they fly,
But eagles gaz'd upon with every eye.

'Out, idle words, servants to shallow fools!
Unprofitable sounds, weak arbitrators!
Busy yourselves in skill-contending schools;
Debate where leisure serves with dull debaters;
To trembling clients be you mediators:
For me, I force not argument a straw,
Since that my case is past the help of law.

'In vain I rail at Opportunity,
At Time, at Tarquin, and uncheerful Night;
In vain I cavil with mine infamy,
In vain I spurn at my confirm'd despite:
This helpless smoke of words doth me no right.
The remedy indeed to do me good
Is to let forth my foul-defiled blood.

'Poor hand, why quiver'st thou at this decree?
Honour thyself to rid me of this shame;
For if I die, my honour lives in thee;
But if I live, thou liv'st in my defame:
Since thou couldst not defend thy loyal dame,
And wast afeard to scratch her wicked foe,
Kill both thyself and her for yielding so.'

This said, from her betumbled couch she starteth,
To find some desperate instrument of death;
But this no slaughterhouse no tool imparteth
To make more vent for passage of her breath,
Which, thronging through her lips, so vanisheth
As smoke from Ætna, that in air consumes,
Or that which from discharged cannon fumes.

'In vain,' quoth she, 'I live, and seek in vain
Some happy mean to end a hapless life.
I fear'd by Tarquin's falchion to be slain,
Yet for the selfsame purpose seek a knife.
But when I fear'd I was a loyal wife;
So am I now: O no, that cannot be;
Of that true type hath Tarquin rifled me.

'O, that is gone for which I sought to live,
And therefore now I need not fear to die.
To clear this spot by death, at least I give
A badge of fame to slander's livery,
A dying life to living infamy;

Poor helpless help, the treasure stolen away,
To burn the guiltless casket where it lay!

'Well, well, dear Collatine, thou shalt not know
The stained taste of violated troth;
I will not wrong thy true affection so,
To flatter thee with an infringed oath;
This bastard graff shall never come to growth:
He shall not boast who did thy stock pollute
That thou art doting father of his fruit.

'Nor shall he smile at thee in secret thought,
Nor laugh with his companions at thy state;
But thou shalt know thy interest was not bought
Basely with gold, but stolen from forth thy gate.
For me, I am the mistress of my fate,
And with my trespass never will dispense,
Till life to death acquit my forc'd offence.

'I will not poison thee with my attaint,
Nor fold my fault in cleanly-coin'd excuses;
My sable ground of sin I will not paint,
To hide the truth of this false night's abuses:
My tongue shall utter all; mine eyes, like sluices,
As from a mountain-spring that feeds a dale,
Shall gush pure streams to purge my impure tale.'

By this, lamenting Philomel had ended
The well-tun'd warble of her nightly sorrow,
And solemn night with slow sad gait descended
To ugly hell; when, lo, the blushing morrow
Lends light to all fair eyes that light will borrow:
But cloudy Lucrece shames herself to see,
And therefore still in night would cloister'd be.

Revealing day through every cranny spies,
And seems to point her out where she sits weeping;
To whom she sobbing speaks: 'O eye of eyes,

Why pry'st thou through my window? leave thy peeping;
Mock with thy tickling beams eyes that are sleeping;
Brand not my forehead with thy piercing light,
For day hath nought to do what 's done by night.'

Thus cavils she with every thing she sees:
True grief is fond and testy as a child,
Who wayward once, his mood with nought agrees;
Old woes, not infant sorrows, bear them mild:
Continuance tames the one; the other wild,
Like an unpractis'd swimmer plunging still,
With too much labour drowns for want of skill.

So she, deep-drenched in a sea of care,
Holds disputation with each thing she views,
And to herself all sorrow doth compare;
No object but her passion's strength renews;
And as one shifts, another straight ensues:
Sometime her grief is dumb and hath no words,
Sometime 't is mad and too much talk affords.

The little birds that tune their morning's joy
Make her moans mad with their sweet melody:
For mirth doth search the bottom of annoy;
Sad souls are slain in merry company;
Grief best is pleas'd with grief's society;
True sorrow then is feelingly suffic'd
When with like semblance it is sympathiz'd.

'T is double death to drown in ken of shore;
He ten times pines that pines beholding food;
To see the salve doth make the wound ache more;
Great grief grieves most at that would do it good;
Deep woes roll forward like a gentle flood,
Who, being stopp'd, the bounding banks o'erflows;
Grief dallied with nor law nor limit knows.

'You mocking birds,' quoth she, 'your tunes entomb
Within your hollow-swelling feather'd breasts,
And in my hearing be you mute and dumb;
My restless discord loves no stops nor rests;
A woeful hostess brooks not merry guests:
Relish your nimble notes to pleasing ears;
Distress likes dumps when time is kept with tears.

'Come, Philomel, that sing'st of ravishment,
Make thy sad grove in my dishevell'd hair:
As the dank earth weeps at thy languishment,
So I at each sad strain will strain a tear,
And with deep groans the diapason bear;
For burden-wise I 'll hum on Tarquin still,
While thou on Tereus descant'st better skill.

'And whiles against a thorn thou bear'st thy part,
To keep thy sharp woes waking, wretched I,
To imitate thee well, against my heart
Will fix a sharp knife to affright mine eye,
Who, if it wink, shall thereon fall and die.
These means, as frets upon an instrument,
Shall tune our heart-strings to true languishment.

'And for, poor bird, thou sing'st not in the day,
As shaming any eye should thee behold,
Some dark deep desert, seated from the way,
That knows not parching heat nor freezing cold,
Will we find out; and there we will unfold
To creatures stern sad tunes, to change their kinds:
Since men prove beasts, let beasts bear gentle minds.'

As the poor frighted deer, that stands at gaze,
Wildly determining which way to fly,
Or one encompass'd with a winding maze,
That cannot tread the way out readily;
So with herself is she in mutiny,

To live or die which of the twain were better,
When life is sham'd, and death reproach's debtor.

'To kill myself,' quoth she, 'alack, what were it,
But with my body my poor soul's pollution?
They that lose half with greater patience bear it
Than they whose whole is swallow'd in confusion.
That mother tries a merciless conclusion
Who, having two sweet babes, when death takes one,
Will slay the other and be nurse to none.

'My body or my soul, which was the dearer,
When the one pure, the other made divine?
Whose love of either to myself was nearer,
When both were kept for heaven and Collatine?
Ay me! the bark peel'd from the lofty pine,
His leaves will wither and his sap decay;
So must my soul, her bark being peel'd away.

'Her house is sack'd, her quiet interrupted,
Her mansion batter'd by the enemy;
Her sacred temple spotted, spoil'd, corrupted,
Grossly engirt with daring infamy:
Then let it not be call'd impiety,
If in this blemish'd fort I make some hole
Through which I may convey this troubled soul.

'Yet die I will not till my Collatine
Have heard the cause of my untimely death;
That he may vow, in that sad hour of mine,
Revenge on him that made me stop my breath.
My stained blood to Tarquin I 'll bequeath,
Which by him tainted shall for him be spent,
And as his due writ in my testament.

'My honour I 'll bequeath unto the knife
That wounds my body so dishonoured.
'T is honour to deprive dishonour'd life;

The one will live, the other being dead:
So of shame's ashes shall my fame be bred,
For in my death I murther shameful scorn;
My shame so dead, mine honour is new-born.

'Dear lord of that dear jewel I have lost,
What legacy shall I bequeath to thee?
My resolution, love, shall be thy boast,
By whose example thou reveng'd mayst be.
How Tarquin must be us'd, read it in me;
Myself, thy friend, will kill myself, thy foe,
And for my sake serve thou false Tarquin so.

'This brief abridgement of my will I make:
My soul and body to the skies and ground;
My resolution, husband, do thou take;
Mine honour be the knife's that makes my wound;
My shame be his that did my fame confound;
And all my fame that lives disbursed be
To those that live, and think no shame of me.

'Thou, Collatine, shalt oversee this will;
How was I overseen that thou shalt see it!
My blood shall wash the slander of mine ill;
My life's foul deed, my life's fair end shall free it.
Faint not, faint heart, but stoutly say "So be it:"
Yield to my hand; my hand shall conquer thee:
Thou dead, both die, and both shall victors be.'

This plot of death when sadly she had laid,
And wip'd the brinish pearl from her bright eyes,
With untun'd tongue she hoarsely calls her maid,
Whose swift obedience to her mistress hies;
For fleet-wing'd duty with thought's feathers flies.
Poor Lucrece' cheeks unto her maid seem so
As winter meads when sun doth melt their snow.

Her mistress she doth give demure good-morrow,
With soft-slow tongue, true mark of modesty,
And sorts a sad look to her lady's sorrow,
For why, her face wore sorrow's livery;
But durst not ask of her audaciously
Why her two suns were cloud-eclipsed so,
Nor why her fair cheeks over-wash'd with woe.

But as the earth doth weep, the sun being set,
Each flower moisten'd like a melting eye,
Even so the maid with swelling drops gan wet
Her circled eyne, enforc'd by sympathy
Of those fair suns set in her mistress' sky,
Who in a salt-wav'd ocean quench their light,
Which makes the maid weep like the dewy night.

A pretty while these pretty creatures stand,
Like ivory conduits coral cisterns filling:
One justly weeps; the other takes in hand
No cause, but company, of her drops spilling:
Their gentle sex to weep are often willing;
Grieving themselves to guess at others' smarts,
And then they drown their eyes or break their hearts.

For men have marble, women waxen, minds,
And therefore are they form'd as marble will;
The weak oppress'd, the impression of strange kinds
Is form'd in them by force, by fraud, or skill:
Then call them not the authors of their ill,
No more than wax shall be accounted evil
Wherein is stamp'd the semblance of a devil.

Their smoothness, like a goodly champaign plain,
Lays open all the little worms that creep;
In men, as in a rough-grown grove, remain
Cave-keeping evils that obscurely sleep:
Through crystal walls each little mote will peep;

Though men can cover crimes with bold stern looks,
Poor women's faces are their own faults' books.

No man inveigh against the wither'd flower,
But chide rough winter that the flower hath kill'd;
Not that devour'd, but that which doth devour,
Is worthy blame. O, let it not be hild
Poor women's faults, that they are so fulfill'd
With men's abuses; those proud lords, to blame,
Make weak-made women tenants to their shame.

The precedent whereof in Lucrece view,
Assail'd by night with circumstances strong
Of present death, and shame that might ensue
By that her death, to do her husband wrong:
Such danger to resistance did belong,
That dying fear through all her body spread;
And who cannot abuse a body dead?

By this, mild patience bid fair Lucrece speak
To the poor counterfeit of her complaining:
'My girl,' quoth she, 'on what occasion break
Those tears from thee, that down thy cheeks are raining?
If thou dost weep for grief of my sustaining,
Know, gentle wench, it small avails my mood;
If tears could help, mine own would do me good.

'But tell me, girl, when went'—and there she stay'd
Till after a deep groan—'Tarquin from hence?'
'Madam, ere I was up,' replied the maid,
'The more to blame my sluggard negligence:
Yet with the fault I thus far can dispense,—
Myself was stirring ere the break of day,
And, ere I rose, was Tarquin gone away.

'But, lady, if your maid may be so bold,
She would request to know your heaviness.'

'O, peace!' quoth Lucrece: 'if it should be told,
The repetition cannot make it less,
For more it is than I can well express;
And that deep torture may be call'd a hell
When more is felt than one hath power to tell.

'Go, get me hither paper, ink, and pen;—
Yet save that labour, for I have them here.
What should I say? One of my husband's men
Bid thou be ready, by and by, to bear
A letter to my lord, my love, my dear:
Bid him with speed prepare to carry it;
The cause craves haste, and it will soon be writ.'

Her maid is gone, and she prepares to write,
First hovering o'er the paper with her quill:
Conceit and grief an eager combat fight;
What wit sets down is blotted straight with will;
This is too curious-good, this blunt and ill:
Much like a press of people at a door,
Throng her inventions, which shall go before.

At last she thus begins: 'Thou worthy lord
Of that unworthy wife that greeteth thee,
Health to thy person! next vouchsafe t' afford—
If ever, love, thy Lucrece thou wilt see—
Some present speed to come and visit me.
So, I commend me from our house in grief;
My woes are tedious, though my words are brief.'

Here folds she up the tenour of her woe,
Her certain sorrow writ uncertainly.
By this short schedule Collatine may know
Her grief, but not her grief's true quality;
She dares not thereof make discovery,
Lest he should hold it her own gross abuse,
Ere she with blood had stain'd her stain'd excuse.

Besides, the life and feeling of her passion
She hoards, to spend when he is by to hear her;
When sighs and groans and tears may grace the fashion
Of her disgrace, the better so to clear her
From that suspicion which the world might bear her.
To shun this blot, she would not blot the letter
With words, till action might become them better.

To see sad sights moves more than hear them told;
For then the eye interprets to the ear
The heavy motion that it doth behold,
When every part a part of woe doth bear.
'T is but a part of sorrow that we hear;
Deep sounds make lesser noise than shallow fords,
And sorrow ebbs, being blown with wind of words.

Her letter now is seal'd, and on it writ
'At Ardea to my lord with more than haste.'
The post attends, and she delivers it,
Charging the sour-fac'd groom to hie as fast
As lagging fowls before the northern blast:
Speed more than speed but dull and slow she deems;
Extremity still urgeth such extremes.

The homely villain curtsies to her low,
And, blushing on her, with a steadfast eye
Receives the scroll without or yea or no,
And forth with bashful innocence doth hie.
But they whose guilt within their bosoms lie
Imagine every eye beholds their blame;
For Lucrece thought he blush'd to see her shame,

When, silly groom! God wot, it was defect
Of spirit, life, and bold audacity.
Such harmless creatures have a true respect
To talk in deeds, while others saucily
Promise more speed, but do it leisurely;

Even so this pattern of the worn-out age
Pawn'd honest looks, but laid no words to gage.

His kindled duty kindled her mistrust,
That two red fires in both their faces blaz'd;
She thought he blush'd, as knowing Tarquin's lust,
And, blushing with him, wistly on him gaz'd.
Her earnest eye did make him more amaz'd;
The more she saw the blood his cheeks replenish,
The more she thought he spied in her some blemish.

But long she thinks till he return again,
And yet the duteous vassal scarce is gone.
The weary time she cannot entertain,
For now 't is stale to sigh, to weep, and groan;
So woe hath wearied woe, moan tired moan,
That she her plaints a little while doth stay,
Pausing for means to mourn some newer way.

At last she calls to mind where hangs a piece
Of skilful painting, made for Priam's Troy,
Before the which is drawn the power of Greece,
For Helen's rape the city to destroy,
Threatening cloud-kissing Ilion with annoy;
Which the conceited painter drew so proud,
As heaven, it seem'd, to kiss the turrets bow'd.

A thousand lamentable objects there,
In scorn of nature, art gave lifeless life:
Many a dry drop seem'd a weeping tear,
Shed for the slaughter'd husband by the wife;
The red blood reek'd, to show the painter's strife,
And dying eyes gleam'd forth their ashy lights,
Like dying coals burnt out in tedious nights.

There might you see the labouring pioneer
Begrim'd with sweat, and smeared all with dust;
And from the towers of Troy there would appear

The very eyes of men through loop-holes thrust,
Gazing upon the Greeks with little lust:
Such sweet observance in this work was had,
That one might see those far-off eyes look sad.

In great commanders grace and majesty
You might behold, triumphing in their faces;
In youth, quick bearing and dexterity;
And here and there the painter interlaces
Pale cowards, marching on with trembling paces,
Which heartless peasants did so well resemble,
That one would swear he saw them quake and tremble.

In Ajax and Ulysses, O, what art
Of physiognomy might one behold!
The face of either cipher'd either's heart,
Their face their manners most expressly told:
In Ajax' eyes blunt rage and rigour roll'd,
But the mild glance that sly Ulysses lent
Show'd deep regard and smiling government.

There pleading might you see grave Nestor stand,
As 't were encouraging the Greeks to fight,
Making such sober action with his hand,
That it beguil'd attention, charm'd the sight;
In speech, it seem'd, his beard, all silver white,
Wagg'd up and down, and from his lips did fly
Thin winding breath, which purl'd up to the sky.

About him were a press of gaping faces,
Which seem'd to swallow up his sound advice;
All jointly listening, but with several graces,
As if some mermaid did their ears entice,
Some high, some low, the painter was so nice:
The scalps of many, almost hid behind,
To jump up higher seem'd, to mock the mind.

Here one man's hand lean'd on another's head,
His nose being shadow'd by his neighbour's ear;
Here one being throng'd bears back, all bollen and red;
Another smother'd seems to pelt and swear;
And in their rage such signs of rage they bear,
As, but for loss of Nestor's golden words,
It seem'd they would debate with angry swords.

For much imaginary work was there;
Conceit deceitful, so compact, so kind,
That for Achilles' image stood his spear,
Grip'd in an armed hand; himself, behind,
Was left unseen, save to the eye of mind:
A hand, a foot, a face, a leg, a head,
Stood for the whole to be imagined.

And from the walls of strong-besieged Troy
When their brave hope, bold Hector, march'd to field,
Stood many Trojan mothers, sharing joy
To see their youthful sons bright weapons wield;
And to their hope they such odd action yield,
That through their light joy seemed to appear,
Like bright things stain'd, a kind of heavy fear.

And from the strand of Dardan, where they fought,
To Simois' reedy banks the red blood ran,
Whose waves to imitate the battle sought
With swelling ridges; and their ranks began
To break upon the galled shore, and than
Retire again, till, meeting greater ranks,
They join and shoot their foam at Simois' banks.

To this well-painted piece is Lucrece come,
To find a face where all distress is stell'd.
Many she sees where cares have carved some,
But none where all distress and dolour dwell'd,
Till she despairing Hecuba beheld,

Staring on Priam's wounds with her old eyes,
Which bleeding under Pyrrhus' proud foot lies.

In her the painter had anatomiz'd
Time's ruin, beauty's wrack, and grim care's reign:
Her cheeks with chaps and wrinkles were disguis'd;
Of what she was no semblance did remain:
Her blue blood, chang'd to black in every vein,
Wanting the spring that those shrunk pipes had fed,
Show'd life imprison'd in a body dead.

On this sad shadow Lucrece spends her eyes,
And shapes her sorrow to the beldam's woes,
Who nothing wants to answer her but cries,
And bitter words to ban her cruel foes.
The painter was no god to lend her those;
And therefore Lucrece swears he did her wrong,
To give her so much grief and not a tongue.

'Poor instrument,' quoth she, 'without a sound,
I 'll tune thy woes with my lamenting tongue,
And drop sweet balm in Priam's painted wound,
And rail on Pyrrhus that hath done him wrong,
And with my tears quench Troy that burns so long,
And with my knife scratch out the angry eyes
Of all the Greeks that are thine enemies.

'Show me the strumpet that began this stir,
That with my nails her beauty I may tear.
Thy heat of lust, fond Paris, did incur
This load of wrath that burning Troy doth bear;
Thy eye kindled the fire that burneth here;
And here in Troy, for trespass of thine eye,
The sire, the son, the dame, and daughter die.

'Why should the private pleasure of some one
Become the public plague of many moe?
Let sin, alone committed, light alone

Upon his head that hath transgressed so;
Let guiltless souls be freed from guilty woe:
For one's offence why should so many fall,
To plague a private sin in general?

'Lo, here weeps Hecuba, here Priam dies,
Here manly Hector faints, here Troilus swounds,
Here friend by friend in bloody channel lies,
And friend to friend gives unadvised wounds,
And one man's lust these many lives confounds;
Had doting Priam check'd his son's desire,
Troy had been bright with fame and not with fire.'

Here feelingly she weeps Troy's painted woes:
For sorrow, like a heavy-hanging bell,
Once set on ringing, with his own weight goes;
Then little strength rings out the doleful knell.
So Lucrece, set a-work, sad tales doth tell
To pencill'd pensiveness and colour'd sorrow;
She lends them words, and she their looks doth borrow.

She throws her eyes about the painting round,
And who she finds forlorn she doth lament.
At last she sees a wretched image bound,
That piteous looks to Phrygian shepherds lent:
His face, though full of cares, yet show'd content;
Onward to Troy with the blunt swains he goes,
So mild, that Patience seem'd to scorn his woes.

In him the painter labour'd with his skill
To hide deceit, and give the harmless show
An humble gait, calm looks, eyes wailing still,
A brow unbent, that seem'd to welcome woe;
Cheeks neither red nor pale, but mingled so
That blushing red no guilty instance gave,
Nor ashy pale the fear that false hearts have.

But, like a constant and confirmed devil,
He entertain'd a show so seeming just,
And therein so ensconc'd his secret evil,
That jealousy itself could not mistrust
False-creeping craft and perjury should thrust
Into so bright a day such black-fac'd storms,
Or blot with hell-born sin such saintlike forms.

The well-skill'd workman this mild image drew
For perjur'd Sinon, whose enchanting story
The credulous old Priam after slew;
Whose words like wildfire burnt the shining glory
Of rich-built Ilion, that the skies were sorry,
And little stars shot from their fixed places,
When their glass fell wherein they view'd their faces.

This picture she advisedly perus'd,
And chid the painter for his wondrous skill,
Saying, some shape in Sinon's was abus'd;
So fair a form lodg'd not a mind so ill:
And still on him she gaz'd; and gazing still,
Such signs of truth in his plain face she spied,
That she concludes the picture was belied.

'It cannot be,' quoth she, 'that so much guile'—
She would have said 'can lurk in such a look;'
But Tarquin's shape came in her mind the while,
And from her tongue 'can lurk' from 'cannot' took.
'It cannot be' she in that sense forsook,
And turn'd it thus: 'It cannot be, I find,
But such a face should bear a wicked mind:

'For even as subtle Sinon here is painted,
So sober-sad, so weary, and so mild,
As if with grief or travail he had fainted
To me came Tarquin armed; so beguil'd
With outward honesty, but yet defil'd

With inward vice: as Priam him did cherish,
So did I Tarquin; so my Troy did perish.

'Look, look, how listening Priam wets his eyes,
To see those borrow'd tears that Sinon sheds!
Priam, why art thou old and yet not wise?
For every tear he falls a Trojan bleeds:
His eye drops fire, no water thence proceeds;
Those round clear pearls of his, that move thy pity,
Are balls of quenchless fire to burn thy city.

'Such devils steal effects from lightless hell;
For Sinon in his fire doth quake with cold,
And in that cold hot-burning fire doth dwell;
These contraries such unity do hold,
Only to flatter fools and make them bold:
So Priam's trust false Sinon's tears doth flatter,
That he finds means to burn his Troy with water.'

Here, all enrag'd, such passion her assails,
That patience is quite beaten from her breast.
She tears the senseless Sinon with her nails,
Comparing him to that unhappy guest
Whose deed hath made herself herself detest.
At last she smilingly with this gives o'er:
'Fool, fool!' quoth she, 'his wounds will not be sore.'

Thus ebbs and flows the current of her sorrow,
And time doth weary time with her complaining.
She looks for night, and then she longs for morrow,
And both she thinks too long with her remaining.
Short time seems long in sorrow's sharp sustaining:
Though woe be heavy, yet it seldom sleeps;
And they that watch see time how slow it creeps.

Which all this time hath overslipp'd her thought,
That she with painted images hath spent;
Being from the feeling of her own grief brought

By deep surmise of others' detriment,
Losing her woes in shows of discontent.
It easeth some, though none it ever cur'd,
To think their dolour others have endur'd.

But now the mindful messenger, come back,
Brings home his lord and other company,
Who finds his Lucrece clad in mourning black;
And round about her tear-distained eye
Blue circles stream'd, like rainbows in the sky:
These water-galls in her dim element
Foretell new storms to those already spent.

Which when her sad-beholding husband saw,
Amazedly in her sad face he stares;
Her eyes, though sod in tears, look'd red and raw,
Her lively colour kill'd with deadly cares.
He hath no power to ask her how she fares;
Both stood, like old acquaintance in a trance,
Met far from home, wondering each other's chance.

At last he takes her by the bloodless hand,
And thus begins: 'What uncouth ill event
Hath thee befallen, that thou dost trembling stand?
Sweet love, what spite hath thy fair colour spent?
Why art thou thus attir'd in discontent?
Unmask, dear dear, this moody heaviness,
And tell thy grief, that we may give redress.'

Three times with sighs she gives her sorrow fire,
Ere once she can discharge one word of woe;
At length address'd to answer his desire,
She modestly prepares to let them know
Her honour is ta'en prisoner by the foe,
While Collatine and his consorted lords
With sad attention long to hear her words.

And now this pale swan in her watery nest
Begins the sad dirge of her certain ending:
'Few words,' quoth she, 'shall fit the trespass best,
Where no excuse can give the fault amending;
In me moe woes than words are now depending,
And my laments would be drawn out too long,
To tell them all with one poor tired tongue.

'Then be this all the task it hath to say:
Dear husband, in the interest of thy bed
A stranger came, and on that pillow lay
Where thou wast wont to rest thy weary head;
And what wrong else may be imagined
By foul enforcement might be done to me,
From that, alas, thy Lucrece is not free.

'For in the dreadful dead of dark midnight,
With shining falchion in my chamber came
A creeping creature, with a flaming light,
And softly cried "Awake, thou Roman dame,
And entertain my love; else lasting shame
On thee and thine this night I will inflict,
If thou my love's desire do contradict.

'"For some hard-favour'd groom of thine," quoth he,
"Unless thou yoke thy liking to my will,
I 'll murther straight, and then I 'll slaughter thee
And swear I found you where you did fulfil
The loathsome act of lust, and so did kill
The lechers in their deed; this act will be
My fame and thy perpetual infamy."

'With this, I did begin to start and cry;
And then against my heart he sets his sword,
Swearing, unless I took all patiently,
I should not live to speak another word;
So should my shame still rest upon record,

And never be forgot in mighty Rome
The adulterate death of Lucrece and her groom.

'Mine enemy was strong, my poor self weak,
And far the weaker with so strong a fear:
My bloody judge forbade my tongue to speak;
No rightful plea might plead for justice there:
His scarlet lust came evidence to swear
That my poor beauty had purloin'd his eyes;
And when the judge is robb'd the prisoner dies.

'O, teach me how to make mine own excuse!
Or at the least this refuge let me find:
Though my gross blood be stain'd with this abuse,
Immaculate and spotless is my mind;
That was not forc'd; that never was inclin'd
To accessary yieldings, but still pure
Doth in her poison'd closet yet endure.'

Lo, here, the hopeless merchant of this loss,
With head declin'd, and voice damm'd up with woe,
With sad-set eyes, and wretched arms across,
From lips new-waxen pale begins to blow
The grief away that stops his answer so:
But, wretched as he is, he strives in vain;
What he breathes out his breath drinks up again.

As through an arch the violent roaring tide
Outruns the eye that doth behold his haste,
Yet in the eddy boundeth in his pride
Back to the strait that forc'd him on so fast,
In rage sent out, recall'd in rage, being past;
Even so his sighs, his sorrows, make a saw,
To push grief on, and back the same grief draw.

Which speechless woe of his poor she attendeth,
And his untimely frenzy thus awaketh:
'Dear lord, thy sorrow to my sorrow lendeth

Another power; no flood by raining slaketh.
My woe too sensible thy passion maketh
More feeling-painful; let it then suffice
To drown one woe, one pair of weeping eyes.

'And for my sake, when I might charm thee so,
For she that was thy Lucrece, now attend me:
Be suddenly revenged on my foe,
Thine, mine, his own; suppose thou dost defend me
From what is past: the help that thou shalt lend me
Comes all too late, yet let the traitor die,
For sparing justice feeds iniquity.

'But ere I name him, you fair lords,' quoth she,
Speaking to those that came with Collatine,
'Shall plight your honourable faiths to me,
With swift pursuit to venge this wrong of mine;
For 't is a meritorious fair design
To chase injustice with revengeful arms:
Knights, by their oaths, should right poor ladies' harms.'

At this request, with noble disposition
Each present lord began to promise aid,
As bound in knighthood to her imposition,
Longing to hear the hateful foe bewray'd.
But she, that yet her sad task hath not said,
The protestation stops. 'O, speak,' quoth she,
'How may this forced stain be wip'd from me?

'What is the quality of mine offence,
Being constrain'd with dreadful circumstance?
May my pure mind with the foul act dispense,
My low-declined honour to advance?
May any terms acquit me from this chance?
The poison'd fountain clears itself again;
And why not I from this compelled stain?'

With this, they all at once began to say,
Her body's stain her mind untainted clears;
While with a joyless smile she turns away
The face, that map which deep impression bears
Of hard misfortune, carv'd in it with tears.
'No, no,' quoth she, 'no dame, hereafter living,
By my excuse shall claim excuse's giving.'

Here with a sigh, as if her heart would break,
She throws forth Tarquin's name: 'He, he,' she says,
But more than 'he' her poor tongue could not speak;
Till after many accents and delays,
Untimely breathings, sick and short assays,
She utters this: 'He, he, fair lords, 't is he,
That guides this hand to give this wound to me.'

Even here she sheathed in her harmless breast
A harmful knife, that thence her soul unsheath'd:
That blow did bail it from the deep unrest
Of that polluted prison where it breath'd:
Her contrite sighs unto the clouds bequeath'd
Her winged sprite, and through her wounds doth fly
Life's lasting date from cancell'd destiny.

Stone-still, astonish'd with this deadly deed,
Stood Collatine and all his lordly crew;
Till Lucrece' father, that beholds her bleed,
Himself on her self-slaughter'd body threw;
And from the purple fountain Brutus drew
The murtherous knife, and, as it left the place,
Her blood, in poor revenge, held it in chase;

And bubbling from her breast, it doth divide
In two slow rivers, that the crimson blood
Circles her body in on every side,
Who, like a late-sack'd island, vastly stood
Bare and unpeopled in this fearful flood.

Some of her blood still pure and red remain'd,
And some look'd black, and that false Tarquin stain'd.

About the mourning and congealed face
Of that black blood a watery rigol goes,
Which seems to weep upon the tainted place:
And ever since, as pitying Lucrece' woes,
Corrupted blood some watery token shows;
And blood untainted still doth red abide,
Blushing at that which is so putrefied.

'Daughter, dear daughter,' old Lucretius cries,
'That life was mine which thou hast here depriv'd.
If in the child the father's image lies,
Where shall I live now Lucrece is unliv'd?
Thou wast not to this end from me deriv'd.
If children pre-decease progenitors,
We are their offspring, and they none of ours.

'Poor broken glass, I often did behold
In thy sweet semblance my old age new born;
But now that fair fresh mirror, dim and old,
Shows me a bare-bon'd death by time outworn:
O, from thy cheeks my image thou hast torn,
And shiver'd all the beauty of my glass,
That I no more can see what once I was!

'O time, cease thou thy course and last no longer,
If they surcease to be that should survive.
Shall rotten death make conquest of the stronger
And leave the faltering feeble souls alive?
The old bees die, the young possess their hive;
Then live, sweet Lucrece, live again and see
Thy father die, and not thy father thee!'

By this, starts Collatine as from a dream,
And bids Lucretius give his sorrow place;
And then in key-cold Lucrece' bleeding stream

He falls, and bathes the pale fear in his face,
And counterfeits to die with her a space,
Till manly shame bids him possess his breath
And live to be revenged on her death.

The deep vexation of his inward soul
Hath serv'd a dumb arrest upon his tongue,
Who, mad that sorrow should his use control,
Or keep him from heart-easing words so long,
Begins to talk; but through his lips do throng
Weak words, so thick come in his poor heart's aid,
That no man could distinguish what he said.

Yet sometime 'Tarquin' was pronounced plain,
But through his teeth, as if the name he tore.
This windy tempest, till it blow up rain,
Held back his sorrow's tide, to make it more;
At last it rains, and busy winds give o'er:
Then son and father weep with equal strife
Who should weep most, for daughter or for wife.

The one doth call her his, the other his,
Yet neither may possess the claim they lay.
The father says 'She 's mine.' 'O, mine she is,'
Replies her husband: 'do not take away
My sorrow's interest; let no mourner say
He weeps for her, for she was only mine
And only must be wail'd by Collatine.'

'O,' quoth Lucretius, 'I did give that life
Which she too early and too late hath spill'd.'
'Woe, woe,' quoth Collatine, 'she was my wife,
I owed her, and 't is mine that she hath kill'd.'
'My daughter' and 'my wife' with clamours fill'd
The dispers'd air, who, holding Lucrece' life,
Answer'd their cries, 'my daughter' and 'my wife.'

Brutus, who pluck'd the knife from Lucrece' side,
Seeing such emulation in their woe,
Began to clothe his wit in state and pride,
Burying in Lucrece' wound his folly's show.
He with the Romans was esteemed so
As silly-jeering idiots are with kings,
For sportive words and uttering foolish things;

But now he throws that shallow habit by,
Wherein deep policy did him disguise,
And arm'd his long-hid wits advisedly,
To check the tears in Collatinus' eyes.
'Thou wronged lord of Rome,' quoth he, 'arise;
Let my unsounded self, suppos'd a fool,
Now set thy long-experienc'd wit to school.

'Why, Collatine, is woe the cure for woe?
Do wounds help wounds, or grief help grievous deeds?
Is it revenge to give thyself a blow
For his foul act by whom thy fair wife bleeds?
Such childish humour from weak minds proceeds;
Thy wretched wife mistook the matter so,
To slay herself, that should have slain her foe.

'Courageous Roman, do not steep thy heart
In such relenting dew of lamentations;
But kneel with me and help to bear thy part,
To rouse our Roman gods with invocations,
That they will suffer these abominations,
Since Rome herself in them doth stand disgrac'd,
By our strong arms from forth her fair streets chas'd.

'Now, by the Capitol that we adore,
And by this chaste blood so unjustly stain'd,
By heaven's fair sun that breeds the fat earth's store,
By all our country rights in Rome maintain'd,
And by chaste Lucrece' soul that late complain'd

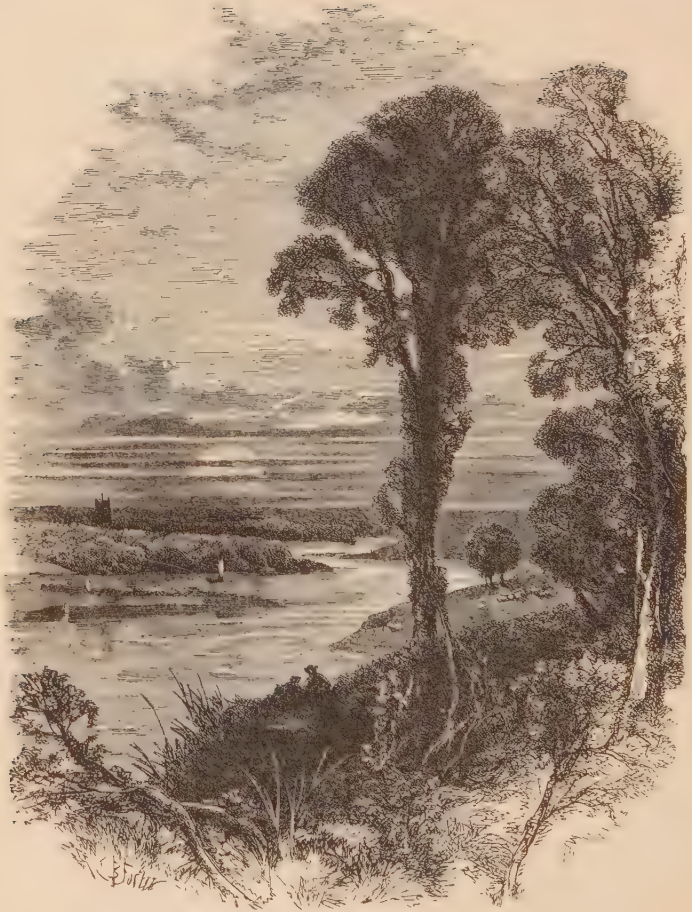
Her wrongs to us, and by this bloody knife,
We will revenge the death of this true wife.'

This said, he struck his hand upon his breast,
And kiss'd the fatal knife, to end his vow;
And to his protestation urg'd the rest,
Who, wondering at him, did his words allow:
Then jointly to the ground their knees they bow;
And that deep vow which Brutus made before
He doth again repeat, and that they swore.

When they had sworn to this advised doom,
They did conclude to bear dead Lucrece thence,
To show her bleeding body thorough Rome,
And so to publish Tarquin's foul offence;
Which being done with speedy diligence,
The Romans plausibly did give consent
To Tarquin's everlasting banishment.

ROMAN MATRON.

LOVERS COMPLAINT
THE
PASSIONATE
PILGRIM
&c.



From off a hill whose concave womb re-worded
A plaintful story from a sistering vale,
My spirits to attend this double voice accorded,
And down I laid to list the sad-tun'd tale;
Ere long espied a fickle maid full pale,
Tearing of papers, breaking rings a-twain,
Storming her world with sorrow's wind and rain.

Upon her head a platted hive of straw,
Which fortified her visage from the sun,
Whereon the thought might think sometime it saw

The carcass of a beauty spent and done;
Time had not scythed all that youth begun,
Nor youth all quit, but, spite of heaven's fell rage,
Some beauty peep'd through lattice of sear'd age.

Oft did she heave her napkin to her eyne,
Which on it had conceited characters,
Laundering the silken figures in the brine
That season'd woe had pelleted in tears,
And often reading what contents it bears;
As often shrieking undistinguish'd woe,
In clamours of all size, both high and low.

Sometimes her levell'd eyes their carriage ride,
As they did battery to the spheres intend;
Sometime diverted their poor balls are tied
To the orbed earth; sometimes they do extend
Their view right on; anon their gazes lend
To every place at once, and, nowhere fix'd,
The mind and sight distractedly commix'd.

Her hair, nor loose nor tied in formal plat,
Proclaim'd in her a careless hand of pride,
For some, untuck'd, descended her sheav'd hat,
Hanging her pale and pined cheek beside;
Some in her threaden fillet still did bide,
And true to bondage would not break from thence,
Though slackly braided in loose negligence.

A thousand favours from a maund she drew
Of amber, crystal, and of beaded jet,
Which one by one she in a river threw,
Upon whose weeping margent she was set;
Like usury, applying wet to wet,
Or monarch's hands that let not bounty fall
Where want cries some, but where excess begs all.

Of folded schedules had she many a one,
Which she perus'd, sigh'd, tore, and gave the flood;
Crack'd many a ring of posied gold and bone,
Bidding them find their sepulchres in mud;
Found yet moe letters sadly penn'd in blood,
With sleided silk feat and affectedly
Enswath'd, and seal'd to curious secrecy.

These often bath'd she in her fluxive eyes,
And often kiss'd, and often gan to tear:
Cried 'O false blood, thou register of lies,
What unapproved witness dost thou bear!
Ink would have seem'd more black and damned here!'
This said, in top of rage the lines she rents,
Big discontent so breaking their contents.

A reverend man that graz'd his cattle nigh—
Sometime a blusterer, that the ruffle knew
Of court, of city, and had let go by
The swiftest hours, observed as they flew—
Towards this afflicted fancy fastly drew,
And, privileg'd by age, desires to know
In brief the grounds and motives of her woe.

So slides he down upon his grained bat,
And comely-distant sits he by her side,
When he again desires her, being sat,
Her grievance with his hearing to divide;
If that from him there may be aught applied
Which may her suffering ecstasy assuage,
'T is promis'd in the charity of age.

'Father,' she says, 'though in me you behold
The injury of many a blasting hour,
Let it not tell your judgment I am old;
Not age, but sorrow, over me hath power:
I might as yet have been a spreading flower,

Fresh to myself, if I had self-applied
Love to myself and to no love beside.

'But, woe is me! too early I attended
A youthful suit—it was to gain my grace—
Of one by nature's outwards so commended,
That maidens' eyes stuck over all his face;
Love lack'd a dwelling and made him her place.
And when in his fair parts she did abide,
She was new lodg'd and newly deified.

'His browny locks did hang in crooked curls,
And every light occasion of the wind
Upon his lips their silken parcels hurls.
What 's sweet to do, to do will aptly find;
Each eye that saw him did enchant the mind,
For on his visage was in little drawn
What largeness thinks in Paradise was sawn.

'Small show of man was yet upon his chin;
His phœnix down began but to appear
Like unshorn velvet on that termless skin
Whose bare out-bragg'd the web it seem'd to wear:
Yet show'd his visage by that cost more dear,
And nice affections wavering stood in doubt
If best were as it was, or best without.

'His qualities were beauteous as his form,
For maiden-tongued he was, and thereof free;
Yet, if men mov'd him, was he such a storm
As oft 'twixt May and April is to see,
When winds breathe sweet, unruly though they be.
His rudeness so with his authoriz'd youth
Did livery falseness in a pride of truth.

'Well could he ride, and often men would say
"That horse his mettle from his rider takes;
Proud of subjection, noble by the sway,

What rounds, what bounds, what course. what stop he
makes!"
And controversy hence a question takes,
Whether the horse by him became his deed,
Or he his manage by the well-doing steed.

'But quickly on this side the verdict went:
His real habitude gave life and grace
To appertainings and to ornament,
Accomplish'd in himself, not in his case.
All aids, themselves made fairer by their place,
Came for additions; yet their purpos'd trim
Piec'd not his grace, but were all grac'd by him.

'So on the tip of his subduing tongue
All kind of arguments and question deep,
All replication prompt and reason strong,
For his advantage still did wake and sleep:
To make the weeper laugh, the laugher weep,
He had the dialect and different skill,
Catching all passions in his craft of will;

'That he did in the general bosom reign
Of young, of old, and sexes both enchanted,
To dwell with him in thoughts, or to remain
In personal duty, following where he haunted:
Consents bewitch'd, ere he desire, have granted,
And dialogued for him what he would say,
Ask'd their own wills, and made their wills obey.

'Many there were that did his picture get,
To serve their eyes, and in it put their mind;
Like fools that in the imagination set
The goodly objects which abroad they find
Of lands and mansions, theirs in thought assign'd,
And labouring in moe pleasures to bestow them
Than the true gouty landlord which doth owe them:

'So many have, that never touch'd his hand,
Sweetly suppos'd them mistress of his heart.
My woeful self, that did in freedom stand,
And was my own fee-simple, not in part,
What with his art in youth, and youth in art,
Threw my affections in his charmed power,
Reserv'd the stalk and gave him all my flower.

'Yet did I not, as some my equals did,
Demand of him, nor being desired yielded;
Finding myself in honour so forbid,
With safest distance I mine honour shielded:
Experience for me many bulwarks builded
Of proofs new-bleeding, which remain'd the foil
Of this false jewel, and his amorous spoil.

'But, ah, who ever shunn'd by precedent
The destin'd ill she must herself assay?
Or forc'd examples, 'gainst her own content,
To put the by-past perils in her way?
Counsel may stop awhile what will not stay;
For when we rage, advice is often seen
By blunting us to make our wits more keen.

'Nor gives it satisfaction to our blood,
That we must curb it upon others' proof;
To be forbod the sweets that seem so good,
For fear of harms that preach in our behoof.
O appetite, from judgment stand aloof!
The one a palate hath that needs will taste,
Though Reason weep, and cry "It is thy last."

'For further I could say "This man 's untrue,"
And knew the patterns of his foul beguiling,
Heard where his plants in others' orchards grew,
Saw how deceits were gilded in his smiling,
Knew vows were ever brokers to defiling,

Thought characters and words merely but art,
And bastards of his foul adulterate heart.

'And long upon these terms I held my city,
Till thus he gan besiege me: "Gentle maid,
Have of my suffering youth some feeling pity,
And be not of my holy vows afraid:
That 's to ye sworn to none was ever said;
For feasts of love I have been call'd unto,
Till now did ne'er invite, nor never woo.

'"All my offences that abroad you see
Are errors of the blood, none of the mind;
Love made them not: with acture they may be,
Where neither party is nor true nor kind.
They sought their shame that so their shame did find;
And so much less of shame in me remains,
By how much of me their reproach contains.

'"Among the many that mine eyes have seen,
Not one whose flame my heart so much as warm'd,
Or my affection put to the smallest teen,
Or any of my leisures ever charm'd;
Harm have I done to them, but ne'er was harm'd;
Kept hearts in liveries, but mine own was free,
And reign'd, commanding in his monarchy.

'"Look here, what tributes wounded fancies sent me,
Of paled pearls and rubies red as blood;
Figuring that they their passions likewise lent me
Of grief and blushes, aptly understood
In bloodless white and the encrimson'd mood;
Effects of terror and dear modesty,
Encamp'd in hearts, but fighting outwardly.

'"And, lo, behold these talents of their hair,
With twisted metal amorously impleach'd,
I have receiv'd from many a several fair,

Their kind acceptance weepingly beseech'd,
With the annexions of fair gems enrich'd,
And deep-brain'd sonnets that did amplify
Each stone's dear nature, worth, and quality.

'"The diamond,—why, 't was beautiful and hard,
Whereto his invis'd properties did tend;
The deep-green emerald, in whose fresh regard
Weak sights their sickly radiance do amend;
The heaven-hued sapphire and the opal blend
With objects manifold: each several stone,
With wit well blazon'd, smil'd or made some moan.

'"Lo, all these trophies of affections hot,
Of pensiv'd and subdued desires the tender,
Nature hath charg'd me that I hoard them not,
But yield them up where I myself must render,
That is, to you, my origin and ender;
For these, of force, must your oblations be,
Since, I their altar, you enpatron me.

'"O, then, advance of yours that phraseless hand,
Whose white weighs down the airy scale of praise;
Take all these similes to your own command,
Hallow'd with sighs that burning lungs did raise:
What me your minister, for you obeys,
Works under you; and to your audit comes
Their distract parcels in combined sums.

'"Lo, this device was sent me from a nun,
A sister sanctified, of holiest note,
Which late her noble suit in court did shun,
Whose rarest havings made the blossoms dote;
For she was sought by spirits of richest coat,
But kept cold distance, and did thence remove,
To spend her living in eternal love.

'"But, O my sweet, what labour is 't to leave
The thing we have not, mastering what not strives,
Paling the place which did no form receive,
Playing patient sports in unconstrained gyves?
She that her fame so to herself contrives,
The scars of battle scapeth by the flight,
And makes her absence valiant, not her might.

'"O, pardon me, in that my boast is true;
The accident which brought me to her eye
Upon the moment did her force subdue,
And now she would the caged cloister fly:
Religious love put out Religion's eye;
Not to be tempted, would she be immur'd,
And now, to tempt, all liberty procur'd.

'"How mighty then you are, O, hear me tell!
The broken bosoms that to me belong
Have emptied all their fountains in my well,
And mine I pour your ocean all among;
I strong o'er them, and you o'er me being strong,
Must for your victory us all congest,
As compound love to physic your cold breast.

'"My parts had power to charm a sacred nun,
Who, disciplin'd, ay, dieted in grace,
Believ'd her eyes when they to assail begun,
All vows and consecrations giving place;
O most potential love! vow, bond, nor space,
In thee hath neither sting, knot, nor confine,
For thou art all, and all things else are thine.

'"When thou impressest, what are precepts worth
Of stale example? When thou wilt inflame,
How coldly those impediments stand forth
Of wealth, of filial fear, law, kindred, fame!
Love's arms are proof 'gainst rule, 'gainst sense, 'gainst shame,

And sweetens, in the suffering pangs it bears,
The aloes of all forces, shocks, and fears.

'"Now all these hearts that do on mine depend,
Feeling it break, with bleeding groans they pine;
And supplicant their sighs to you extend,
To leave the battery that you make 'gainst mine,
Lending soft audience to my sweet design,
And credent soul to that strong-bonded oath
That shall prefer and undertake my troth."

'This said, his watery eyes he did dismount,
Whose sights till then were levell'd on my face;
Each cheek a river running from a fount
With brinish current downward flow'd apace:
O, how the channel to the stream gave grace!
Who glaz'd with crystal gate the glowing roses
That flame through water which their hue encloses.

'O father, what a hell of witchcraft lies
In the small orb of one particular tear!
But with the inundation of the eyes
What rocky heart to water will not wear?
What breast so cold that is not warmed here?
O cleft effect! cold modesty, hot wrath,
Both fire from hence and chill extincture hath.

'For, lo, his passion, but an art of craft,
Even there resolv'd my reason into tears;
There my white stole of chastity I daff'd,
Shook off my sober guards and civil fears;
Appear to him, as he to me appears,
All melting; though our drops this difference bore,
His poison'd me, and mine did him restore.

'In him a plenitude of subtle matter,
Applied to cautels, all strange forms receives,
Of burning blushes, or of weeping water,

Or swooning paleness ; and he takes and leaves,
In either's aptness, as it best deceives,
To blush at speeches rank, to weep at woes,
Or to turn white and swoon at tragic shows :

'That not a heart which in his level came
Could scape the hail of his all-hurting aim,
Showing fair nature is both kind and tame,
And, veil'd in them, did win whom he would maim :
Against the thing he sought he would exclaim ;
When he most burn'd in heart-wish'd luxury,
He preach'd pure maid and prais'd cold chastity.

'Thus merely with the garment of a Grace
The naked and concealed fiend he cover'd ;
That the unexperient gave the tempter place,
Which like a cherubin above them hover'd.
Who, young and simple, would not be so lover'd ?
Ay me ! I fell ; and yet do question make
What I should do again for such a sake.

'O, that infected moisture of his eye,
O, that false fire which in his cheek so glow'd,
O, that forc'd thunder from his heart did fly,
O, that sad breath his spongy lungs bestow'd,
O, all that borrow'd motion seeming owed,
Would yet again betray the fore-betray'd,
And new pervert a reconciled maid !'

THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM.

I.

Sweet Cytherea, sitting by a brook
With young Adonis, lovely, fresh, and green,
Did court the lad with many a lovely look,
Such looks as none could look but beauty's queen.
She told him stories to delight his ear;
She show'd him favours to allure his eye;
To win his heart, she touch'd him here and there,—
Touches so soft still conquer chastity.
But whether unripe years did want conceit,
Or he refus'd to take her figur'd proffer,

The tender nibbler would not touch the bait,
But smile and jest at every gentle offer:
Then fell she on her back, fair queen, and toward;
He rose and ran away—ah, fool too froward!

II.

Scarce had the sun dried up the dewy morn,
And scarce the herd gone to the hedge for shade,
When Cytherea, all in love forlorn,
A longing tarriance for Adonis made
Under an osier growing by a brook,
A brook where Adon us'd to cool his spleen:
Hot was the day; she hotter that did look
For his approach, that often there had been.
Anon he comes, and throws his mantle by,
And stood stark naked on the brook's green brim;
The sun look'd on the world with glorious eye,
Yet not so wistly as this queen on him.
He, spying her, bounc'd in, whereas he stood;
'O Jove,' quoth she, 'why was not I a flood!'

III.

Fair was the morn when the fair queen of love,
* * * * * * *
Paler for sorrow than her milk-white dove,
For Adon's sake, a youngster proud and wild.
Her stand she takes upon a steep-up hill:
Anon Adonis comes with horn and hounds;
She, silly queen, with more than love's good will,
Forbade the boy he should not pass those grounds.
'Once,' quoth she, 'did I see a fair sweet youth
Here in these brakes deep-wounded with a boar,
Deep in the thigh, a spectacle of ruth!
See, in my thigh,' quoth she, 'here was the sore.'
She showed hers; he saw more wounds than one,
And blushing fled, and left her all alone.

IV.

Fair is my love, but not so fair as fickle ;
Mild as a dove, but neither true nor trusty ;
Brighter than glass, and yet, as glass is, brittle ;
Softer than wax, and yet, as iron, rusty :
A lily pale, with damask dye to grace her,
None fairer, nor none falser to deface her.

Her lips to mine how often hath she joined,
Between each kiss her oaths of true love swearing !
How many tales to please me hath she coined,
Dreading my love, the loss thereof still fearing !
Yet in the midst of all her pure protestings,
Her faith, her oaths, her tears, and all were jestings.

She burn'd with love, as straw with fire flameth ;
She burn'd out love, as soon as straw out-burneth ;
She fram'd the love, and yet she foil'd the framing ;
She bade love last, and yet she fell a-turning.
Was this a lover, or a lecher whether ?
Bad in the best, though excellent in neither.

V.

Sweet rose, fair flower, untimely pluck'd, soon vaded,
Pluck'd in the bud, and vaded in the spring !
Bright orient pearl, alack, too timely shaded !
Fair creature, kill'd too soon by death's sharp sting !
Like a green plum that hangs upon a tree,
And falls, through wind, before the fall should be.

I weep for thee, and yet no cause I have ;
For why, thou left'st me nothing in thy will :
And yet thou left'st me more than I did crave ;
For why, I craved nothing of thee still :
O yes, dear friend, I pardon crave of thee,
Thy discontent thou didst bequeath to me.

VI.

Crabbed age and youth cannot live together.
Youth is full of pleasance, age is full of care;
Youth like summer morn, age like winter weather;
Youth like summer brave, age like winter bare.
Youth is full of sport, age's breath is short;
Youth is nimble, age is lame;
Youth is hot and bold, age is weak and cold;
Youth is wild, and age is tame.
Age, I do abhor thee; youth, I do adore thee;
O, my love, my love is young!
Age, I do defy thee: O, sweet shepherd, hie thee,
For methinks thou stay'st too long.

VII.

Beauty is but a vain and doubtful good;
A shining gloss that vadeth suddenly;
A flower that dies when first it gins to bud;
A brittle glass that's broken presently:
A doubtful good, a gloss, a glass, a flower
Lost, vaded, broken, dead within an hour.

And as goods lost are seld or never found,
As vaded gloss no rubbing will refresh,
As flowers dead lie wither'd on the ground,
As broken glass no cement can redress,
So beauty blemish'd once 's for ever lost,
In spite of physic, painting, pain, and cost.

VIII.

Good night, good rest. Ah, neither be my share;
She bade good night that kept my rest away,
And daff'd me to a cabin hang'd with care,
To descant on the doubts of my decay.
'Farewell,' quoth she, 'and come again to-morrow:'
Fare well I could not, for I supp'd with sorrow.

Yet at my parting sweetly did she smile,
In scorn or friendship, nill I construe whether;
'T may be, she joy'd to jest at my exile,
'T may be, again to make me wander thither:
'Wander,' a word for shadows like myself,
As take the pain, but cannot pluck the pelf.

Lord, how mine eyes throw gazes to the east!
My heart doth charge the watch; the morning rise
Doth cite each moving sense from idle rest.
Not daring trust the office of mine eyes,
While Philomela sits and sings, I sit and mark,
And wish her lays were tuned like the lark;

For she doth welcome daylight with her ditty,
And drives away dark dismal-dreaming night:
The night so pack'd, I post unto my pretty;
Heart hath his hope, and eyes their wished sight;
Sorrow chang'd to solace, solace mix'd with sorrow;
For why, she sigh'd and bade me come to-morrow.

Were I with her, the night would post too soon;
But now are minutes added to the hours;
To spite me now, each minute seems a moon;
Yet not for me shine sun to succour flowers!
Pack night, peep day; good day, of night now borrow;
Short, night, to-night, and length thyself to-morrow.

IX.

Whenas thine eye hath chose the dame,
And stall'd the deer that thou shouldst strike,
Let reason rule things worthy blame,
As well as partial fancy like;
Take counsel of some wiser head,
Neither too young nor yet unwed.

And when thou com'st thy tale to tell,
Smooth not thy tongue with filed talk,
Lest she some subtle practice smell,—
A cripple soon can find a halt;—
But plainly say thou lov'st her well,
And set her person forth to sell.

What though her frowning brows be bent,
Her cloudy looks will clear ere night;
And then too late she will repent
That thus dissembled her delight,
And twice desire, ere it be day,
That which with scorn she put away.

What though she strive to try her strength,
And ban and brawl, and say thee nay,
Her feeble force will yield at length,
When craft hath taught her thus to say,
'Had women been so strong as men,
In faith, you had not had it then.'

And to her will frame all thy ways;
Spare not to spend, and chiefly there
Where thy desert may merit praise,
By ringing in thy lady's ear:
The strongest castle, tower, and town,
The golden bullet beats it down.

Serve always with assured trust,
And in thy suit be humble-true;
Unless thy lady prove unjust,
Press never thou to choose anew:
When time shall serve, be thou not slack
To proffer, though she put thee back.

The wiles and guiles that women work,
Dissembled with an outward show,
The tricks and toys that in them lurk,

The cock that treads them shall not know.
Have you not heard it said full oft,
A woman's nay doth stand for nought?

Think women still to strive with men,
To sin and never for to saint:
Here is no heaven; be holy then,
When time with age shall thee attaint.
Were kisses all the joys in bed,
One woman would another wed.

But, soft! enough—too much, I fear—
Lest that my mistress hear my song;
She will not stick to round me i' the ear,
To teach my tongue to be so long:
Yet will she blush, here be it said,
To hear her secrets so bewray'd.

THE PHŒNIX AND THE TURTLE.

Let the bird of loudest lay,
On the sole Arabian tree,
Herald sad and trumpet be,
To whose sound chaste wings obey.

But thou shrieking harbinger,
Foul precurrer of the fiend,
Augur of the fever's end,
To this troop come thou not near!

From this session interdict
Every fowl of tyrant wing,
Save the eagle, feather'd king;
Keep the obsequy so strict.

Let the priest in surplice white,
That defunctive music can,
Be the death-divining swan,
Lest the requiem lack his right.

And thou treble-dated crow,
That thy sable gender mak'st
With the breath thou giv'st and tak'st,
'Mongst our mourners shalt thou go.

Here the anthem doth commence:
Love and constancy is dead;
Phœnix and the turtle fled
In a mutual flame from hence.

So they lov'd, as love in twain
Had the essence but in one;
Two distincts, division none:
Number there in love was slain.

Hearts remote, yet not asunder;
Distance, and no space was seen
'Twixt the turtle and his queen:
But in them it were a wonder.

So between them love did shine
That the turtle saw his right
Flaming in the phœnix' sight;
Either was the other's mine.

Property was thus appall'd,
That the self was not the same;
Single nature's double name
Neither two nor one was call'd.

Reason, in itself confounded,
Saw division grow together,
To themselves yet either neither,
Simple were so well compounded,

That it cried, How true a twain
Seemeth this concordant one!
Love hath reason, reason none,
If what parts can so remain.

Whereupon it made this threne
To the phœnix and the dove,
Co-supremes and stars of love,
As chorus to their tragic scene.

THRENOS.

Beauty, truth, and rarity,
Grace in all simplicity,
Here enclos'd in cinders lie.

Death is now the phœnix' nest;
And the turtle's loyal breast
To eternity doth rest,

Leaving no posterity:
'T was not their infirmity,
It was married chastity.

Truth may seem, but cannot be;
Beauty brag, but 't is not she;
Truth and beauty buried be.

To this urn let those repair
That are either true or fair;
For these dead birds sigh a prayer.

Good night, good rest (*P. P.* 8. 1).

NOTES

ABBREVIATIONS USED IN THE NOTES.

Abbott (or Gr.), Abbott's *Shakespearian Grammar* (third edition).
A. S., Anglo-Saxon.
A. V., Authorized Version of the Bible (1611).
B. and F., Beaumont and Fletcher.
R. J., Ben Jonson.
Camb. ed., "Cambridge edition" of Shakespeare, edited by Clark and Wright.
Cf. (*confer*), compare.
Coll., Collier (second edition).
D., Dyce (second edition).
Et al., and other eds. (that is, *following* or *later* ones).
H., Hudson ("Harvard" edition).
Halliwell, J. O. Halliwell (folio ed. of Shakespeare).
Id. (*idem*), the same.
K., Knight (second edition).
Nares, *Glossary*, edited by Halliwell and Wright (London. 1859).
Prol., Prologue.
S., Shakespeare.
Schmidt, A. Schmidt's *Shakespeare-Lexicon* (Berlin, 1874).
Sr., Singer.
St., Staunton.
Theo., Theobald.
W., R. Grant White.
Walker, Wm. Sidney Walker's *Critical Examination of the Text of Shakespeare* (London, 1860).
Warb., Warburton.
Wb., Webster's Dictionary (revised quarto edition of 1879).
Worc., Worcester's Dictionary (quarto edition).

The abbreviations of the names of Shakespeare's Plays will be readily understood; as *T. N.* for *Twelfth Night*, *Cor.* for *Coriolanus*, *3 Hen. VI.* for *The Third Part of King Henry the Sixth*, etc. *P. P.* refers to *The Passionate Pilgrim*; *V. and A.* to *Venus and Adonis*; *L. C.* to *Lover's Complaint*; and *Sonn.* to the *Sonnets*.

When the abbreviation of the name of a play is followed by a reference to *page*, Rolfe's edition of the play is meant.

The numbers of the lines (except for *The Passionate Pilgrim*) are those of the "Globe" ed.

NOTES.

THE FLIGHT OF TARQUIN.

VENUS AND ADONIS.

THE EARLY EDITIONS.—Richard Field, the printer of the first ed. (see p. 9 above) was a native of Stratford, and the son of the Henry Field whose goods John Shakespeare was employed to value in 1592. He adopted the device of an anchor, with the motto "Anchora spei," because they had been used by his father-in-law, Thomas Vautrollier, a celebrated and learned printer, who resided in Blackfriars, and to whose business, at his death in 1589, Field succeeded.

The poem was licensed by the Archbishop of Canterbury (Whitgift), and entered in the Stationers' Register, April 18, 1593.

The second edition, likewise printed and published by Field, must have been brought out early in 1594, as the transfer of the copyright

from Field to Harrison is recorded as having taken place on the 25th of June in that year.

The third edition was printed by Field, though published by Harrison, and must have appeared before June, 1596, when Harrison transferred the copyright to Leake.

It is probable that there were editions between this of 1596 and that of 1599. The poem had evidently been very popular, and it would be strange if Leake did not issue an edition until three years after he had secured the copyright. When we consider that of the 1st, 4th, 5th, and 10th* eds. only single copies have come down to our day, of the 3d, 6th, and 9th, only two copies each, and of the 2d only three copies, it is not unreasonable to suppose that of some editions not a single copy has survived. It is also probable that there were editions between 1602 and 1627, when the poem was reprinted in Edinburgh.

It has been suggested that the book may have fallen under the ban of the Privy Council. A decree of the Star Chamber, dated June 23, 1585, gave unlimited power to the ecclesiastical authorities to seize and destroy whatever books they thought proper. A notable instance of this interference with books already printed occurred in 1599, at Stationers' Hall, when a number of objectionable works were burned, and special admonitions given then and there to the printers, some of the most eminent of the time, and among them our friend Richard Field (Edmonds).

That the poem was considered somewhat objectionable even in that day is evident from certain contemporaneous references to it. Halliwell (*Outlines*, etc., p. 221) quotes *A Mad World my Masters*, 1608: "I have convay'd away all her wanton pamphlets, as Hero and Leander, Venus and Adonis;" and Sir John Davies, who in his *Papers Complaint* (found in his *Scourge of Folly*, 1610) makes "Paper" admit the superlative excellence of Shakespeare's poem, but at the same time censure its being "attired in such bawdy geare." It is also stated that "the coyest dames in private read it for their closset-games." In *The Dumbe Knight*, 1608, the lawyer's clerk refers to it as "maides philosophie;" and the stanza beginning with line 229 is quoted both in that play and in Heywood's *Fayre Mayde of the Exchange*, 1607.

THE DEDICATION.—For the *Earl of Southampton*, see p. 36, footnote, above. For a much fuller account, with the many poetical tributes paid him, see the Var. of 1821, vol. xx. pp. 427–468.

8. *Ear.* Plough, till. See *Rich. II.* p. 192.

10. *Your honour.* Your lordship. Cf. *T. of A.* p. 137.

VENUS AND ADONIS.—3. *Rose-cheek'd Adonis.* Marlowe applies the same epithet to the youth in his *Hero and Leander:*

> "The men of wealthy Sestos every year,
> For his sake whom their goddess held so dear,
> Rose-cheek'd Adonis, kept a solemn feast."

* This is true of both the ed. known to have been published in 1630 and the one in the Bodleian ascribed to that year.

6. *Gins.* H. and some others print "'gins ;" but see *Mach.* p. 153.

9. *Stain to all nymphs.* That is, by eclipsing them. Cf. 1 *Hen. VI.* iv. 1. 45.

10. *Doves or roses.* Farmer conjectures "and" for *or ;* but the latter is doubtless what S. wrote.

11. *With herself at strife.* Cf. 291 below. See also *T. of A.* p. 135, note on 39.

16. *Honey.* For the adjective use, cf. 452 and 538 below.

19. *Satiety.* The first four eds.* and the 10th have "sacietie."

20. *Famish them*, etc. Cf. *A. and C.* ii. 2. 241 :

> "Other women cloy
> The appetites they feed ; but she makes hungry
> Where most she satisfies."

25. *His sweating palm.* Steevens quotes *A. and C.* i. 2. 53 : "Nay, if an oily palm be not a fruitful prognostication," etc. See also 143 below, and *Oth.* iii. 4. 36 fol.

26. *Pith.* Vigour. Cf. *Hen. V.* p. 162.

32. *Her other.* The 5th and later eds. have "the other."

40. *Prove.* Try ; as in 608 below.

53. *Miss.* Misbehaviour. Malone and others print "'miss."

54. *Murthers.* The 1st, 2d, 3d, and 4th eds. have "murthers," the others "smothers."

55. *Empty eagle.* We have the same expression in 2 *Hen. VI.* iii. 1. 248 and 3 *Hen. VI.* i. 1. 268.

56. *Tires.* Tears and feeds ravenously upon. Cf. *Cymb.* p. 195.

61. *Forc'd to content.* "Forced to content himself in a situation from which he had no means of escaping" (Steevens).

62. *Breatheth.* The reading of the first three eds. ; "breathing" in the 4th and the rest.

66. *Such distilling.* Walker would read "such-distilling."

71. *Rank.* Exuberant, high. Cf. the use of the noun in *K. John*, v. 4. 54 :

> "And, like a bated and retired flood,
> Leaving our rankness and irregular course,
> Stoop low within those bounds we have o'erlook'd."

76. *Ashy-pale.* Malone at first made this refer to Adonis, but subsequently saw that it goes with *anger.*

78. *More.* Cf. *R. of L.* 332 : "A more rejoicing," etc. Gr. 17.

82. *Take truce.* Make peace. Cf. *K. John*, iii. 1. 17 : "With my vex'd spirits I cannot take a truce," etc. The 4th ed. has "takes truce."

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* The 4th of the early eds., or that of 1599 (see p. 10 above), is not collated in the Camb. ed. or any other ed. known to us. We have had the opportunity of consulting the fac-simile reprint in the Harvard library, and have noted all the variations that seem worth mentioning in an edition like this. For misprints not found in any other early ed. (or at least not recorded in the Camb. ed.) see on 82, 313, 350, 365, 506, 655, 700, 704, 754, 868, 901, 969, 1002, 1073, 1136, 1143, 1168, etc. Of course the 5th ed. of our numbering is the 4th of the Camb. ed., our 6th is their 5th, and so on. The *dated* ed. of 1630 (see p. 11 above) is not collated in any ed., and has not been reprinted. We have therefore omitted it in the numbering of the early eds. For the readings of all these eds. *except the 4th* we have depended on the Camb. ed.

90. *Winks.* Shuts his eyes; as in 121 below.

91. *Passenger.* Wayfarer; the only sense in S. Cf. *T. G. of V.* iv. 1. 1, 72, v. 4. 15, etc.

94. *Yet her.* The reading of the first four eds.; the rest have "Yet in."

97. *I have been woo'd,* etc. For other allusions to the loves of Mars and Venus, see *Temp.* iv. 1. 98, *A. and C.* i. 5. 18, etc.

106. *To toy.* All the early eds., except the 1st and 2d, have "To coy."

109. *He that overrul'd.* For *he* = him, see Gr. 207.

118. *In the ground.* That is, on it. Cf. *M. N. D.* ii. 1. 85, etc.

119. *There.* Changed to "where" in the 4th and later eds.

123. *There are.* The reading of the 1st ed.; "there be" in the rest, except the 10th, which has "they be."

126. *Nor know not.* The 5th and later eds. read "nor know they."

133. *Hard-favour'd.* Hard-featured, ill-looking; as in 931 below. The hyphen in *wrinkled-old* is due to Malone.

134. *Ill-nurtur'd.* Ill-bred; used again in 2 *Hen. VI.* i. 2. 42: "Presumptuous dame, ill-nurtur'd Eleanor," etc.

135. *O'er-worn.* Cf. *Rich. III.* i. 1. 81: "The jealous, o'er-worn widow," etc. In 866 below, the word is used of time = spent.

140. *Grey.* Explained by Malone, H., and others as = blue; but see *R. and J.* p. 172.

142. *Plump.* The 4th ed. has "plumbe;" the 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, and 10th (according to the Camb. ed.) have "plum."

143. *Moist hand.* See on 25 above.

148. *No footing seen.* Malone quotes *Temp.* v. 1. 34:

> "And ye that on the sands with printless feet
> Do chase the ebbing Neptune," etc.

149. *Compact of fire.* Cf. *M. N. D.* v. 1. 8: "of imagination all compact;" *A. Y. L.* ii. 7. 5: "compact of jars," etc.

150. *Not gross to sink,* etc. Cf. *C. of E.* iii. 2. 52: "Let Love, being light, be drowned if she sink;" and see our ed. p. 128.

152. *These.* Changed to "the" in the 5th and following eds.

153. *Doves.* Cf. *Temp.* iv. 1. 94, where Venus is referred to as "dove-drawn." See also 1190 below, and *R. and J.* p. 177.

160. *Complain on.* The 3d and subsequent eds. have "complain of." See Gr. 181, and cf. 544 below.

161. *Narcissus.* Cf. *R. of L.* 265 and *A. and C.* ii. 5. 96.

168. *To themselves.* For themselves alone, "without producing fruit or benefiting mankind" (Malone). Cf. 1180 below.

Wast. The 4th and later eds. have "wert."

177. *Titan.* The sun; as in *T. and C.* v. 10. 25, *R. and J.* ii. 3. 4, *Cymb.* iii. 4. 166, etc.

Tired is explained by Boswell as = attired; and Schmidt favours that explanation. Cf. *L. L. L.* iv. 2. 131: "the tired horse;" and see our ed. p. 147. Coll. prints "'tired."

181. *Spright.* Spirit; as in *R. of L.* 121. Cf. Gr. 463.

192. *Tears.* The rhyme was not so bad in the time of S. as now.

193. *Shines but warm.* "Affords only a natural and genial heat; it warms but it does not burn" (Malone).

199. *Obdurate.* Accented on the second syllable, as elsewhere in S. Cf. *R. of L.* 429, *M. of V.* iv. 1. 8, etc.

203. *Hard.* The reading of the 1st ed.; "bad" in all the rest.

204. *Unkind.* Leaving none of her *kind*, or race; childless. Malone explains it as "unnatural." Cf. *Lear*, p. 176.

205. *Contemn me this.* "Contemptuously refuse this favour" (Malone). The 10th ed. has "thus" for *this*, and Steevens was inclined to that reading. "*Thus* and *kiss*," he says, "correspond in sound as well as *unlikely* and *quickly*, *adder* and *shudder*, which we meet with afterwards."

211. *Lifeless.* The early eds. have "liuelesse," except the 4th, which has "liueles."

222. *Intendments.* Intentions. Cf. *A. Y. L.* p. 139. S. uses the word four times, *intention* only twice.

229. *Fondling.* Darling; used by S. only here.

230. *Pale.* Enclosure; as in *C. of E.* ii. 1. 100, etc.

231. *A park.* The 3d and following eds. have "the parke."

242. *That.* So that. Gr. 283. Cf. 599, 830, and 1140 below.

247. *These round.* Changed in the 5th and later eds. to "those round."

257. *Remorse.* Pity, tenderness. Cf. *Rich. III.* p. 221, note on 210.

272. *Compass'd.* Curved, arched. In *T. and C.* i. 2. 120, "compassed window" —bow-window, and in *T. of S.* iv. 3. 140, "compassed cape" = round cape.

Stand is the reading of the first four eds.; changed in the later ones to "stands." *Mane* "as composed of many hairs" (Malone) is here used as a plural.

275. *Scornfully glisters.* Some editors follow Sewell in transposing these words. On *glisters*, see *M. of V.* p. 145.

277. *Told.* Counted; as in 520 below. Cf. *Temp.* p. 123.

279. *Leaps.* Malone infers from the rhyme that the word was pronounced *leps*, as it still is in Ireland; but it is hardly safe to draw an inference from a single rhyme. In *Sonn.* 128. 5, we have *leap* rhymed with *reap*.

281. *This I do.* The 4th and later eds. have "thus I do."

295. *Round-hoof'd*, etc. See p. 32 above.

296. *Eye.* Changed to "eyes" in the 5th and following eds.

301. *Sometime.* The 8th, 9th, 11th, and 12th eds. have "Sometimes." The words were used by S. interchangeably.

303. *To bid the wind a base.* To challenge the wind to a race. See *Cymb.* p. 213, note on *Base*.

304. *And whether.* The early eds. have "And where." Malone prints "And whe'r." See *J. C.* p. 128, note on *Whe'r*. Gr. 466.

306. *Who.* The 10th ed. "corrects" this to "which." See Gr. 264.

312. *Embracements.* Cf. 790 below. S. uses the word oftener than *embrace* (noun), though in this poem the latter is found three times (539, 811, 874), or as many times as in all his other works.

313. *Malcontent.* The 4th ed. has "male content."

314. *Vails.* Lowers; as in 956 below. See *M. of V.* p. 128.

315. *Buttock.* Changed to the plural in the 4th and following eds.

319. *Goeth about.* Attempts. Cf. *R. of L.* 412; and see *M. N. D.* p. 177.

325. *Chafing.* The 4th, 5th, 7th, and 10th eds. have "chasing." For *chafe*, see *J. C.* p. 131.

326. *Banning.* Cursing. Cf. 2 *Hen. VI.* iii. 2. 319: "to curse and ban," etc.

334. *Fire.* A dissyllable; as not unfrequently. The first three eds. print it "fier;" as they do in 402 below, where it is a monosyllable. Sewell reads "doth oft."

335. *The heart's attorney.* That is, the tongue. Steevens aptly quotes *Rich. III.* iv. 4. 127:

> "*Duchess.* Why should calamity be full of words?
> *Queen Elizabeth.* Windy attorneys to their client woes," etc.

343. *Wistly.* Wistfully; modifying *came stealing*, not *view*. Cf. *R. of L.* 1355: "wistly on him gaz'd," etc. Schmidt makes it = "attentively, observingly, with scrutiny," in both passages.

346. *How white and red*, etc. Steevens compares *T. of S.* iv. 5. 30: "Such war of white and red within her cheeks!"

350. *Lowly.* The 4th ed. has "slowly."

352. *Cheek.* Made plural in the 5th and later eds. In the next line the 4th and the rest read "cheeks (or "cheekes") reuiues" or "cheekes receiue;" and all eds. except the 1st have "tender" for *tenderer*.

359. *His.* Its. Gr. 228. The allusion is to the *chorus*, or interpreter, in a *dumb-show*, or pantomime. Cf. *Ham.* p. 228, note on *Chorus*.

365. *And unwilling.* The 4th ed. has "and willing."

367. *The engine of her thoughts.* That is, her tongue. On *engine*, cf. *T. G. of V.* p. 140.

376. *Grave.* Engrave, impress. Schmidt makes it = "cut a little, wound slightly, graze."

370. *Thy heart my wound.* "Thy heart wounded as mine is" (Malone).

388. *Suffer'd.* That is, allowed to burn. Cf. 3 *Hen. VI.* iv. 8. 8:

> "A little fire is quickly trodden out,
> Which, being suffer'd, rivers cannot quench."

397. *Sees.* The 2d, 3d, and 4th eds. have "seekes." *In her naked bed*, as H. takes the trouble to inform us, means "naked in her bed." This rhetorical transference of an epithet is familiar to every schoolboy. Cf. "idle bed" (*J. C.* ii. 1. 117), "lazy bed" (*T. and C.* i. 3. 147), "tired bed" (*Lear*, i. 2. 13), etc. So *sick bed*, etc.

398. *A whiter hue than white.* Cf. *Cymb.* ii. 2. 14:

> "How bravely thou becom'st thy bed, fresh lily,
> And whiter than the sheets!"

and *R. of L.* 472: "Who o'er the white sheet peers her whiter chin."

411. *Owe.* Own, possess. Cf. *R. of L.* 1803, etc.

424. *Alarms.* Alarums, attacks. The 5th and later eds. have "alarme." The 4th has "alarum."

429. *Mermaid.* Siren; the usual meaning in S. Cf. 777 below.

432. *Ear's.* Misprinted "Earths" in the 4th and later eds.

434. *Invisible.* Steevens conjectures "invincible;" but, as Malone remarks, "an opposition is clearly intended between *external* beauty, of which the eye is the judge, and a melody of voice (which the poet calls *inward* beauty) striking not the sight, but the ear."

436. *Sensible.* Endowed with sensibility, sensitive. Cf. *L. L. L.* p. 152.

443. *Stillitory.* Alembic, still; used by S. only here. Malone, H., and others print "still'tory."

447. *Might.* The reading of the 1st and 2d eds.; "should" in the rest.

448. *And bid Suspicion*, etc. Malone thinks that "a bolder or happier personification than this" is hardly to be found in Shakespeare's works!

454. *Wrack.* The regular form of the word in S. Cf. the rhymes in 558 below, *R. of L.* 841, 965, etc.

456. *Flaws.* Sudden gusts, or "squalls." Cf. *Cor.* p. 268, or *Ham.* p. 264.

462. *Struck.* Spelt "strucke," "stroake," "stroke," and "strooke" in the early eds. Cf. *J. C.* p. 146 (on *Hath stricken*) and p. 160 (on *Stricken by many princes*). Gr. 344.

466. *Bankrupt.* "Bankrout," "banckrout," or "banquerout" in the old eds. See *R. and J.* p. 187. H. adopts Walker's plausible conjecture of "loss" for *love.*

469. *All amaz'd.* The 4th and later eds. have "in a maze."

472. *Fair fall*, etc. May good luck befall, etc. Cf. *K. John*, p. 133.

482. *Blue windows.* That is, eyelids. See *R. and J.* p. 172, note on *Grey eye.*

484. *Earth.* All the early eds. except the 1st have "world."

488. *Shine.* For the noun, cf. 728 below. See *Per.* p. 134.

490. *Repine.* The only instance of the noun in S. The verb occurs only three times.

492. *Shone like the moon*, etc. Malone compares *L. L. L.* iv. 3. 30 fol.

497. *Annoy.* For the noun, cf. 599 below, *R. of L.* 1109, 1370, etc.

500. *Shrewd.* Evil. Cf. *Hen. VIII.* p. 202, or *J. C.* p. 145.

506. *Their crimson liveries.* Referring, of course, to the lips. The transition to *verdure* in the next line is curious, and the whole passage is a good example of the quaint "conceits" of the time. The allusion, as Malone remarks, is to the practice of strewing rooms with rue and other strong-smelling herbs as a means of preventing infection. The astrological allusion is also to be noted. *Writ on death*—predicted death by their horoscopes. The 4th ed. has "neither" for *never.*

511. *Sweet seals.* Cf. *M. for M.* iv. 1. 6; and see our ed. p. 160.

515. *Slips.* A play on the word as applied to counterfeit coin. Cf. *R. and J.* p. 173, note on *Gave us the counterfeit.*

519. *Touches.* "Kisses" in the 5th and following eds.

520. *Told.* Counted; as in 277 above.

521. *Say, for non-payment*, etc. "The poet was thinking of a conditional bond's becoming forfeited for non-payment; in which case the entire penalty (usually the double of the principal sum lent by the obligee) was formerly recoverable at law" (Malone).

524. *Strangeness.* Bashfulness, reserve. Cf. 310 above.

526. *Fry.* Or "small fry," as we still say. Cf. *A. W.* iv. 3. 250, *Mach.* iv. 2. 84, etc.

529. *The world's comforter.* Cf. 799 below.

540. *Incorporate.* Cf. *M. N. D.* iii. 2. 208:

> "As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds,
> Had been incorporate. So we grew together," etc.

544. *Complain on.* Cf. 160 above.

550. *The insulter.* The exulting victor; the only instance of the noun in S. For *insult* = exult, cf. *Sonn.* 107. 12, 3 *Hen. VI.* i. 3. 14, etc.

565. *With tempering.* Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 3. 140: "I have him already tempering between my finger and my thumb, and shortly will I seal with him;" and see our ed. p. 189.

568. *Leave.* License. Cf. the play on the word in 3 *Hen. VI.* iii. 2. 34:

> "Ay, good leave have you; for you will have leave
> Till youth take leave, and leave you to the crutch."

570. *Wooes.* The 4th ed. has "woes."

571. *Had she then gave.* Elsewhere S. has the participle *given* (usually monosyllabic). It is a wonder that all the editors have let *gave* alone here. Cf. Gr. 343, 344.

574. *Prickles.* The 5th and later eds. have "pricks," and "is it" for '*t is.*

589. *Pale.* For the noun, cf. *R. of L.* 1512 and *W. T.* iv. 3. 4.

590. *Like lawn*, etc. Cf. *R. of L.* 258.

591. *Cheek.* Made plural in the 4th ed. *et al.* See on 352 above.

593. *Hanging by.* The 4th and later eds. have "hanging on."

595. *Lists of love.* Steevens quotes Dryden, *Don Sebastian:*

> "The sprightly bridegroom on his wedding night
> More gladly enters not the lists of love."

597. *Prove.* Experience. Cf. 608 below, and *A. and C.* i. 2. 33: "You have seen and prov'd a fairer former fortune," etc.

598. *Manage.* For the noun as applied to the training of a horse, see *M. of V.* p. 153. This is the only instance in S. of the verb similarly used.

599. *That.* So that. See on 242 above. For the allusion to *Tantalus*, cf. *R. of L.* 858.

600. *Clip.* Embrace. Cf. *Oth.* p. 192.

602. *Pine.* Starve. For the transitive use, cf. *Rich. II.* p. 210.

604. *Helpless.* Affording no help, or sustenance. Cf. *R. of L.* 1027 and 1056. See also *Rich. III.* p. 183.

The allusion, as Malone notes, is to the celebrated picture of Zeuxis, mentioned by Pliny, in which some grapes were so well represented that birds came to peck them. Cf. Sir John Davies, *Nosce Teipsum*, 1599: "And birds of grapes the cunning shadow peck."

612. *Withhold.* Detain, restrain; as in *Rich. III.* iii. 1. 30, etc.

615. *Be avvis'd.* Take heed; as often.

616. *Churlish boar.* Cf. *T. and C.* i. 2. 21: "Churlish as the bear," etc.

618. *Mortal.* Death-dealing; as in 950 below. See also *R. of L.* 364, 724, etc. Schmidt takes it to be here = human.

619. *Battle.* Battalion, host. Cf. *Hen. V.* p. 171.

624. *Crooked.* The Var. of 1821 has "cruel;" apparently accidental, as it is given without comment.

626. *Proof.* Defensive armour. Cf. *Macb.* p. 155, note on 54.

628. *Venture.* Commonly pronounced ***venter*** in the time of S.

632. *Eyes pay.* The early eds. have "eyes (or "eies") paies" (or "payes") or "eie (or "eye") paies" (or "payes"); corrected by Malone.

Eyne. The old plural, used for the sake of the rhyme, as in *R. of L.* 643, *M. N. D.* i. 1. 244, ii. 2. 99, iii. 2. 138, v. 1. 178, etc. In *R. of L.* 1229, it is not a rhyming word.

639. *Within his danger.* Cf. *M. of V.* iv. 1. 180: "You stand within his danger, do you not?" *T. N.* v. 1. 87:

> "for his sake
> Did I expose myself, pure for his love,
> Into the danger of this adverse town," etc.

652. *Kill, kill!* The old English battle-cry in charging the enemy. Cf. *Lear*, iv. 6. 191, etc.

655. *Bate-breeding.* Causing quarrel or contention. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 271: "breeds no bate with telling of discreet stories;" and see our ed. p. 171. The 4th ed. has "bare-breeding."

656. *Canker.* Canker-worm. See *M. N. D.* p. 150. *Love's tender spring*="the tender bud of growing love" (Malone). Cf. *C. of E.* iii. 2. 3: "Even in the spring of love thy love-springs rot."

657. *Carry-tale.* Used again in *L. L. L.* v. 2. 463: "Some carry-tale," etc.

662. *Angry-chafing.* Fretting with rage. The hyphen was inserted by Malone.

668. *Imagination.* Metrically six syllables. Gr. 479. For *tremble*, the 3d and later eds. have "trembling."

673. *Uncouple.* Set loose the hounds; as in *M. N. D.* iv. 1. 112, etc.

677. *Fearful.* Full of fear, timorous. Cf. 927 below; and see *J. C.* p. 175, note on *With fearful bravery.*

680. *Overshoot.* The early eds. have "ouer-shut" or "ouershut;" corrected by D. (the conjecture of Steevens).

682. *Cranks.* Turns, winds. Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* iii. 1. 98: "See how this river comes me cranking in."

683. *Musits.* Holes for creeping through. Cf. *Two Noble Kinsmen*, p. 175.

684. *Amaze.* Bewilder. Cf. *K. John*, p. 166.

694. *Cold fault.* Cold scent, loss of scent. Cf. *T. of S.* ind. 1. 20:

> "Saw'st thou not, boy, how Silver made it good
> At the hedge-corner, in the coldest fault?
> I would not lose the dog for twenty pound."

See our ed. p. 126.

695. *Spend their mouths.* That is, bark; a sportsman's expression. Cf. *Hen. V.* ii. 4. 70:

> "for coward dogs
> Most spend their mouths when what they seem to threaten
> Runs far behind them."

697. *Wat.* "A familiar term among sportsmen for a hare; why, does not appear. Perhaps for no better reason than *Philip* for a sparrow [cf. *K. John*, p. 137], *Tom* for a cat, and the like" (Nares).

700. *Their.* The 4th ed. has "with."

703. *Wretch.* On the use of the word as a term of pity or tenderness, see *Oth.* p. 183.

On this whole passage, see p. 20 fol. above.

704. *Indenting.* The 4th ed. has "intending."

705. *Envious.* Malicious. See *Rich. III.* p. 187, or *M. of V.* p. 151.

712. *Myself.* The 4th and following eds. have "thy selfe."

724. *True men thieves.* The 1st and 2d eds. have "true-men theeves," the 3d "rich-men theeve," the rest "rich men theeves." On the use of *true men* in opposition to *thieves*, see 1 *Hen. IV.* pp. 160, 168.

726. *Forsworn.* "That is, having broken her vow of virginity" (Steevens).

734. *Curious.* Careful, elaborate. Cf. *A. W.* i. 2. 20:

> "Frank Nature, rather curious than in haste,
> Hath well compos'd thee."

736. *Defeature.* Deformity; as in *C. of E.* ii. 1. 98 and v. 1. 299.

738. *Mad.* "Sad" in the 5th and later eds.

740. *Wood.* Mad, frantic. See 1 *Hen. VI.* p. 156, on *Raging-wood.*

743. *Imposthumes.* Abscesses. Cf. *Ham.* p. 245.

746. *Fight.* The 5th and following eds. have "sight;" and in 748 the 4th and the rest have "imperiall" for *impartial.*

751. *Fruitless.* Barren. Cf. *M. N. D.* i. 1. 73: "the cold fruitless moon," etc.

754. *Dearth.* The 4th ed. has "death."

755. *The lamp*, etc. "Ye nuns and vestals, says Venus, imitate the example of the lamp, that profiteth mankind at the expense of its own oil." (Malone).

760. *Dark.* The 4th and later eds. have "their."

762. *Sith.* Since. See *Cor.* p. 236, note on *Sithence.* Cf. 1163 below.

766. *Reaves.* Bereaves. For the participle, still used in poetry, see 1174 below. Cf. 2 *Hen. VI.* p. 177.

768. *Use.* Interest. See *Much Ado*, p. 133.

774. *Treatise.* Discourse, talk, tale. Cf. *Much Ado*, i. 1. 317 and *Mach.* v. 5. 12, the only other instances of the word in S.

777. *Mermaid's.* Siren's. Cf. 429 above.

780. *Closure.* Enclosure; as in *Sonn.* 48. 11 and *Rich. III.* iii. 3. 11. In *T. A.* v. 3. 134 it is = close, conclusion.

787. *Reprove.* Disprove, confute; as in *Much Ado*, ii. 3. 241: "'t is so; I cannot reprove it," etc.

795. *Simple.* Artless, guileless.

807. *In sadness.* In earnest. Cf. *R. and J.* p. 144.

808. *Teen.* Sorrow. See *R. and J.* p. 150, or *Temp.* p. 113.

813. *Laund.* Lawn. The 4th and later eds. have "lawnes." See 3 *Hen. VI.* p. 154.

825. *Mistrustful.* Causing mistrust. See Gr. 3.

830. *That.* So that. See on 242 above.

833. *Ay me!* Changed by H. to "Ah me!" which S. never uses. See *M. N. D.* p. 128.

837. *Thrall.* Enslaved. Cf. *R. of L.* 725. For the noun, see *Macb.* p. 225.

840. *Answer.* The plural may be explained either by the implied plural in the collective *choir* or by "confusion of proximity" (Gr. 412). The 12th ed. has "answers."

848. *Idle sounds resembling parasites.* That is, servilely echoing what she says, as the context shows. St. reads "idle, sounds-resembling, parasites."

849. *Shrill-tongued tapsters,* etc. Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4, where Prince Henry amuses himself with the tapster Francis.

850. *Wits.* Theo. conjectured "wights," for the sake of the rhyme; but *parasites* is spelled "parasits" in the first three eds., and may have been intended to be so pronounced. See on 1001, 1002 below. But the rhyme of *parasites* and *wits* is no worse than many in the poem. Cf., for instance, 449, 450, and 635, 636 above.

854. *Cabinet.* Poetically for nest, as *cabin* in 637 above for lair or den.

858. *Seem burnish'd gold.* Malone compares the opening lines of *Sonn.* 33.

865. *Myrtle grove.* It will be recollected that the myrtle was sacred to Venus.

866. *Musing.* Wondering. See *K. John,* p. 158, or *Macb.* p. 219.

868. *For his hounds.* The 4th ed. omits *his.*

869. *Chant it.* For the *it,* see Gr. 226.

870. *Coasteth.* Schmidt well explains the word: "to steer, to sail not by the direct way but in sight of the coast, and as it were gropingly." Cf. *Hen. VIII.* iii. 2. 38:

> "The king in this perceives him, how he coasts
> And hedges his own way."

See our ed. p. 183.

873. *Twine.* The 1st and 2d eds. have "twin'd," the 3d "twind," and the 4th "twinde;" corrected in the 5th.

877. *At a bay.* The state of a chase when the game is driven to extremity and turns against its pursuers. Cf. *T. of S.* v. 2. 56, etc.

882. *Spirit.* A monosyllable, as often. See on *L. C.* 3 below.

884. *Blunt.* Rough, savage. See 3 *Hen. VI.* p. 163.

887. *Curst.* Snappish, fierce. Cf. *W. T.* iii. 3. 135: "they [bears] are never curst but when they are hungry;" *Much Ado,* ii. 1. 22: "a curst cow," etc. See also *M. N. D.* p. 167.

888. *Cope him.* Cope with him, encounter him. Cf. *T. and C.* i. 2. 34, ii. 3. 275, etc.

891. *Who.* For *who* used "to personify irrational antecedents" see Gr. 264. Cf. 956 and 1041 below.

892. *Cold-pale.* The hyphen is in the early eds.

895. *Ecstasy.* Excitement. Cf. *Macb.* p. 211.

896. *All dismay'd.* The reading of the 1st and 2d eds.; "Sore dismay'd" in the rest.

899. For the second *bids* the 6th and some later eds. have "will's."

901. *Bepainted.* The 4th ed. has "be painted."

907. *Spleens.* Passionate impulses. Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* p. 161.

909. *Mated.* Bewildered, paralyzed. Cf. *Mach.* p. 247.

911. *Respects.* Considerations, thoughts; as in *L. L. L.* v. 2. 792, etc. The 3d and later eds. have "respect."

912. *In hand with.* Taking in hand, undertaking.

930. *Exclaims on.* Cries out against. Cf. *R. of L.* 741, *M. of V.* iii. 2. 176, etc.

933. *Worm.* Serpent. See *Cymb.* p. 193, or *Mach.* p. 215.

947. *Love's golden arrow*, etc. Malone remarks that S. had probably in mind the old fable of Love and Death exchanging their arrows by mistake; and he quotes Massinger, *Virgin Martyr:*

> "Strange affection!
> Cupid once more hath chang'd his darts with Death,
> And kills instead of giving life."

956. *Vail'd.* Let fall. See on 314 above.

962. *The tears.* The 4th and following eds. have "her teares;" and in 968 "which" for *who.*

969. *Passion labours.* The 4th ed. has "passions labour."

975. *Dire.* The 4th ed. misprints "drie," which is repeated as "dry" in the 5th and 7th. The 10th has "drie" again.

988. *Makes.* "Make" in the 5th and following eds.

990. *In likely.* The reading of the 1st and 2d eds. The 3d and 4th have "The likely," and the rest "With likely."

993. *All to naught.* Good for nothing. Some print "all-to naught," and others "all to-naught." Cf. *Per.* p. 147, note on 17.

995. *Clepes.* Calls. See *Mach.* p. 209.

996. *Imperious.* "Imperial" (the reading of the 5th ed. *et al.*). See *Ham.* p. 264.

998. *Pardon me I felt.* That is, *that* I felt. Some make *pardon me* parenthetical.

999. *Whenas.* When. See *C. of E.* p. 142.

1002. *Decease.* The early eds. have "decesse," "deceass," or "deceasse." See on 850 above. For *my love's* the 4th ed. has "thy loues."

1004. *Wreak'd.* Revenged. Cf. *R. and J.* iii. 5. 102 and *T. A.* iv. 3. 51. See also the noun in *Cor.* iv. 5. 91, *T. A.* iv. 3. 33, etc. The 4th ed. prints "Bewreakt."

1010. *Suspect.* For the noun, see *Rich. III.* p. 188.

1012. *Insinuate with.* Try to ingratiate herself with. Cf. *A. Y. L.* p. 201.

1013. *Stories.* For the verb, cf. *R. of L.* 106 and *Cymb.* i. 4. 34.

1021. *Fond.* Foolish; the usual meaning in S. Cf. *R. of L.* 216, 1094, etc.

1027. *Falcon.* The reading of the 5th ed., and to be preferred on the whole to the plural of the earlier eds.

1037. *His bloody view.* Walker (followed by H.) conjectures "this" for *his.* See Gr. 219.

1038. *Deep-dark.* Hyphened in the first three eds.

1041. *Who.* See on 891 above.

1051. *Light.* The reading of the 1st and 2d eds. The 3d and 4th have "night," and the rest "sight."

1052. *Trench'd.* Gashed. See *Macb.* p. 214. The 3d and 4th eds. have "drencht."

1054. *Was.* The first four eds. have "had;" corrected in the 5th.

1059. *Passions.* Grieves. See *T. G. of V.* p. 150.

1062. *That they have wept till now.* That is, that they have wasted their tears on inferior "hints of woe."

1073. *Eyes' red fire.* The 1st and 2d eds. have "eyes red fire," the 3d has "eyes red as fire," the 4th "eies as red as fire," and the rest have "eyes, as fire."

1083. *Fair.* Beauty; as in *C. of E.* ii. 1. 98, *A. Y. L.* iii. 2. 99, etc. There is a play on *fair* and *fear*, which were pronounced nearly alike.

1094. *Fear.* Frighten. See *M. of V.* p. 137, or *K. John*, p. 147.

1093 *Silly.* Innocent, helpless. Cf. *R. of L.* 167: "the silly lambs;" 3 *Hen. VI.* ii. 5. 43: "silly sheep," etc. See also *T. G. of V.* p. 145.

1105. *Urchin-snouted.* With snout like that of a hedgehog. For *urchin*, cf. *Temp.* p. 119.

1110. *He thought to kiss him*, etc. This conceit, as Malone notes, is found in the 30th Idyl of Theocritus, and in a Latin poem by Antonius Sebastianus Minturnus entitled *De Adoni ab Apro Interempto:*

> "iterum atque juro iterum,
> Formosum hunc juvenem tuum haud volui
> Meis diripere his cupidinibus;
> Verum dum specimen nitens video
> (Aestus impatiens tenella dabat
> Nuda femina mollibus zephyris),
> Ingens me miserum libido capit
> Mille suavia dulcia hinc capere, "
> Atque me impulit ingens indomitus.

Cf. Milton, *Death of a Fair Infant:*

> "O fairest flower, no sooner blown but blasted!
> Soft silken primrose fading timelessly,
> Summer's chief honour, if thou hadst outlasted
> Bleak Winter's force that made thy blossom dry;
> For he, being amorous on that lovely dye
> That did thy cheek envermeil, thought to kiss,
> But kill'd, alas! and then bewail'd his fatal bliss."

1113. *Did not.* All the eds. except the 1st have "would not."

1115. *Nuzzling.* Thrusting his nose in; the only instance of the word in S. It is spelled "nousling" in all the early eds.

1120. *Am I.* The reading of the 1st and 2d eds.; "I am" in the rest.

1125. *Ears.* The 4th and later eds. have "ear," and in the next line "he" for *they.*

1128. *Lies.* For the singular, see Gr. 333.

1134. *Thou.* The 4th and following eds. have "you," and in 1139 the 5th *et al.* have "too high" for *but high.*

1136. *On love.* The 4th ed. has "in" for *on.*

1143. *O'erstraw'd.* Overstrewn; used of course for the rhyme. The 4th ed. has "ore-straw."

1144. *Truest.* The reading of the first three eds.; "sharpest" in the rest.

1148. *Measures.* For *measure*=a grave and formal dance, see *Rich. II.* p. 168.

1151. *Raging-mad and silly-mild.* The hyphens were first inserted by Malone.

1157. *Toward.* Forward, eager. Cf. *P. P.* 13, *T. of S.* v. 2. 182, etc. For *shows* the 5th and later eds have "seems" or "seemes."

1162. *Combustious.* Combustible; used by S. nowhere else.

1163. *Sith.* See on 762 above.

1164. *Loves.* "Love" in the 4th and later eds.

1168. *A purple flower.* The anemone. The 4th ed. has "purpul d."

1174. *Reft.* See on 766 above.

1183. *Here in.* The reading of the 1st and 2d eds.; "here is" in the rest.

1187. *In an hour.* The 5th and later eds. have "of" for *in.*

1190. *Doves.* See on 153 above.

1193. *Paphos.* A town in Cyprus, the chief seat of the worship of Venus. Cf. *Temp.* iv. 1. 93 and *Per.* iv. prol. 32.

THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

THE DEDICATION.—2. *Moiety.* Often used by S. of a portion other than an exact half. See *Ham.* p. 174.

6. *Would.* The reading of the first three eds.; "should" in the rest.

THE ARGUMENT.—"This appears to have been written by Shakespeare, being prefixed to the original edition of 1594; and is a curiosity, this and the two dedications to the Earl of Southampton being the only prose compositions of our great poet (not in a dramatic form) now remaining" (Malone).

3. *Requiring.* Asking. Cf. *Hen. VIII.* ii. 4. 144: "In humblest manner I require your highness," etc.

14. *Disports.* For the noun, cf. *Oth.* i. 3. 272, the only other instance in S.

THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.—For the title, see p. 11 above. The Camb. editors give "The Rape of Lucrece" throughout.

1. *Ardea.* As D. notes, S. accents the word on the first syllable, as it should be. The Var. of 1821 and some other eds. have "besieg'd," which requires "Ardēa."

In post. Cf. *C. of E.* i. 2. 63: "I from my mistress come to you in post," etc. We find "in all post" in *Rich. III.* iii. 5. 73.

3. *Lust-breathed.* Animated by lust.

8. *Unhappily.* The early eds. have "vnhap'ly" or "vnhaply," except the 7th, which misprints "unhappy."

9. *Bateless.* Not to be blunted. Cf. *unbated* in *Ham.* iv. 7. 139 and v. 2. 328. See also the verb *bate* in *L. L. L.* i. 1. 6.

10. *Let.* "Forbear" (Malone). Cf. 328 below, where it is =hinder.

14. *Aspects.* Accented on the last syllable, as regularly in S. Cf. 452 below.

19. *Such high-proud.* The 5th, 6th, and 7th eds. have "so high a."

21. *Peer.* The reading of the 1st ed.; "prince" in all the rest.

23. *Done.* Brought to an end, ruined. Cf. *V. and A.* 197, 749, *A. W.* iv. 2. 65, etc.

26. *Expir'd.* Accented on the first syllable because preceding a noun so accented. Cf. *unstain'd* in 87, *extreme* in 230, *supreme* in 780, *unfelt* in 828, *dispers'd* in 1805, etc. The 5th, 6th, and 7th eds. have "A date expir'd: and canceld ere begun."

37. *Suggested.* Incited, tempted. See *Rich. II.* p. 153, note on 101.

40. *Braving compare.* Challenging comparison. For the noun, cf. *V. and A.* 8, *Sonn.* 21. 5, etc.

44. *All-too-timeless.* Too unseasonable; first hyphened by Malone.

47. *Liver.* For the liver as the seat of sensual passion, cf. *Temp.* iv. 1. 56, *M. W.* ii. 1. 121, etc. For *glows* the 7th ed. has "growes."

49. *Blasts.* For the intransitive use, cf. *T. G. of V.* i. 1. 48: "blasting in the bud."

56. *O'er.* "Ore" or "or'e" in the early eds. Malone was inclined to take it as the noun *ore* "in the sense of *or* or *gold*."

57. *In that white intituled.* Consisting in that whiteness, or taking its *title* from it (Steevens).

58. *Venus' doves.* Cf. *V. and A.* 153 and 1190.

63. *Fence.* Defend, guard; as in 3 *Hen. VI.* ii. 6. 75, iii. 3. 98, etc.

72. *Field.* There is a kind of play upon the word in its heraldic sense and that of a field of battle.

71. *War of lilies and of roses.* Steevens compares *Cor.* ii. 1. 232 and *V. and A.* 345; and Malone adds *T. of S.* v. 2. 30.

82. *That praise which Collatine doth owe.* Malone and H. make *praise* =object of praise, and *owe* =possess. This interpretation seems forced and inconsistent with the next line, which they do not explain. We prefer to take both *praise* and *owe* in the ordinary sense. For *owe* =possess, see *Rich. II.* p. 204, and cf. 1803 below.

87. *Unstain'd thoughts.* The words are transposed in the 5th and later eds.

88. *Lim'd.* Ensnared by bird-lime. Cf. *Ham.* p. 233.

89. *Securely.* Unsuspiciously. Cf. *M. W.* ii. 2. 252, *K. John*, ii. 1. 374, etc.

92. *For that he colour'd.* For that *inward ill* he covered or disguised.

93. *Plaits.* That is, plaited robes. The old eds. spell it "pleats." Boswell quotes *Lear*, i. 1. 183: "Time shall unfold what plaited cunning hides." These are the only instances of the words in S.

94. *That.* So that. See on *V. and A.* 242. For *inordinate*, cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* iii. 2. 12 and *Oth.* ii. 3. 311.

100. *Parling.* Speaking, significant. The verb occurs again in *L. L. L.* v. 2. 122.

102. *Margents.* Margins. For other allusions to the practice of writing explanations and comments in the margin of books, see *M. N. D.* p. 142.

104. *Moralize.* Interpret. Cf. *T. of S.* iv. 4. 81:

"*Biondello.* Faith, nothing; but has left me here behind, to expound the meaning or moral of his signs and tokens.
Lucentio. I pray thee, moralize them."

See also *Rich. III.* p. 209.

106. *Stories.* For the verb, cf. *V. and A.* 1013.

117. *Mother.* The 5th and later eds. change this to "sad source;" and *stows* in 119 to "shuts." For *stows*, cf. *Oth.* i. 2. 62: "where hast thou stow'd my daughter?"

121. *Intending.* Pretending. See *Rich. III.* p. 215. For *spright*, see on *V. and A.* 181.

122. *Questioned.* Talked, conversed. Cf. *M. of V.* iv. 1. 70, etc.

125. *Themselves betake.* The Bodleian copy of 1st ed. (see p. 11 above) has "himselfe betakes," and "wakes" in the next line; and these are the readings in the Var. of 1821.

133. *Though death be adjunct.* Cf. *K. John*, iii. 3. 57: "Though that my death were adjunct to my act." These are the only instances of *adjunct* in S. except *Sonn.* 91. 5.

135. *For what*, etc. The first four eds. have "That what," etc., and the rest "That oft," etc. The earliest reading may be explained after a fashion, as by Malone: "Poetically speaking, they may be said to scatter *what they have not*, that is, what they cannot be *truly* said to have; what they do not *enjoy*, though *possessed* of it." Malone compares Daniel, *Rosamond:* "As wedded widows, wanting what we have;" and the same author's *Cleopatra:* "For what thou hast, thou still dost lacke." "Tam avaro deest quod habet, quam quod non habet" is one of the sayings of Publius Syrus. But we have little hesitation in adopting Staunton's conjecture of *For what*, etc., as do the Camb. editors (in the "Globe" ed.) and H. It is supported by the context: they *scatter* or spend what they have in trying to get what they have not, *and so by hoping more they have but less. Bond* must here be = ownership, or that which a *bond* claims or secures. The reading of the 5th ed. seems to be a clumsy attempt to mend the corruption of the 1st.

140. *Bankrupt.* Spelled "bǎckrout," "banckrout," or "bankrout" in the early eds. See on *V. and A.* 466.

144. *Gage.* Stake, risk.

150. *Ambitious foul.* Walker would read "ambitious-foul."

160. *Confounds.* Ruins, destroys; as in 250, 1202, and 1489 below. Cf. *confusion* = ruin, in 1159 below.

164. *Comfortable.* Comforting. See *Lear*, p. 193, or Gr. 3.

167. *Silly.* See on *V. and A.* 1098.

168. *Wakes.* Malone and some others have "wake." See Gr. 336.

174. *Too too.* D. and H. print "too-too." See *M. of V.* p. 143. For *retire* as a noun, cf. 573 below.

177. *That.* So that. See on 94 above. The 5th and following eds. have "doth" for *do.*

179. *Lode-star.* The preferable spelling. S. uses the word again in *M. N. D.* i. 1. 183.

180. *Advisedly.* Deliberately; as in 1527 and 1816 below.

188. *Naked.* As Schmidt notes, there is a kind of play upon the word. *Still-slaughtered* (first hyphened by Malone) = ever killed but never dying.

196. *Weed.* Robe, garment. Cf. *M. N. D.* p. 149.

200. *Fancy's.* Love's; as often. See *M. of V.* p. 148.

202. *Digression.* Transgression, as in *L. L. L.* i. 2. 121.

205. *Golden coat.* That is, coat-of-arms; an anachronism here.

206. *Some loathsome dash*, etc. "In the books of heraldry a particular mark of disgrace is mentioned by which the escutcheons of those persons were anciently distinguished who 'discourteously used a widow, maid, or wife, against her will'" (Malone).

207. *Fondly.* Foolishly. Cf. the adjective in 216, 284, and 1094 below; and see on *V. and A.* 1021.

208. *That.* So that; as in 94 and 177 above. *Note* = brand, stigma. See *Rich. II.* p. 151, note on 43.

217. *Strucken.* The early eds. have "strokē," "stroken," or "struckeen." See on *V. and A.* 462.

221. *Marriage.* A trisyllable. See *Per.* p. 141, or *T. of S.* p. 152.

230. *Extreme.* For the accent, see on 26 above.

236. *Quittal.* Requital; used by S. only here. Cf. *quittance* in 2 *Hen. IV.* i. 1. 108, *Hen. V.* ii. 2. 34, etc.

239. *Ay, if.* The first four eds. have "I, if" (*ay* is regularly printed I in the early eds.); the rest have "if once."

244. *Saw.* Moral saying, maxim. Cf. *Ham.* p. 197. For the practice of putting these *saws* on the *painted cloth* or hangings of the poet's time, see *A. Y. L.* p. 176, note on *I answer you right painted cloth.*

246. *Disputation.* Metrically five syllables. See on *V. and A.* 668.

258. *Roses that on lawn*, etc. Cf. *V. and A.* 590.

260. *How.* The 5th and later eds. have "now."

264. *Cheer.* Face, look. Cf. *M. of V.* p. 152.

265. *Narcissus.* Cf. *V. and A.* 161.

268. *Pleadeth.* The 5th and following eds. have "pleads," with "dreads" and "leades" in the rhyming lines.

274. *Then, childish fear avaunt!* etc. In this line and the next we follow the pointing of the early eds. Most of the editors, with Malone, make *fear, debating*, etc., vocatives.

275. *Respect.* "Cautious prudence" (Malone), consideration of consequences. Cf. *T. and C.* p. 180.

277. *Beseems.* Becomes. For the number, see on 168 above. *Sad* = serious, sober. Cf. the noun in *V. and A.* 807.

278. *My part.* A metaphor taken from the stage. Malone sees a special reference to the conflicts between the Devil and the Vice in the old moralities (see *T. N.* p. 159, note on *Vice*).

284. *Fond.* Foolish, weak. See on 207 above.

293. *Seeks to.* Applies to. Cf. Burton, *Anat. of Melan.*: "why should

we then seek to any other but to him?" See also *Deut.* xii. 5, 1 *Kings*. x. 24, *Isa.* viii. 19, xix. 3.

301. *Marcheth.* The 5th and following eds. have "doth march;" and in 303 "recites" for *retires*.

303. *Retires his ward.* Draws back its bolt. For the transitive verb, cf. *Rich. II.* ii. 2. 46: "might have retir'd his power;" and for *ward* see *T. of A.* iii. 3. 38: "Doors that were ne'er acquainted with their wards."

304. *Rate his ill.* That is, *chide* it by the noise they make.

308. *His fear.* That is, the object of his fear. Cf. *M. N. D.* v. 1. 21:

> "Or in the night, imagining some fear,
> How often is a bush suppos'd a bear!"

313. *His conduct.* That which *conducts* or guides him. Cf. *R. and J.* iii. 1. 129: "And fire-eyed fury be my conduct now!" and *Id.* v. 3. 116: "Come, bitter conduct, come, unsavoury guide," etc.

319. *Needle.* Monosyllabic; as in *M. N. D.* iii. 2. 204 (see our ed. p. 165), *K. John*, v. 2. 157, etc. Some print it "neeld." See Gr. 465.

328. *Let.* Hinder. Cf. the noun just below; and see *Ham.* p. 195.

331. *Prime.* Spring; as in *Sonn.* 97. 7, etc.

333. *Sneaped.* Nipped, frost-bitten. Cf. *L. L. L.* i. 1. 100:

> "an envious sneaping frost
> That bites the first-born infants of the spring;"

and see our ed. p. 130.

347. *And they.* Steevens conjectured "And he;" but *power* is treated as a plural—perhaps on account of the preceding *heavens*. Cf. the plural use of *heaven*, for which see *Rich. II.* p. 157, note on 7.

349. *Fact.* Deed. Some explain it as "crime." See *Macb.* p. 225, or *W. T.* p. 175.

352. *Resolution.* Metrically five syllables. See on 246 above. In 354 the 5th and following eds. have "Blacke" for *The blackest*. The former, it will be seen, will satisfy the measure if *absolution* is made five syllables like *resolution*.

370. *Full.* The 5th and later eds. have "too."

372. *Fiery-pointed.* "Throwing darts with points of fire" (Schmidt). Steevens wanted to read "fire-ypointed;" and the meaning of *fiery-pointed* may possibly be *pointed* (=appointed, equipped) with fire.

377. *Or else some shame suppos'd.* Or else some shame is imagined by them. H. has the following curious note: "An odd use of *supposed*, but strictly classical. So in Chapman's *Byron's Conspiracy*, 1608: 'Foolish statuaries, that under little saints *suppose* great bases, make less, to sense, the saints.'" How the etymological sense of *supposed* (placed under) can suit the present passage it is not easy to see.

386. *Cheek.* The reading of 1st, 2d, and 4th eds.; plural in the rest.

388. *Who.* See on *V. and A.* 891. Cf. 447 and 461 below.

389. *To want.* At wanting or missing. Gr. 356.

402. *Map.* Picture, image. Cf. 1712 below. See also *Rich. II.* p. 207.

408. *Maiden worlds.* W. calls the epithet "unhappy" and a "heedless misuse of language;" but the context explains and justifies it.

424. *Qualified.* "Softened, abated, diminished" (Steevens). Cf. *M. of V.* iv. 1. 7, *W. T.* iv. 4. 543, etc.

429. *Obdurate.* For the accent, see on *V. and A.* 199.

436. *Commends.* "Commits" (Malone).

439. *Breast.* Made plural in the 5th and following eds.

448. *Controll'd.* Restrained. Cf. 500, 678, and 1781 below.

453. *Taking.* Now used only colloquially in this sense. Cf. *M. W.* iii. 3. 491: "What a taking was he in when your husband asked who was in the basket!"

456. *Wrapp'd.* Involved, overwhelmed. H. reads "rapt." Cf. 636 below.

458. *Winking.* Shutting her eyes. See on *V. and A.* 90.

459. *Antics.* Fantastic appearances. The early eds. have "antiques." See *M. N. D.* p. 179, note on *Antique.*

467. *Bulk.* Chest. Cf. *Rich. III.* p. 193. *That*=so that; as in 94, 177, and 208 above.

471. *Heartless.* Without *heart*, or courage; as in 1392 below. See also *R. and J.* i. 1. 73: "heartless hinds." These are the only instances of the word in S.

472. *Peers.* Lets appear, shows. Elsewhere in S. *peer* is intransitive.

476. *Colour.* Pretext. For the play on the word in the reply, cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* v. 5. 91:

"*Falstaff.* Sir, I will be as good as my word; this that you heard was but a colour.
Shallow. A colour that I fear you will die in, Sir John."

See our ed. p. 204.

493. *I think*, etc. "I am aware that the honey is guarded with a sting" (Malone).

496. *Only.* For the transposition of the adverb, see Gr. 420.

497. *On what he looks.* That is, on what he looks *on.* See Gr. 394.

500. *Affection's.* Passion's, lust's. Cf. *W. T.* p. 154.

502. *Ensue.* Follow; as in *Rich. II.* ii. 1. 197: "Let not to-morrow, then, ensue to-day." See also 1 *Peter*, iii. 11.

506. *Towering.* A technical term in falconry. See *Mach.* p. 203. *Like* may possibly be =*as* (cf. *Per.* p. 143), or there may be a "confusion of construction" (see Gr. 415). H. adopts the former explanation, and gives the impression that *like* is "repeatedly" so used by S. The fact is, that there is not a single clear instance of it in all his works. The two examples in *Pericles* are not in his part of the play; and in *M. N. D.* iv. 1. 178 (the only other possible case of the kind) the reading is doubtful (see our ed. p. 177), and with either reading the passage may be pointed so as to avoid this awkward use of *like.* If S. had been willing to employ it, he would probably have done so "repeatedly;" but it seems to have been no part of his English.

507. *Coucheth.* Causes to couch or cower. Cf. the intransitive use in *A. W.* iv. 1. 24, etc.

511. *Falcon's bells.* For the *bells* attached to the necks of tame falcons, cf. *A. Y. L.* iii. 3. 81 and 3 *Hen. VI.* i. 1. 47 (see our ed. p. 141).

522. *Nameless.* "Because an illegitimate child has no name by inheritance, being considered by the law as *nullius filius*" (Malone). Cf. *T.*

G. of V. iii. 1. 321: "bastard virtues, that indeed know not their fathers, and therefore have no names."

530. *Simple.* Cf. *A. Y. L.* iv. 1. 16: "compounded of many simples," etc.

531. *A pure compound.* The 5th and later eds. have "purest compounds." In the next line, *his* = its. *Purified* = rendered harmless.

534. *Tender.* Favour. It is often similarly used (= regard or treat kindly); as in *T. G. of V.* iv. 4. 145, *C. of E.* v. 1. 132, etc.

537. *Wipe.* Brand; the only instance of the noun in S. For *birth-hour's blot*, cf. *M. N. D.* v. 1. 416:

> "And the blots of Nature's hand
> Shall not in their issue stand;
> Never mole, hare-lip, nor scar,
> Nor mark prodigious, such as are
> Despised in nativity,
> Shall upon their children be."

540. *Cockatrice' dead-killing eye.* For the fabled cockatrice, or basilisk, which was supposed to kill with a glance of its eye, see *Hen. V.* p. 183, note on *The fatal balls.*

543. *Gripe's.* Griffin's (Steevens). The word is often = vulture; as in Sidney's *Astrophel:*

> "Upon whose breast a fiercer gripe doth tire,
> Than did on him who first stole down the fire;"

Ferrex and Porrex. "Or cruel gripe to gnaw my growing harte," etc. For allusions to the griffin, see *M. N. D.* ii. 1. 232 and 1 *Hen. IV.* iii. 1. 152.

547. *But.* The reading of all the early eds. Changed by Sewell to "As," and by Malone to "Look." Boswell explains the text thus: "He knows no gentle right, *but* still her words delay him, as a gentle gust blows away a black-faced cloud."

550. *Blows.* The early eds. have "blow;" corrected by Malone.

553. *Winks.* Shuts his eyes, sleeps. See on 458 above. For *Orpheus*, cf. *T. G. of V.* iii. 2. 78, *M. of V.* v. 1. 80, *Hen. VIII.* iii. 1. 3, etc.

554. *Night-waking.* Awake at night. W. omits the hyphen.

559. *Plaining.* Complaining. See *Lear*, p. 216, or *Rich. II.* p. 164.

565. *His.* Its; as in 532 above. Steevens quotes *M. N. D.* v. 1. 96: "Make periods in the midst of sentences," etc.

568. *Conjures.* The accent in S. is on either syllable without regard to the sense. Cf. *M. N. D.* p. 164.

569. *Gentry.* His gentle birth. Cf. *W. T.* i. 2. 393, *Cor.* iii. 1. 144, etc.

576. *Pretended.* Intended; as in *T. G. of V.* ii. 6. 37: "their pretended flight," etc.

579. *Shoot.* For the noun, cf. *L. L. L.* iv. 1. 10, 12, 26, 2 *Hen. IV.* iii. 2. 49, etc. Malone conjectures "suit," with a play on the word, which was then pronounced *shoot.* See *L. L. L.* p. 144, note on 103.

580. *Woodman.* Huntsman. See *M. W.* p. 164.

581. *Unseasonable.* Cf. *M. W.* iii. 3. 169; and see our ed. p. 154, note on *Of the season.*

592. *Convert.* For the intransitive use, cf. 691 below. See also *Rich II.* p. 210. For the rhyme, cf. *Sonn.* 14. 12, 17. 2, 49. 10, 72. 6, etc.

595. *At an iron gate.* Even at the gates of a prison (Steevens).

607. *Be remember'd.* Remember, bear in mind. Cf. *A. Y. L.* p. 184, note on *I am remember'd.*

609. *In clay.* That is, even in their graves. Their *misdeeds* will live after them.

615, 616. *For princes are the glass*, etc. For the arrangement, see *Ham.* p. 219, note on 151.

618. *Lectures.* Lessons. Elsewhere in S. *read lectures* = give lessons, not receive them. Cf. *A. Y. L.* iii. 2. 365, *T. of S.* i. 2. 148, *Cor.* ii. 3. 243, etc.

622. *Laud.* Cf. 887 below, 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 5. 236, etc.

637. *Askance.* Turn aside; the only instance of the verb in S. Schmidt paraphrases the line thus: "who, in consequence of their own misdeeds, look with indifference on the offences of others."

639. *Lust, thy rash relier.* "That is, lust which confides too rashly in thy present disposition and does not foresee its necessary change" (Schmidt). The 5th and following eds. have "reply" for *relier.*

640. *Repeal.* Recall. Cf. *J. C.* p. 157.

643. *Eyne.* See on *V. and A.* 632. The 5th and later eds. have "eies;" and in 649 "pretty" for *petty.*

646. *Let.* Hindrance; as in 330 above.

651. *To his.* The reading of the 1st and 2d eds. The 3d has "to the," and the others "to this." The 7th has also "not thee" for *not his.*

655. *Who.* See on 388 above.

657. *Puddle's.* The reading of 1st, 2d, and 4th eds.; the others have "puddle." For *hears'd* the 5th and 6th have "bersed," and the 7th "persed." *Hears'd* is found also in *M. of V.* iii. 1. 93 and *Ham.* i. 4. 47.

661. *Thy fouler grave.* H. points "thy fouler, grave;" and adds this strange note: "*Grave* is here a verb, meaning to *bury* or *he* the death of." He seems to take the line to mean, Thou buriest their fair life, and they bury thy fouler life; but how he would explain the former clause we cannot guess. Of course the meaning is, Thou *art* their fair life—a repetition of the idea in *they basely dignified.*

678. *Controll'd.* See on 448 above.

680. *Nightly.* The 5th and 6th eds. misprint "mighty." *Linen* is not = nightgown (cf. *Mach.* p. 194), but a linen cloth about the head.

684. *Prone.* Headlong. The 3d, 5th, 6th, and 7th eds. have "proud."

691. *Converts.* Changes. See on 592 above.

696. *Balk.* Disregard, neglect. Cf. Davies, *Scourge of Folly*, 1611:

> "Learn'd and judicious lord, if I should balke
> Thyne honor'd name, it being in my way,
> My muse unworthy were of such a walke,
> Where honor's branches make it ever May."

698. *Fares.* The 5th and 6th eds. have "feares," and in 706 "of reine" for *or rein.*

701. *Conceit.* Conception, thought. Cf. 1298 below.

703. *His receipt.* What he has *received;* as in *Cor.* i. 1. 116.

> "The discontented members, the mutinous parts
> That envied his [the stomach's] receipt."

707. *Till, like a jade*, etc. Steevens aptly quotes *Hen. VIII.* i. 1. 132:

> "Anger is like
> A full-hot horse, who being allow'd his way,
> Self-mettle tires him."

For *jade* (=a worthless or vicious horse), cf. *V. and A.* 391.

721. *The spotted princess.* The polluted *soul.* For *spotted*, cf. *M. N. D.* i. 1. 110, *Rich. II.* iii. 2. 134, etc.

728. *Forestall.* Prevent; as in 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 5. 141, etc. The 7th ed. has "forest, all;" as "presence" for *prescience* in 727, and "swearing" for *sweating* in 740.

733. *Perplex'd.* Bewildered, confounded. Cf. *Oth.* v. 2. 346: "Perplex'd in the extreme," etc.

741. *Exclaiming on.* Crying out against. Cf. *V. and A.* 930.

743. *Convertite.* Convert, penitent. The word is found also in *A. Y. L.* v. 4. 190 and *K. John*, v. 1. 19.

747. *Scapes.* Transgressions; as in *W. T.* iii. 3. 73: "some scape," etc.

752. *Be.* The 5th and later eds. have "lie."

766. *Black stage.* In the time of S. the stage was hung with black when tragedies were performed (Malone). Cf. 1 *Hen. VI.* p. 140, note on *Hung be the heavens with black.*

768. *Defame.* Cf. 817 and 1033 below. These are the only instances of the noun in S.

774. *Proportion'd.* "Regular, orderly" (Schmidt).

780. *Supreme.* For the accent, see on 26 above.

781. *Arrive.* For the transitive use, cf. *J. C.* i. 2. 110, *Cor.* ii. 3. 189, etc. For *prick*=dial-point, see *R. and J.* p. 175, note on *Prick of noon.*

782. *Misty.* The 1st and 2d eds. have "mustie;" corrected in the 3d ed., which, however, misprints "vapour" for *vapours.*

783. *In their smoky ranks his smother'd light.* That is, his light smothered in their smoky ranks. Gr. 419*a*.

786. *Distain.* The 5th and later eds. have "disdaine."

791. *Palmers'.* Pilgrims'. See *A. W.* p. 161.

792. *Where.* Whereas. See *L. L. L.* p. 136, or Gr. 134.

805. *Sepulchred.* For the accent, see *Lear*, p. 210.

807. *Character'd.* For the accent, see *Ham.* p. 189.

811. *Cipher.* Decipher; used by S. only here and in 207 and 1396 of this poem.

812. *Quote.* Note, observe. Cf. *R. and J.* p. 154. The word is spelled *cote* in the 1st and 2d eds. Cf. *T. G. of V.* p. 132.

817. *Feast-finding.* "Our ancient minstrels were the constant attendants on feasts" (Steevens). Their music of course made them welcome.

820. *Senseless.* Not sensible of the wrong done it.

828. *Crest-wounding.* Staining or disgracing the family *crest* or coat of arms.

830. *Mot.* Motto, or *word*, as it was sometimes called. See *Per.* p. 140.

841. *Guilty.* Malone reads "guiltless." Sewell makes the line a question; but, as Boswell says, Lucrece at first reproaches herself for hav-

ing received Tarquin's visit, but instantly defends herself by saying that she did it out of respect to her husband.

848. *Intrude.* Invade; not elsewhere transitive in S.

849. *Cuckoos.* For the allusion to the cuckoo's laying its eggs in other birds' nests, see the long note in 1 *Hen. IV.* p. 195.

851. *Folly.* "Used, as in Scripture, for *wickedness*" (Malone). Schmidt explains it as "inordinate desire, wantonness," both here and in 556 above. Cf. *Oth.* v. 2. 132: "She turn'd to folly, and she was a whore;" and see our ed. p. 206.

858. *Still-pining.* Ever-longing. Cf. "still-vex'd" (*Temp.* i. 2. 229), "still-closing" (*Id.* iii. 3. 64), etc. For *Tantalus*, see *V. and A.* 599.

859. *Barns.* Stores up; the only instance of the verb in S. The 5th and later eds. have "bannes" or "bans."

879. *Point'st.* Appointest; but not to be printed "'point'st," as by some editors. Cf. *T. of S.* p. 148.

884. *Temperance.* Chastity. Cf. *A. and C.* p. 201.

892. *Smoothing.* Flattering. See *Rich. III.* p. 188. The 5th and following eds. have "smothering."

899. *Sort.* Sort out, select. Cf. *T. G. of V.* p. 144.

914. *Appaid.* Satisfied; used by S. only here.

920. *Shift.* Trickery. Nares (s. v. *Shifter*) quotes *Rich Cabinet furnished with Varietie of Excellent Descriptions*, 1616: "Shifting doth many times incurre the indignitie of reproach, and to be counted a shifter is as if a man would say in plaine tearmes a coosener." Cf. 930 below.

925. *Copesmate.* Companion; used by S. nowhere else.

926. *Grisly.* Grim, terrible. Cf. 1 *Hen. VI.* p. 145.

928. *Watch of woes.* "Divided and marked only by woes" (Schmidt). Cf. *Macb.* p. 187, note on *Whose howl's his watch.*

930. *Injurious, shifting.* St., D., and H. adopt Walker's conjecture of "injurious-shifting;" but *shifting* may be = cozening, deceitful. See on 920 just above.

936. *Fine.* Explained by Malone as = soften, refine, and by Steevens as = bring to an end. The latter is on the whole to be preferred.

943. *Wrong the wronger.* That is, treat him as he treats others, make him suffer. Farmer would read "wring" for *wrong.*

944. *Ruinate.* Cf. *Sonn.* 10. 7: "Seeking that beauteous roof to ruinate," etc.

With thy hours. Steevens conjectures "with their bowers," and Malone was at first inclined to read "with his hours."

948. *To blot old books and alter their contents.* As Malone remarks, S. little thought how the fate of his own compositions would come to illustrate this line.

950. *Cherish springs.* That is, young shoots. Cf. *V. and A.* 656. Warb. wanted to read "tarish" (= dry up, from Fr. *tarir*); Heath conjectured "sere its;" and Johnson "perish."

953. *Beldam.* Grandmother; as in 1458 below.

962. *Retiring.* Returning; as in *T. and C.* i. 3. 281, etc.

981. *Curled hair.* "A distinguishing characteristic of a person of rank" (Malone). Cf. *Oth.* p. 160, note on *Curled.*

985. *Orts.* Scraps, remnants. Cf. *T. and C.* v. 2. 158 and *T. of A.* iv. 3. 400.

993. *Unrecalling.* Not to be recalled. See Gr. 372. For *crime*, the 4th and following eds. have "time."

1001. *Slanderous.* Disgraceful; as in *J. C.* iv. 1. 20: "To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads." The office of executioner, or *deathsman* (cf. *Lear*, p. 248), was regarded as ignominious.

1016. *Out.* The 4th and following eds. have "Our."

1021. *Force not.* Regard not, care not for. See *L. L. L.* p. 161.

1024. *Uncheerful.* The 4th and later eds. have "unsearchfull."

1027. *Helpless.* Unavailing; as in 1056 below. See on *V. and A.* 604.

1035. *Afeard.* Used by S. interchangeably with *afraid.*

1045. *Mean.* For the singular, see *R. and J.* p. 189.

1062. *Graff.* Graft. All the early eds. except the 1st and 2d have "grasse."

1070. *With my trespass never will dispense.* That is, will never excuse it. Cf. 1279 and 1704 below. See *C. of E.* p. 117, note on 103.

1079. *Philomel.* The nightingale. Cf. 1128 below.

1084. *Cloudy.* Cf. *V. and A.* 725. See also 1 *Hen. IV.* p. 180, note on *Cloudy men.* For *shames* = is ashamed, cf. 1143 below.

1092. *Nought to do.* That is, nothing to do with, no concern in.

1094. *Fond.* Foolish; as in 216 above.

1105. *Sometime.* The 4th and following eds. have "sometimes." The two forms are used indiscriminately.

1109. *Annoy.* See on *V. and A.* 497.

1114. *Ken.* Sight. Cf. 2 *Hen. VI.* iii. 2. 113: "losing ken of Albion's wished coast," etc.

1119. *Who.* See on 388 above.

1124. *Stops.* Referring to the *stops* of musical instruments. Cf. *Ham.* iii. 2. 76, 376, 381, etc.

1126. *Relish your nimble notes to pleasing ears.* Tune your lively notes for those who like to hear them. With *pleasing* cf. *unrecalling* in 993 above.

1127. *Dumps.* Mournful elegies. Cf. *T. G. of V.* iii. 2. 85: "Tune a deploring dump." See also *Much Ado*, p. 137.

1128. *Of ravishment.* Referring to her being ravished by Tereus. See *T. A.* ii. 4. 26 fol. and iv. 1. 48 fol.

1132. *Diapason.* Used by S. only here.

1133. *Burden-wise.* As in the *burden* of a song.

1134. *Descant'st.* Singest. For the noun, see *T. G. of V.* p. 125. Here the early eds. all have "descants." See Gr. 340. *Skill* must be regarded as the direct object of *descant'st*, not governed by *with* understood, as Malone makes it, pointing "descant'st, better skill."

1135. *Against a thorn.* The nightingale was supposed to press her breast against a thorn while singing. See *Two Noble Kinsmen*, p. 179, note on 25.

1140. *Frets.* The stops that regulated the vibration of the strings in lutes, etc. See *Ham.* p. 230, or *Much Ado*, p. 144 (on *A lute-string*).

1142. *And for.* And because.

1143. *Shaming.* Being ashamed; as in 1084 above.

1144. *Seated from the way.* Situated out of the way.

1149. *At gaze.* Staring about.

1160. *Conclusion.* Experiment. Cf. *A. and C.* p. 217.

1167. *Peel'd.* Here and in 1169 the early eds. have "pil'd," "pild," or "pill'd;" and this last form might well enough be retained. Cf. *Gen.* xxx. 37, 38.

1186. *Deprive.* Take away; as in 1752 below. See *Ham.* p. 195.

1202. *Confound.* Ruin; as in 160 above.

1205. *Oversee.* The *overseer* of a will was one who had a supervision of the executors. The poet, in his will, appoints John Hall and his wife as *executors*, and Thomas Russel and Francis Collins as *overseers*. In some old wills the term *overseer* is used instead of *executor* (Malone).

1206. *Overseen.* Bewitched, as by the "evil eye." Cf. *o'erlooked* in *M. W.* v. 5. 87 and *M. of V.* iii. 2. 15 (see our ed. p. 148).

1221. *Sorts.* Adapts, as if choosing or selecting. Cf. 899 above. See also 2 *Hen. VI.* p. 162.

1222. *For why.* Because; as in *P. P.* 5. 8, 10, etc. See *T. G. of V.* p. 139, or Gr. 75.

1229. *Eyne.* See on 643 above.

1233. *Pretty.* In this and similar expressions *pretty* may be explained as = "moderately great" (Schmidt), or "suitable, sufficient," as some make it. Cf. *R. and J.* i. 3. 10: "a pretty age," etc.

1241. *And therefore are they*, etc. "Hence do they (women) receive whatever impression their marble-hearted associates (men) choose" (Malone).

1242. *Strange kinds.* Alien or foreign natures.

1244. *Then call them not*, etc. Malone compares *T. N.* ii. 2. 30:

> "How easy is it for the proper-false
> In women's waxen hearts to set their forms!
> Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we,
> For such as we are made of, such we be;"

and *M. for M.* ii. 4. 130:

> "Women! Help Heaven! men their creation mar
> In profiting by them. Nay, call us ten times frail,
> For we are soft as our complexions are,
> And credulous to false prints."

1247. *Like a goodly.* The 5th and 6th eds. have simply "like a," and the 7th reads "like unto a."

1254. *No man inveigh.* Let no man inveigh. All the eds. but the 1st have "inveighs."

1257. *Hild.* For *held*, for the sake of the rhyme. The 5th and later eds. have "held." Cf. Spenser, *F. Q.* iv. 11. 17:

> "How can they all in this so narrow verse
> Contayned be, and in small compasse hild?
> Let them record them that are better skild," etc.

1258. *Fulfil'd.* Filled full. See *T. and C.* p. 162.

1261. *Precedent.* Example, illustration.

1263. *Present.* Instant; as in 1307 below.

1269. *Counterfeit.* Likeness, image; as in *M. of V.* iii. 2. 115, *Mach.* ii. 3. 81, etc.

1279. *With the fault I thus far can dispense.* See on 1070 above.

1298. *Conceit.* Conception, thought; as in 701 above.

1302. *Inventions.* Elsewhere used of thoughts expressed in writing; as in *A. Y. L.* iv. 3. 29, 34, *T. N.* v. 1. 341, etc.

1325. *Interprets.* The figure here is taken from the old *motion*, or dumb-show, which was explained by an *interpreter*. Cf. *T. of A.* p. 135, (note on 35), or *Ham.* p. 228 (on 228).

1329. *Sounds.* That is, waters (which may be *deep*, though not fathomless). Malone conjectured "floods."

1335. *Fowls.* The 6th and 7th eds. have "soules;" an easy misprint when the long *s* was in fashion.

1338. *Villain.* Servant, bondman. Cf. *Lear*, p. 232.

1345. *God wot.* God knows. Cf. *Rich. III.* ii. 3. 18: "no, no, good friends, God wot." See our ed. p. 203.

1353. *That.* So that; as in 94 above.

1355. *Wistly.* Wistfully. See on *V. and A.* 343.

1357, 1358. Note the imperfect rhyme.

1368. *The which.* Referring to *Troy.*

1370. *Cloud-kissing Ilion.* Cf. *T. and C.* iv. 5. 220: "Yond towers whose wanton tops do buss the clouds," etc.

1371. *Conceited.* Fanciful, imaginative. Cf. *W. T.* iv. 4. 204: "an admirable conceited fellow;" *L. C.* 16: "conceited characters," etc.

1372. *As.* That. Gr. 109.

1377. *Strife.* That is, "his art with nature's workmanship at strife" (*V. and A.* 291). Cf. *T. of A.* i. 1. 37.

1380. *Pioneer.* The early eds. have "pyoner" or "pioner." See *Ham.* p. 198. Here the rhyme requires *pioneer.*

1384. *Lust.* Pleasure. Cf. *T. and C.* p. 200, note on 132.

1388. *Triumphing.* Accented on the second syllable; as often. See *L. L. L.* p. 148.

1400. *Deep regard and smiling government.* "Profound wisdom and the complacency arising from the passions being under the command of reason" (Malone); or deep thought and complacent self-control. For *deep regard*, cf. 277 above.

1407. *Purl'd.* "Curl'd" (Steevens's conjecture); used by S. only here.

1411. *Mermaid.* Siren. See on *V. and A.* 429.

1417. *Bollen.* Swollen; used by S. nowhere else. Cf. Chaucer, *Black Knight*, 101: "Bollen hertes," etc. The later form *bolled* occurs in *Exod.* ix. 31.

1418. *Pelt.* Probably = throw out angry words, be passionately clamorous; as Malone, Nares, and Schmidt explain it. Cf. *Wits, Fits, and Fancies:* "all in a pelting chafe," etc. The noun is also sometimes = a great rage; as in *The Unnatural Brother:* "which put her ladyship into a horrid pelt," etc.

1422. *Imaginary.* Imaginative; as in *Sonn.* 27. 9: "my soul's imaginary sight," etc.

1423. *Kind.* Natural. See *Much Ado*, p. 118.

1436. *Strand.* All the early eds. have "strond." See 1 *Hen. IV.* p. 139.

1440. *Than.* The old form of *then*, sometimes found in the early eds. (as in *M. of V.* ii. 2. 200, 3 *Hen. VI.* ii. 5. 9, etc.), here used for the sake of the rhyme.

1444. *Stell'd.* Spelled "steld" in all the early eds., and probably = placed, fixed. Cf. *Sonn.* 24. 1:

> "Mine eye hath play'd the painter, and hath stell'd
> Thy beauty's form in table of my heart."

See our ed. p. 137. In *Lear*, iii. 7. 61, we find "the stelled fires," where *stelled* is commonly explained as derived from *stella*, though probably = fixed, as here. K. and H. suspect that *stell'd* is "simply a poetical form of *styled*, that is, written or depicted as with a *stilus* or *stylus*."

1449. *Bleeding under Pyrrhus' proud foot.* Cf. *Ham.* ii. 2. 474 fol.

1450. *Anatomiz'd.* "Laid open, shown distinctly" (Schmidt). Cf. *A. Y. L.* i. 1. 162, ii. 7. 56, *A. W.* iv. 3. 37, etc.

1452. *Chaps.* Spelled "chops" in all the early eds. except the 7th. Cf. *chopt* or *chopped* in *A. Y. L.* ii. 4. 50, 2 *Hen. IV.* iii. 2. 294, etc., and *choppy* in *Mach.* i. 3. 44.

1460. *Ban.* Curse; as in *V. and A.* 326.

1479. *Moe.* More. See *A. Y. L.* p. 176.

1486. *Swounds.* Swoons. All the early eds. have "sounds," as the word was often spelled.

1488. *Unadvised.* Unintentional, inadvertent. Cf. *T. G. of V.* p. 149.

1489. *Confounds.* Destroys. See on 160 above.

1494. *On ringing.* A-ringing. See Gr. 180. *His* = its.

1496. *Set a-work.* See *Ham.* p. 211, or Gr. 24.

1499. *Painting.* All the early eds. except the 1st and 2d have "painted."

1500. *Who.* The reading of all the early eds. changed in some modern ones to "whom." See Gr. 274.

1504. *Blunt.* Rude, rough. The 5th and later eds. have "these blunt."

1505. *His woes.* "That is, the woes suffered by *Patience*" (Malone). Cf. *T. N.* ii. 4. 117 and *Per.* v. 1. 139.

1507. *The harmless show.* "The harmless painted figure" (Malone).

1511. *Guilty instance.* Token or evidence of guilt. For *instance*, see *Much Ado*, p. 135.

1521. *Sinon.* Cf. 3 *Hen. VI.* iii. 2. 190 and *Cymb.* iii. 4. 61.

1524. *That.* So that. See on 94 above.

1525. *Stars shot from their fixed places.* Cf. *M. N. D.* ii. 1. 153: "And certain stars shot madly from their spheres."

1526. *Their glass*, etc. "Why Priam's palace, however beautiful or magnificent, should be called the mirror in which the fixed stars beheld themselves, I do not see. The image is very quaint and far-fetched" (Malone). Boswell cites what Lydgate says of Priam's palace:

> "That verely when so the sonne shone
> Upon the golde meynt among the stone,
> They gave a lyght withouten any were,
> As doth Apollo in his mid-day sphere."

1527. *Advisedly.* Deliberately, attentively.

1544. *Beguil'd.* Rendered deceptive or guileful. Cf. *guiled* in *M. of V.* iii. 2. 97; and see Gr. 374. The early eds. have "armed to beguild" (or "beguil'd"); corrected by Malone.

1551. *Falls.* Lets fall. Cf. *M. N. D.* p. 184, or *J. C.* p. 175.

1555. *Effects.* Outward manifestations or attributes. Cf. *Lear*, p. 171. Some make it =efficacies, powers, or faculties.

1565. *Unhappy.* Mischievous, fatal, pernicious; as in *C. of E.* iv. 4. 127, *Lear*, iv. 6. 232, etc.

1576. *Which all this time.* This (namely, *time*) has passed unheeded by her during this interval that she has spent with painted images; or *which* may perhaps refer to the slow passage of time just mentioned, and the meaning may be, This she has forgotten all the while that she has been looking at the pictures. H. says: "*Which* refers to *time* in the preceding stanza, and is the object of *spent:* Which that she hath spent with painted images, *it* hath all this time overslipped her thought." This seems needlessly awkward and involved.

1588. *Water-galls.* The word is evidently used here simply as =*rainbows*, to avoid the repetition of that word. Nares and Wb. define it as "a watery appearance in the sky, accompanying the rainbow;" according to others, it means the "secondary bow" of the rainbow (which H. speaks of as being "within" the primary bow). Halliwell (*Archaic Dict.*) says: "I am told a second rainbow above the first is called in the Isle of Wight a *watergeal.* Carr has *weather-gall*, a secondary or broken rainbow."

For *element*=sky, see *J. C.* p. 140.

1589. *To.* In addition to. Gr. 185.

1592. *Sod.* The participle of *seethe*, used interchangeably with *sodden.* See *L. L. L.* p. 145.

1595. *Both.* The 5th and later eds. have "But."

1598. *Uncouth.* Strange (literally, unknown). Cf. *A. Y. L.* ii. 6. 6: "this uncouth forest," etc.

1600. *Attir'd in discontent.* Cf. *Much Ado*, iv. 1. 146: "so attir'd in wonder," etc.

1604. *Gives her sorrow fire.* The metaphor is taken from the discharge of the old-fashioned fire-lock musket. Cf. *T. G. of V.* ii. 4. 38: "for you gave the fire."

1606. *Address'd.* Prepared, ready. See *J. C.* p. 156.

1615. *Moe.* The reading of the first three eds.; "more" in the rest. See on 1479 above.

1632. *Hard-favour'd.* See on *V. and A.* 133.

1645. *Adulterate.* Cf. *C. of E.* ii. 2. 142, *Ham.* i. 5. 42, etc.

1661. *Declin'd.* All the eds. except the 1st have "inclin'd."

1662. *Wretched.* Walker plausibly conjectures "wreathed." Cf. *T. G. of V.* ii. 1. 19: "to wreathe your arms."

1667. *As through an arch*, etc. Doubtless suggested by the tide rushing through the arches of Old London Bridge. See *Cor.* p. 271 (note on 47) and *2 Hen. IV.* p. 29, foot-note.

1671. *Recall'd in rage*, etc. Farmer wished to read "recall'd, the rage being past."

1672. *Make a saw.* The metaphor is quaint, but readily understood from the context. The noun *saw* is used by S. nowhere else, though *handsaw* occurs in 1 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 187 and *Ham.* ii. 2. 397.

1680. *One woe.* The 1st and 2d eds. have "on" for *one*, a common spelling. Cf. *Two Noble Kinsmen*, p. 164, note on 70.

1691. *Venge.* Not '*venge*, as often printed. See *Rich. II.* p. 158.

1694. *Knights, by their oaths*, etc. Malone remarks: "Here one of the laws of chivalry is somewhat prematurely introduced." See *T. and C.* p. 174, note on 283.

1698. *Bewray'd.* Exposed, made known. Cf. *Lear*, p. 199.

1704. *With the foul act dispense.* See on 1070 above.

1705. *Advance.* Raise; opposed to *low-declined.* For *advance*=lift up, see *Cor.* p. 210.

1713. *Carv'd in it.* All the early eds. have "it in" for *in it*, except the 7th, which omits *it.* The correction is Malone's.

1715. *By my excuse*, etc. Livy makes Lucretia say: "Ego me, etsi peccato absolvo, supplicio non libero; nec ulla deinde impudica exemplo Lucretiae vivet;" which Painter, in his novel (see p. 16 above) translates thus: "As for my part, though I cleare my selfe of the offence, my body shall feel the punishment, for no unchaste or ill woman shall hereafter impute no dishonest act to Lucrece."

1720. *Assays.* Attempts; as in *T. of A.* iv. 3. 406, *Ham.* iii. 3. 69, etc.

1728. *Spright.* See on 121 above.

1730. *Astonish'd.* Astounded, thunderstruck. Cf. 2 *Hen. VI.* v. 1. 146, etc.

1738. *That.* So that; as in 1764 below. See on 94 above.

1740. *Vastly.* "Like a waste" (Steevens); the only instance of the word in S.

1745. *Rigol.* Circle. See 2 *Hen. IV.* p. 193.

1752. *Depriv'd.* Taken away; as in 1186 above.

1754. *Unliv'd.* Probably the poet's own coinage, and used by him only here.

1760. *Fair fresh.* D. reads "fresh fair," and St. and H. "fresh-fair."

1765. *Last.* All the early eds. but the 1st and 2d have "hast," and in the next line "thou" for *they.*

1766. *Surcease.* Cease; as in *Cor.* iii. 2. 121 and *R. and J.* iv. 1. 97.

1774. *Key-cold.* Cf. *Rich. III.* i. 2. 5: "Poor key-cold figure of a holy king;" and see our ed. p. 183.

1784. *Thick.* Fast. Cf. *thick-coming* in *Macb.* v. 3. 38. See also *Cymb.* p. 189, note on *Speak thick.*

1788. *This windy tempest*, etc. Cf. *T. and C.* p. 198 (note on 55), or 3 *Hen. VI.* p. 146 (note on 146).

1801. *Too late.* Too lately. Cf. 426 above and *V. and A.* 1026. See also *Rich. III.* p. 209.

1803. *I owed her.* She was mine. For *owe*=own, see *Rich. II.* p. 204, or *K. John*, p. 141.

1805. *Dispers'd.* For the accent, see on 26 above.

1816. *Adviseldy.* Deliberately. Cf. 180 and 1527 above. So *advised*= deliberate, in 1849 below.

1819. *Unsounded.* Not *sounded* or understood hitherto. Cf. 2 *Hen VI.* iii. 1. 57.

1822. *Wounds help.* Walker would read "heal" and St. "salve" for *help*.

1829. *Relenting.* The 5th and later eds. have "lamenting."

1832. *Suffer these abominations*, etc. That is, permit these abominable Tarquins *to be* chased, etc.

1839. *Complain'd.* Bewailed. For the transitive use, cf. *Rich II.* p. 197. Gr. 291.

1845. *Allow.* Approve. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* p. 185.

1851. *Thorough.* Used interchangeably with *through*. Cf. *M. of V.* p. 144, note on *Throughfares*. The 5th ed. has "through out," and the 7th "throughout."

1854. *Plausibly.* With applause or acclamations (Malone and Steevens); or "readily, willingly" (Schmidt). It is the only instance of the adverb in S. *Plausible* occurs only in *M. for M.* iii. 1. 253, where it is = pleased, willing.

A LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

For the feminine use of *lover* in the title, cf. *A. Y. L.* p. 181.

1. *Re-worded.* Compare *Ham.* iii. 4. 143: "I the matter will reword."

2. *Sistering.* We find the verb in *Per.* v. prol. 7: "her art sisters the natural roses."

3. *Spirits.* Monosyllabic; as not unfrequently. Cf. 236 below; and see on *V. and A.* 181. *Accorded* = agreed.

4. *Laid.* Malone reads "lay," which is the form elsewhere in S.

5. *Fickle.* Apparently referring to her behaviour at the time.

6. *A-twain.* So in the folio text of *Lear*, ii. 2. 80, where the quartos have "in twain." In *Oth.* v. 2. 206, the 1st quarto has *a-twain*, the other early eds. "in twain."

7. *Her world.* Malone quotes *Lear*, iii. 1. 10:

> "Strives in his little world of man to outscorn
> The to-and-fro-conflicting wind and rain."

See our ed. p. 215.

11. *Done.* Past, lost. Cf. *V. and A.* 197, 749, and *R. of L.* 23.

14. *Sear'd.* Withered. H. has "sere."

15. *Heave her napkin.* Lift her handkerchief. For *heave*, cf. *Cymb.* v. 5. 157:

> "O, would
> Our viands had been poison'd, or at least
> Those which I heav'd to head:"

and for *napkin* see *Oth.* p. 188.

16. *Conceited characters.* Fanciful figures. See on *R. of L.* 1371.

17. *Laundering.* Wetting; used by S. only here. Malone calls the verb "obsolete;" but it has come into use again in our day.

18. *Season'd.* A favourite figure with S. See *Much Ado*, p. 155. For *pelleted* (=rounded), cf. *A. and C.* iii. 13. 165.

21. *Size.* This use of the word seems peculiar now; but cf. *Hen. VIII.* v. 1. 136, *A. and C.* iv. 15. 4, v. 2. 97, etc.

22. *Carriage.* The figure is taken from a gun-carriage. *Levell'd* was a technical term for aiming a gun. See *Rich. III.* p. 232.

30. *Careless hand of pride.* That is, hand of careless pride.

31. *Sheav'd.* Straw. Cf. 8 above.

33. *Threaden.* The word is used again in *Hen. V.* iii. chor. 10: "threaden sails."

36. *Maund.* Hand-basket; used by S. only here. Cf. Drayton, *Polyolbion*, xiii.:

> "And in a little maund, being made of oziers small,
> Which serveth him to do full many a thing withall,
> He very choicely sorts his simples got abroad;"

Herrick, *Poems:* "With maunds of roses for to strew the way," etc. Hence *Maundy Thursday*, from the baskets in which the royal alms were distributed at Whitehall.

37. *Beaded.* The quarto (the 1609 ed. of *Sonnets*, in which the poem first appears) has "bedded;" corrected by Sewell. K. retains "bedded" as =imbedded, set.

40. *Applying wet to wet.* A favourite conceit with S. See *A. Y. L.* ii. 1. 48, *R. and J.* i. 1. 138, 3 *Hen. VI.* v. 4. 8, *Ham.* iv. 7. 186, etc.

42. *Cries some.* Cries for some. Malone puts *some* in italics (="cries 'Some'").

45. *Posied.* Inscribed with posies, or mottoes. Cf. *M. of V.* p. 164. Rings were often made of *bone* and ivory.

47. *Moe.* More. Cf. *R. of L.* 1479.

48. *Sleided.* Untwisted or unwrought. Cf. *Pericles*, p. 149. *Feat*= featly, dexterously. See *Temp.* p. 120.

49. *Curious.* Careful; as in *A. W.* i. 2. 20, *Cymb.* i. 6. 191, etc.

50. *Fluxive.* Flowing, weeping; used by S. only here.

51. *Gan.* The quarto has "gaue," which K. retains (as "gave"); corrected by Malone.

53. *Unapproved.* Not *approved*, or proved true. Cf. *Ham.* p. 171, note on *Approve.*

55. *In top of rage.* Cf. 3 *Hen. VI.* v. 7. 4: "in tops of all their pride;" *A. and C.* v. 1. 43: "in top of all design," etc.

Rents=rends. See *M. N. D.* p. 166.

58. *Sometime.* Formerly; used interchangeably with *sometimes* in this sense. Gr. 68*a*. *Ruffle*=bustle, stir; the only instance of the noun in S.

60. *The swiftest hours.* "The prime of life, when Time appears to move with his quickest pace" (Malone). *They*, according to Malone, refers to the fragments of the torn-up letters; though he admits that the clause may be connected with *hours*, meaning that "this reverend man, though engaged in the bustle of court and city, had not suffered the busy and gay period of youth to pass by without gaining some knowledge of the world." This latter explanation is doubtless the correct one.

61. *Fancy.* Often =love (see on *R. of L.* 200), and here used concretely for the *lover*. Cf. 197 below. *Fastly* is used by S. only here.

64. *Slides he down*, etc. That is, lets himself down by the aid of his staff, as he seats himself beside her. *Grained*=of rough wood, or showing the *grain* of the wood. Cf. *Cor.* iv. 5. 114: "My grained ash" (=spear).

69. *Ecstasy.* Passion, excitement. Cf. *V. and A.* 895.

80. *Outwards.* External features; not elsewhere plural in S. For *Of* the quarto has "O;" corrected by Malone (the conjecture of Tyrwhitt).

81. *Stuck.* Cf. *M. for M.* iv. 1. 61:

> "O place and greatness! millions of false eyes
> Are stuck upon thee."

88. *What's sweet to do*, etc. "Things pleasant to be done will easily find people enough to do them" (Steevens).

91. *Sawn.* Explained by some as a form of the participle of *see*, used for the sake of the rhyme; by others as =*sown*, which Boswell says is still pronounced *sawn* in Scotland. The latter is the more probable.

93. *Phœnix.* Explained by Malone and Schmidt as ="matchless, rare." So *termless*=indescribable.

95. *Bare.* Bareness; not elsewhere used substantively by S.

104. *Authoriz'd.* Accented on the second syllable; as in the other two instances in which S. uses the word (*Sonn.* 35. 6 and *Mach.* iii. 4, 66).

107. *That horse*, etc. H. does not include this line in the supposed comment.

112. *Manage.* See on the verb in *V. and A.* 598.

116. *Case.* Dress; as in *M. for M.* ii. 4. 13, etc.

118. *Came.* The quarto has "Can;" corrected by Sewell. K. retains "Can."

126. *Catching all passions*, etc. Steevens says: "These lines, in which our poet has accidentally delineated his own character, would have been better adapted to his monumental inscription than such as are placed on the scroll in Westminster Abbey."

127. *That.* So that. See on *V. and A.* 242.

139. *Moe.* Cf. 47 above.

140. *Owe.* Own. See on *R. of L.* 1803.

144. *Was my own fee-simple.* "Had an absolute power over myself" (Malone). See *A. W.* p. 171.

153. *Foil.* The background used to set off a *jewel*. Cf. *Rich. III.* p. 242.

155. *Assay.* Essay, try. Cf. *V. and A.* 608.

162. *Blood.* Passion. Cf. *Much Ado*, p. 131, note on 162.

163. *Proof.* Experience. Cf. *Much Ado*, p. 131.

169. *Further.* St. conjectures "father."

170. *The patterns of his fond beguiling.* "The examples of his seduction" (Malone).

171. *Orchards.* Gardens. See *J. C.* p. 142. For the figure, cf. *Sonn.* 16. 6.

173. *Brokers.* Panders, go-betweens. Cf. *Ham.* p. 191.

174. *Thought.* Malone took this to be a noun.

176. *My city.* For the figure, cf. *R. of L.* 469 (see also 1547), *A. W.* i. 1. 137, etc.

182. *Woo.* The quarto has "vow;" corrected by D.

185. *Acture.* Action; not found elsewhere. Cf. *enactures* in *Ham.* iii. 2. 207.

Malone paraphrases the passage thus: "My illicit amours were merely the effect of constitution [or animal passion], and not approved by my reason: pure and genuine love had no share in them, or in their consequences; for the mere congress of the sexes may produce such fruits, without the affections of the parties being at all engaged."

192. *Teen.* Trouble, pain. See on *V. and A.* 808.

193. *Leisures.* Moments of leisure. Schmidt makes it = "affections, inclinations," which it *implies.*

197. *Fancies.* See on 61 above.

198. *Paled.* The quarto has "palyd," and Sewell reads "pallid." *Paled* is due to Malone.

204. *These talents*, etc. "These *lockets*, consisting of hair platted and set in *gold*" (Malone).

205. *Impleach'd.* Interwoven. Cf. *pleached* in *Much Ado*, iii. 1. 7, and *thick-pleached* in *Id.* i. 2. 8 (see our ed. p. 126).

207. *Beseech'd.* Cf. the past tense in *Ham.* iii. 1. 22.

208. *Annexions.* Additions; used by S. only here, as *annexment* only in *Ham.* iii. 3. 21.

210. *Quality.* "In the age of S. peculiar virtues were imputed to every species of precious stone" (Steevens).

212. *Invis'd.* "Invisible" (Malone); or, "perhaps = inspected, investigated, tried" (Schmidt). No other example of the word is known.

214. *Weak sights*, etc. Eye-glasses of emerald were much esteemed by the ancients; and the near-sighted Nero is said to have used them in watching the shows of gladiators.

215. *Blend.* Walker makes this a participle = blended. He adds: "The expression is perhaps somewhat confused, but it refers to the ever-varying hue of the opal."

217. *Blazon'd.* Interpreted, explained. Cf. the noun in *Much Ado*, ii. 1. 307.

219. *Pensiv'd.* Found only here. *Pensive* occurs in 3 *Hen. VI.* iv. 1. 10 and *R. and J.* iv. 1. 39. H. adopts Lettsom's conjecture of "pensive" here; but the "pensiu'd" of the quarto could hardly be a misprint.

223. *Of force.* Perforce, of necessity. Cf. *L. L. L.* i. 1. 148, *M. N. D.* iii. 2. 40, etc.

224. *Inpatron me.* Are my patron saint.

225. *Phraseless.* Probably = indescribable, like *termless* in 94 above. Schmidt thinks it may possibly be = silent, like *speechless* (hand) in *Cor.* v. 1. 67.

229. *What me*, etc. Whatever obeys me, your minister, for (or instead of) you, etc.

231. *Distract.* Disjoined, separate. For the accent, see on *R. of L.* 26.

232. *A sister.* The quarto has "Or sister;" corrected by Malone.

233. *Note.* Notoriety, distinction. Cf. *Cymb.* p. 170, on *A crescent note.*

234. *Which late*, etc. Who lately withdrew from her noble suitors.

235. *Whose rarest havings*, etc. "Whose accomplishments were so extraordinary that the flower of the young nobility were passionately enamoured of her" (Malone).

236. *Spirits.* Monosyllabic, as in 3 above. *Coat* may be =coat-of-arms (Malone), or dress as indicative of rank, as some explain it.

240. *Have not.* H. adopts Barron Field's conjecture of "love not"—a needless if not an injurious change.

241. *Paling the place*, etc. The quarto has "Playing the place," etc.; for which no really satisfactory emendation has been proposed. *Paling*, which is as tolerable as any, is due to Malone, who explains the line thus: "Securing within the pale of a cloister that heart which had never received the impression of love." Lettsom conjectures "Salving the place which did no harm receive." St. proposes "Filling the place," etc. *Paling* is adopted by K., D., W., and H. For *pale*=enclose, cf. *A. and C.* ii. 7. 74, 3 *Hen. VI.* i. 4. 103, etc.

243. *Contrives.* Some make this =wear away, spend; as in *T. of S.* i. 2. 278 (see our ed. p. 141).

250. *Eye.* The rhyme of *eye* and *eye* is apparently an oversight, no misprint being probable.

251. *Immur'd.* The quarto has "enur'd" and "procure;" both corrected by Gildon.

252. *To tempt, all.* Most eds. join *all* to *tempt*, which, to our thinking, mars both the antithesis and the rhythm.

258. *Congest.* Gather in one; used by S. only here.

260. *Nun.* The quarto has "Sunne." The correction was suggested by Malone, and first adopted by D.

261. *Ay, dieted.* The quarto has "I dieted," not "I died," as Malone (who reads "and dieted") states.

262. *Believ'd her eyes*, etc. "Believed or yielded to her eyes when they, captivated by the external appearance of her wooer, began to assail her chastity" (Malone). "When I the assail" was an anonymous conjecture which Malone was at first inclined to adopt.

265. *Sting.* Stimulus, incitement.

271. *Love's arms are proof*, etc. Another corrupt and perplexing line. The quarto has "peace" for *proof*, which was suggested by Malone. Steevens conjectures "Love aims at peace," D. "Love arms our peace," and Lettsom "Love charms our peace."

272. *And sweetens.* And *it* (*Love*) sweetens.

273. *Aloes.* The only mention of the bitter drug in S.

276. *Supplicant.* Not found elsewhere in S.

279. *Credent.* Credulous. Cf. *Ham.* i. 3. 30: "too credent ear," etc.

280. *Prefer and undertake.* Recommend (cf. *M. of V.* p. 140) and guarantee, or answer for (see 1 *Hen. VI.* v. 3. 158, *Hen. VIII.* prol. 12, etc.).

281. *Dismount.* "The allusion is to the old English fire-arms, which were supported on what was called a rest" (Malone). For *levell'd*= aimed, see on 22 above.

286. *Who glaz'd with crystal gate*, etc. Malone points thus: "Who, glaz'd with crystal, gate;" making *gate* "the ancient perfect tense of the verb *to get*." *Flame* he took to be the object of *gate*.

293. *O cleft effect!* The quarto has "Or" for *O;* corrected by Gildon.

294. *Extincture.* Extinction; used by S. only here.

297. *Daff'd.* Doffed, put off. See *A. and C.* p. 203, or *Much Ado*, p. 138. *Stole* (=robe) is not found elsewhere in S.

298. *Civil.* Decorous; as in *Oth.* ii. 1. 243: "civil and humane seeming," etc.

303. *Cautels.* Deceits. Cf. *Ham.* p. 187.

305. *Swooning.* The quarto has "sounding," and "sound" in 308 below. See on *R. of L.* 1486; and cf. *R. and J.* p. 186 (on *Swounded*).

309. *Level.* See on 281 above.

314. *Luxury.* Lust, lasciviousness; the only meaning of the word in S. Cf. *Hen. V.* p. 166.

315. *Preach'd pure maid.* Cf. *A. Y. L.* iii. 2. 227: "speak sad brow and true maid."

318. *Unexperient.* Used by S. only here, as *unexperienced* only in *T. of S.* iv. 1. 86.

319. *Cherubin.* Used by S. ten times. Cf. *M. of V.* p. 162. *Cherub* he has only in *Ham.* iv. 3. 50, *cherubim* not at all.

327. *Owed.* That is, owned, or his own. See on 140 above. *Borrow'd motion* = counterfeit expression of feeling.

THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM.

Swinburne remarks: "What Coleridge said of Ben Jonson's epithet for 'turtle-footed peace,' we may say of the label affixed to this rag-picker's bag of stolen goods: *The Passionate Pilgrim* is a pretty title, a very pretty title; pray what may it mean? In all the larcenous little bundle of verse there is neither a poem which bears that name nor a poem by which that name would be bearable. The publisher of the booklet was like 'one Ragozine, a most notorious pirate;' and the method no less than the motive of his rascality in the present instance is palpable and simple enough. Fired by the immediate and instantly proverbial popularity of Shakespeare's *Venus and Adonis*, he hired, we may suppose, some ready hack of unclean hand to supply him with three doggrel sonnets on the same subject, noticeable only for the porcine quality of prurience; he procured by some means a rough copy or an incorrect transcript of two genuine and unpublished sonnets by Shakespeare, which with the acute instinct of a felonious tradesman he laid atop of his worthless wares by way of gilding to their base metal; he stole from the two years published text of *Love's Labour's Lost*, and reproduced, with more or less mutilation or corruption, the sonnet of Longaville, the 'canzonet' of Biron, and the far lovelier love-song of Dumain. The rest of the ragman's gatherings, with three most notable exceptions,

is little better for the most part than dry rubbish or disgusting refuse; unless a plea may haply be put in for the pretty commonplaces of the lines on a 'sweet rose, fair flower,' and so forth; for the couple of thin and pallid if tender and tolerable copies of verse on 'Beauty' and 'Good Night,' or the passably light and lively stray of song on 'crabbed age and youth.' I need not say that those three exceptions are the stolen and garbled work of Marlowe and of Barnfield, our elder Shelley and our first-born Keats; the singer of Cynthia in verse well worthy of Endymion, who would seem to have died as a poet in the same fatal year of his age that Keats died as a man; the first adequate English laureate of the nightingale, to be supplanted or equalled by none until the advent of his mightier brother."

The contents of Jaggard's piratical collection, stated more in detail, were as follows (the order being that of the "Globe" ed.):

I., II. Shakespeare's *Sonnets* 138 and 144, with some early or corrupt readings (to be noted in our ed. of the *Sonnets*).

III. Longaville's sonnet to Maria in *L. L. L.* iv. 3. 60 fol.: "Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye," etc. The verbal variations in the two versions (as in V. and XVI.) are few and slight.

IV. (I. of the present ed.).

V. The sonnet in *L. L. L.* iv. 2. 109 fol.: "If love make me forsworn," etc.

VI., VII. (II. and IV. of this ed.).

VIII. The following sonnet, probably by Richard Barnfield, in whose *Poems: In diuers humors*, 1598 (appended, with a separate title-page, to a small volume containing *The Encomion of Lady Pecunia* and *The Complaint of Poetrie, for the Death of Liberalitie*), it had first appeared, with this heading: "To his friend Maister R. L. In praise of Musique and Poetrie:"

> "If music and sweet poetry agree,
> As they must needs, the sister and the brother,
> Then must the love be great 'twixt thee and me,
> Because thou lov'st the one, and I the other.
> Dowland to thee is dear, whose heavenly touch
> Upon the lute doth ravish human sense;
> Spenser to me, whose deep conceit is such
> As, passing all conceit, needs no defence.
> Thou lov'st to hear the sweet melodious sound
> That Phœbus' lute, the queen of music, makes;
> And I in deep delight am chiefly drown'd
> Whenas himself to singing he betakes.
> One god is god of both, as poets feign;
> One knight loves both, and both in thee remain."

Barnfield terms these poems "fruits of unriper years," and expressly claims their authorship. The above sonnet is the first in the collection. Both this and XX. are omitted in the second edition of *Lady Pecunia*, 1605; but so also are nearly all of the "Poems in Divers Humors," so that no substantial argument can rest upon the absence of the two *P. P.* sonnets from that edition (Halliwell).

IX., X. (III. and V. of this ed.).

XI. The following sonnet, probably by Bartholomew Griffin, in whose

Fidessa more Chaste than Kinde, 1596, it had appeared with some variations:*

"Venus, with young Adonis sitting by her
Under a myrtle shade, began to woo him:
She told the youngling how god Mars did try her,
And as he fell to her, so fell she to him.
'Even thus,' quoth she, 'the warlike god embrac'd me,'
And then she clipp'd Adonis in her arms;
'Even thus,' quoth she, 'the warlike god unlac'd me,'
As if the boy should use like loving charms;
'Even thus,' quoth she, 'he seized on my lips,'
And with her lips on his did act the seizure:
And as she fetched breath, away he skips,
And would not take her meaning nor her pleasure
Ah, that I had my lady at this bay,
To kiss and clip me till I run away!"

XII., XIII., XIV. (VI., VII., and VIII. of this ed.).

XV. Here begin the "Sonnets to sundry notes of Musicke" (see p. 12 above) with the following, which is certainly not Shakespeare's, though it is not found elsewhere:

"It was a lording's daughter, the fairest one of three,
That liked of her master as well as well might be,
Till looking on an Englishman, the fair'st that eye could see,
Her fancy fell a-turning.
Long was the combat doubtful that love with love did fight,
To leave the master loveless, or kill the gallant knight:
To put in practice either, alas, it was a spite
Unto the silly damsel!
But one must be refused; more mickle was the pain
That nothing could be used to turn them both to gain,
For of the two the trusty knight was wounded with disdain:
Alas, she could not help it!
Thus art with arms contending was victor of the day,
Which by a gift of learning did bear the maid away:
Then, lullaby, the learned man hath got the lady gay;
For now my song is ended."

XVI. Dumain's poem to Kate, in *L. L. L.* iv. 3. 101 fol.: "On a day —alack, the day!" etc. The chief variations are noted in our ed. of *L. L. L.* p. 149.

XVII The following, from Thomas Weelkes's *Madrigals*, 1597, pretty certainly not Shakespeare's:†

"My flocks feed not,
My ewes breed not,
My rams speed not,
All is amiss;

---

* Instead of lines 9–14, the following are given in the *Fidessa*:

"But he a wayward boy refusde her offer,
And ran away, the beautious Queene neglecting:
Shewing both folly to abuse her proffer,
And all his sex of cowardise detecting.
Oh that I had my mistris at that bay,
To kisse and clippe me till I ranne away!"

† Weelkes was the composer of the music, but not necessarily the author of the words. The poem is found also in *England's Helicon*, 1600, with the title "The Unknown Sheepheard's Complaint," and subscribed "Ignoto" (Halliwell).

Love's denying,
Faith's defying,
Heart's renying,
Causer of this.
All my merry jigs are quite forgot,
All my lady's love is lost, God wot;
Where her faith was firmly fix'd in love,
There a nay is plac'd without remove.
One silly cross
Wrought all my loss:
O frowning Fortune, cursed, fickle dame!
For now I see
Inconstancy
More in women than in men remain.

In black mourn I,
All fears scorn I,
Love hath forlorn me,
Living in thrall:
Heart is bleeding,
All help needing,
O cruel speeding,
Fraughted with gall.
My shepherd's pipe can sound no deal;
My wether's bell rings doleful knell;
My curtal dog, that wont to have play'd,
Plays not at all, but seems afraid;
My sighs so deep
Procure to weep,
In howling wise, to see my doleful plight.
How sighs resound
Through heartless ground,
Like a thousand vanquish'd men in bloody fight!

Clear wells spring not,
Sweet birds sing not,
Green plants bring not
Forth their dye;
Herds stand weeping,
Flocks all sleeping,
Nymphs back peeping
Fearfully:
All our pleasure known to us poor swains,
All our merry meetings on the plains,
All our evening sport from us is fled,
All our love is lost, for Love is dead.
Farewell, sweet lass,
Thy like ne'er was
For a sweet content, the cause of all my moan:
Poor Corydon
Must live alone;
Other help for him I see that there is none."

XVIII. (IX. of this ed.).

XIX. The following imperfect version of Marlowe's "Come, live with me," etc., with *Love's Answer* (a mere fragment), attributed to Sir Walter Raleigh:*

* For complete copies of both these poems see our ed. of *M. W.* p. 150.

"Live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That hills and valleys, dales and fields,
And all the craggy mountains yields.

There will we sit upon the rocks,
And see the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, by whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

There will I make thee a bed of roses,
With a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle.

A belt of straw and ivy buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs;
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Then live with me and be my love.

LOVE'S ANSWER.

If that the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee and be thy love."

XX. The following (except lines 27, 28) from Richard Barnfield's *Poems: In divers humors*, 1598 (the first 28 lines also found in *England's Helicon*, 1600, where it is subscribed "Ignoto"):

"As it fell upon a day
In the merry month of May,
Sitting in a pleasant shade
Which a grove of myrtles made,
Beasts did leap, and birds did sing,
Trees did grow, and plants did spring;
Every thing did banish moan,
Save the nightingale alone;
She, poor bird, as all forlorn,
Lean'd her breast up-till a thorn,
And there sung the dolefull'st ditty,
That to hear it was great pity:
'Fie, fie, fie,' now would she cry;
'Tereu, tereu!' by and by;
That to hear her so complain,
Scarce I could from tears refrain;
For her griefs, so lively shown,
Made me think upon mine own.
Ah, thought I, thou mourn'st in vain!
None takes pity on thy pain:
Senseless trees they cannot hear thee;
Ruthless beasts they will not cheer thee:
King Pandion he is dead;
All thy friends are lapp'd in lead;
All thy fellow birds do sing,
Careless of thy sorrowing.
Even so, poor bird, like thee,
None alive will pity me.
Whilst as fickle Fortune smil'd,
Thou and I were both beguil'd.
Every one that flatters thee
Is no friend in misery.

Words are easy, like the wind;
Faithful friends are hard to find:
Every man will be thy friend
Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend;
But if store of crowns be scant,
No man will supply thy want.
If that one be prodigal,
Bountiful they will him call,
And with such-like flattering,
'Pity but he were a king;'
If he be addict to vice,
Quickly him they will entice;
If to women he be bent,
They have at commandement:
But if Fortune once do frown,
Then farewell his great renown;
They that fawn'd on him before
Use his company no more.
He that is thy friend indeed,
He will help thee in thy need:
If thou sorrow, he will weep;
If thou wake, he cannot sleep;
Thus of every grief in heart
He with thee doth bear a part.
These are certain signs to know
Faithful friend from flattering foe."

Some editors have divided the above poem, making the first 28 lines (or the portion printed in *England's Helicon*) a separate piece; but the whole (except lines 27, 28) forms a continuous "Ode" in Barnfield's book, and there is no real division in the 1599 ed. of the *P. P.* The editors have been misled by the printer's arrangement of his matter in that little book, where each page has an ornamental head-piece and tail-piece, with unequal portions of text between. The first 14 lines of this poem are on one page, the next 12 on the next page (27 and 28 wanting), the next 14 on the next, and the last 16 on the next. As there is something like a break in the piece between the 2d and 3d pages as thus arranged, it might appear at first sight that it was a division between poems rather than *in* a poem; but, as Mr. Edmonds has pointed out, "the poet's object being to show the similarity of his griefs to those of the nightingale, he devotes the lines ending with *sorrowing* to the bird," and then "takes up his own woes with the line *Whilst as fickle fortune smil'd*, and enlarges upon them to the end of the ode."

The editor of *England's Helicon* seems to have taken the first two pages from the *P. P.*, supposing them to be a complete poem; but feeling that it ended too abruptly, he added the couplet,

"Even so, poore bird like thee,
None a-live will pitty mee,"

to round it off.

It may be added that his signing the poem "Ignoto" shows that he was not aware it was Barnfield's, and did not consider that its appearance in the *P. P.* proved it to be Shakespeare's; and the same may be said of XVII., the *Helicon* copy of which is evidently from the *P. P.*, not from Weelkes. On the other hand, XVI. of the *P. P.* ("On a day, alack the day," etc.), taken from *L. L. L.*, is given in the *Helicon* with

Shakespeare's name attached to it. Furnivall says: "Mr. Grosart has shown in his prefaces to his editions of Barnfield's *Poems* and Griffin's *Fidessa* that there is no reason to take from the first his Ode (XX.) and his Sonnet (VIII.), or from the second his Venus and Adonis Sonnet (XI.), many of whose readings the *Passionate Pilgrim* print spoils." See also Mr. Edmonds's able plea in behalf of Barnfield's title to VIII. and XX. in the preface to his reprint (London, 1870) of the 1599 ed. of the *P. P.* p. xiv. fol.

I.—1. *Cytherea.* Cf. *T. of S.* ind. 2. 53, *W. T.* iv. 4. 122, and *Cymb.* ii. 2. 14.
9. *Conceit.* Understanding. Cf. *Pericles*, p. 145.
10. *Figur'd.* Expressed by signs. Coll. conjectures "sugar'd."

II.—4. *Tarriance.* The word occurs again in *T. G. of V.* ii. 7. 90.
6. *Spleen.* Heat; as often in a figurative sense. Cf. *K. John*, p. 141.
12. *Wistly.* Wistfully. See on *V. and A.* 343.
13. *Whereas.* Where. See *Pericles*, p. 136, or 2 *Hen. VI.* p. 153.

III. The 2d line is wanting in all the editions; the omission being first marked by Malone.
3. *Dove.* See on *V. and A.* 153.
5. *Steep-up.* Cf. *Sonn.* 7. 5: "the steep-up heavenly hill." We find *steep-down* in *Oth.* v. 2. 280.
11. *Ruth.* Pity. Cf. *Rich. II.* p. 199.

IV. This may be Shakespeare's. Cf. *Sonn.* 138.
3. *Brighter than glass*, etc. Steevens quotes the following lines "written under a lady's name on an inn window:"

"Quam digna inscribi vitro, cum lubrica, laevis,
Pellucens, fragilis, vitrea tota nites!"

For *brittle* the old *brickle* (see Wb.) might well be substituted.
14. *Out-burneth.* Sewell has "out burning."

V. This is probably not Shakespeare's.
1. *Vaded.* Faded. Cf. vii. 2 below. See also *Rich. II.* p. 157, note on *Faded.*
3. *Timely.* Early. Cf. *A. and C.* p. 188.
8. *For why.* Because. See on *R. of L.* 1222. The old eds. have "lefts" for *left'st* in both 8 and 9. Cf. Gr. 340.

VI. Possibly Shakespeare's. In the eds. of 1599 and 1612 it is printed, as here, in twelve lines. Malone and others make twenty of it.
2. *Pleasance.* Pleasure. Cf. *Oth.* p. 180.
4. *Brave.* Fair, beautiful. See *M. of V.* p. 154.

VII. Probably not Shakespeare's; perhaps by the same author as V.
1. *Doubtful.* A copy of this poem, said to be from an ancient MS. and published in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. xxii. p. 521, has "fleet-

ing" for *doubtful* both here and in 5 below. In 3 it has "almost in the bud" for *first it gins to bud;* in 4, "that breaketh" for *that 's broken;* in 7, "As goods, when lost, are wond'rous seldom found;" in 8 "can excite" for *will refresh*, and in 10 "unite" for *redress;* in 11 "once, is ever" for *once 's forever;* and in 12 "pains" for *pain.*

A second copy, "from a corrected MS.," appeared in the same magazine, vol. xxx. p. 39. The readings are the same as in the other copy, except that it has "a fleeting" for "and fleeting" in 1, and "fading" for *vaded* in 8.

7. *Seld.* Seldom. Cf. *T. and C.* iv. 5. 150: "As seld I have the chance." We find "seld-shown" in *Cor.* ii. 1. 229.

VIII. Probably not Shakespeare's. All recent eds. make the last three stanzas a separate poem; but this is unquestionably a mistake. See *Addendum*, p. 214 below.

3. *Duff'd me.* Put me off, sent me away. See *Much Ado*, p. 138; and cf. *L. C.* 297.

4. *Descant.* Comment; as in *Rich. III.* i. 1. 27. Cf. *R. of L.* 1134.

8. *Nill.* Will not. Cf. *Ham.* p. 259.

9. *'T may be.* Steevens says: "I will never believe any poet could begin two lines together with such offensive elisions. They may both be omitted without injury to sense or metre."

12. *As take.* Cf. Gr. 112.

14. *Charge the watch.* Probably = accuse or blame the watch (for marking the time so slowly).

17. *Philomela.* The nightingale. See on *R. of L.* 1079. The Camb. editors conjecture that *sits and* should be omitted; and they are probably right.

21. *Pack'd.* Sent packing, gone. Cf. *Rich. III.* i. 1. 146: "Till George be pack'd with post-horse up to heaven."

23. *Solace, solace.* The old eds. have "solace and solace;" corrected by Malone.

27. *Moon.* The old eds. have "houre;" corrected by Malone.

30. *Short, night, to-night.* Shorten to-night, O night. For the antithesis, cf. *Cymb.* i. 6. 200:

> "I shall short my word
> By lengthening my return."

IX. This may perhaps be Shakespeare's. Furnivall says: "That 'to sin and never for to saint,' and the whole of the poem, are by some strong man of the Shakspere breed."

1. *Whenas.* When. See on *V. and A.* 999.

2. *Stall'd.* Got as in a *stall*, secured. Cf. *Cymb.* iii. 4. 111:

> "when thou hast ta'en thy stand,
> The elected deer before thee."

4. *Partial fancy like.* For *fancy* = love, see on *R. of L.* 200. The early eds. have "fancy (party all might"). Malone gave in 1780 "fancy, partial tike," but later from an ancient MS. "fancy, partial like." St. conjectures "fancy martial might;" the Camb. editors read "fancy, martial

wight" (a conjecture of Malone's); and W. "fancy's partial might." The text is from a MS. in the possession of Coll. As Schmidt notes, *like* is "almost =love;" as in *A. Y. L.* iii. 2. 431, *K. John*, ii. 1. 511, *R. and J.* i. 3. 97, etc.

8. *Filed talk.* "Studied or polished language" (Malone). See *L. L. L.* p. 153, note on *His tongue filed.*

12. *Sell.* The early eds. have "sale;" corrected by Malone, from his old MS., which also has "thy" for *her.* The editors have generally adopted "thy," but the other reading may be ="praise her person highly, as a salesman praises his wares" (W.). Cf. *T. and C.* iv. 1. 78: "We 'll but commend what we intend to sell;" *L. L. L.* iv. 3. 240: "To things of sale a seller's praise belongs;" *Sonn.* 21. 14: "I will not praise that purpose not to sell," etc.

14. *Clear ere.* The reading of Malone's MS. for the "calme yer" of the old eds.

20. *Ban.* Curse. See on *V. and A.* 326.

28. *In thy lady's ear.* Malone reads "always in her ear."

32. *Humble-true.* First hyphened by St.

42. *Nought.* On the rhyme with *oft*, cf. *Lear*, p. 193, note on 309–313. In *Rich. III.* iii. 6. 13 and *Mach.* iv. 1. 70, *nought* rhymes with *thought.*

43–46. *Think women still*, etc. Expect women always, etc. Malone reads from the old MS. thus:

> "Think, women love to match with men,
> And not to live so like a saint:
> Here is no heaven; they holy then
> Begin, when age doth them attaint."

The early eds. have in 45, 46:

> "There is no heaven (by holy then)
> When time with age shall them attaint."

The reading in the text is due to W., and gives a clear meaning with very slight changes in the old text. In a passage so corrupt, emendation is but guess-work at best; but this seems to us a happier guess than that of the writer of Malone's MS. We do not, however, think it necessary to put "seek" for *still* in 43, as W. does.

50. *Lest that.* The early eds. have "Least that." Malone reads "For if" from his MS., connecting the line with what follows.

51. *To round me i' the ear.* To whisper in my ear. Cf. *K. John*, p. 151, note on *Rounded.* The early eds. have "on th' are" and "on th' ere." Malone changed "on" to *i'* in 1780; but in 1790 he read "ring mine ear." Coll. has "warm my ear" (from his old MS.). W. reads "She'll not stick to round me i' th' ear." H. follows Coll.

54. *Bewray'd.* Disclosed, exposed. See on *R. of L.* 1698.

THE PHŒNIX AND THE TURTLE.

The title-page of Chester's *Loves Martyr*, after referring at some length to that poem and "the true legend of famous King *Arthur*," which fol-

lows it, continues thus: "*To these are added some new compositions of seuerall moderne Writers whose names are subscribed to their seuerall workes, vpon the first subiect: viz. the* Phœnix *and* Turtle."

The part of the book containing these "compositions" has a separate title-page, as follows:

HEREAFTER | FOLLOVV DIVERSE | Poeticall Essaies on the former Sub- | iect; viz: the *Turtle* and *Phœnix*. | *Done by the best and chiefest of our* | moderne writers, with their names sub- | scribed to their particular workes: | *neuer before extant.* | And (now first) consecrated by them all generally, | *to the loue and merite of the true-noble Knight,* | Sir Iohn Salisburie. | *Dignum laude virum Musa vetat mori.* | [wood-cut of anchor] *Anchora Spei.* | MDCI.

Among these poems are some by Marston, Chapman, and Ben Jonson.

Malone has no doubt of the genuineness of *The Phœnix and the Turtle*. W. says: "There is no other external evidence that these verses are Shakespeare's than their appearance with his signature in a collection of poems published in London while he was living there in the height of his reputation.* The style, however, is at least a happy imitation of his, especially in the bold and original use of epithet." Dowden writes us that he has now no doubt that the poem is Shakespeare's (cf. his *Primer*, ed. 1878, p. 112); and Furnivall also believes it to be genuine.

Dr. Grosart (see his introduction to the New Shaks. Soc. ed. of Chester's *Loves Martyr*) sees a hidden meaning in this poem and those associated with it in Chester's book. "The *Phœnix* is a person and a woman, and the *Turtle-dove* a person and a male; and while, as the title-page puts it, the poet is 'Allegorically shadowing the truth of Love,' it is a genuine story of human love and martyrdom (*Love's Martyr*). . . . No one at all acquainted with what was the *mode* of speaking of Queen Elizabeth to the very last, will hesitate in recognizing her as the *Rosalin* and *Phœnix* of Robert Chester, and the 'moderne writers' of this book. . . . So with the *Turtle-dove*, epithet and circumstance and the whole bearing of the Poems make us think of but one pre-eminent man in the Court of Elizabeth . . . and it will be felt that only of the brilliant but impetuous, the greatly-dowered but rash, the illustrious but unhappy Robert Devereux, second Earl of Essex, could such splendid things have been thought."

Dr. Grosart believes *The Phœnix and the Turtle* to be Shakespeare's, and calls it "priceless and *unique*." He adds: "Perhaps Emerson's words on Shakespeare's poem as well represent its sphinx-character even to the most capable critics, as any [preface to *Parnassus*, 1875]: 'I should like to have the Academy of Letters propose a prize for an essay on Shakespeare's poem, *Let the bird of loudest lay*, and the *Threnos* with which it closes, the aim of the essay being to explain, by a historical research into the poetic myths and tendencies of the age in which it was

* This is a point in favour of their being Shakespeare's which, so far as we are aware, other critics have overlooked; and it seems to us of some importance. It must be borne in mind that Chester's book was not a publisher's piratical venture, like *The Passionate Pilgrim*, but the reputable work of a gentleman who would hardly have ventured to insult his patron to whom he dedicates it, by palming off anonymous verses as the contribution of a well-known poet of the time.

written, the frame and allusions of the poem. I have not seen *Chester's Love's Martyr* and "the Additional Poems" (1601), in which it appeared. Perhaps that book will suggest all the explanation this poem requires. To unassisted readers, it would appear to be a lament on the death of a poet, and of his poetic mistress. But the poem is so quaint, and charming in diction, tone, and allusions, and in its perfect metre and harmony, that I would gladly have the fullest illustration yet attainable. I consider this piece a good example of the rule, that there is a poetry for bards proper, as well as a poetry for the world of readers. This poem, if published for the first time, and without a known author's name, would find no general reception. Only the poets would save it.'"

Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps, in his recent *Outlines of the Life of Shakespeare* (2d ed. 1882) says: "It was towards the close of the present year, 1600, or at some time in the following one, that Shakespeare for the first and only time, came forward in the avowed character of a philosophical writer." After giving an account of Chester's book, he adds: "The contribution of the great dramatist is a remarkable poem in which he makes a notice of the obsequies of the phœnix and turtle-dove subservient to the delineation of spiritual union. It is generally thought that Chester himself intended a personal allegory, but, if that be the case, there is nothing to indicate that Shakespeare participated in the design, nor even that he had endured the punishment of reading *Love's Martyr*."

1. *The bird of loudest lay.* As Dr. Grosart remarks, this is *not* the *Phœnix*, as has generally been assumed, as "it were absurd to imagine it could be called on to 'sing' its own death," and besides it is nowhere represented as gifted with song.

2. *The sole Arabian tree.* Malone cites *Temp.* iii. 3. 22:

> "Now I will believe
> That there are unicorns; that in Arabia
> There is one tree, the phœnix' throne; one phœnix
> At this hour reigning there."

He adds: "This singular coincidence likewise serves to authenticate the present poem." The *tree* is probably the *palm*, the Greek name of which is the same as that of the phœnix (*φοίνιξ*).

3. *Trumpet.* Trumpeter. See *Ham.* p. 176, or *W. T.* p. 168.

4. *To.* For its use with *obey*, cf. *T. and C.* p. 187.

Dr. Grosart, who takes the *bird* to be the nightingale, says: "I have myself often watched the lifting and tremulous motion of the singing nightingale's wings, and *chaste* was the exquisitely chosen word to describe the nightingale, in reminiscence of the classical story."

5. *Shrieking harbinger.* The screech-owl (Steevens). Cf. *M. N. D.* v. 1. 383:

> "Whilst the screech-owl, screeching loud,
> Puts the wretch that lies in woe
> In remembrance of a shroud."

The *fever's end* is of course death.

14. *That defunctive music can.* "That understands funereal music" (Malone). For this *can*=know, see Wb. Cf. Chaucer, *C. T.* 5638 (ed. Tyrwhitt):

> "I wot wel Abraham was an holy man,
> And Jacob eke, as fer as ever I can," etc.

16. *His.* Its.

17. *Treble-dated.* Living thrice as long as man. Steevens quotes Lucretius, v. 1053:

> "Cornicum ut secla vetusta.
> Ter tres aetates humanas garrula vincit
> Cornix."

18. *That thy sable gender mak'st*, etc. "Thou crow that makest [change in] thy sable gender with the mere exhalation and inhalation of thy breath" (E. W. Gosse). It was a popular belief that the crow could change its sex at will.

25. *As.* That. Cf. *R. of L.* 1372 and 1420.

32. *But in them it were a wonder.* "So extraordinary a phenomenon as *hearts remote, yet not asunder*, etc., would have excited admiration, had it been found anywhere else *except in these* two birds. In them it was not wonderful" (Malone).

34. *Saw his right*, etc. "It is merely a variant mode of expressing seeing love-babies (or one's self imaged) in the other's eyes. This gives the true sense to *mine* in 35" (Grosart).

37. *Property.* Property in self, individuality.

43. *To themselves.* Grosart suggests that these words should be joined to what precedes.

44. *Simple were so well compounded.* That is, were so well blended into one.

45. *That.* So that. Cf. *V. and A.* 242.

49. *Threne.* Threnody, funeral song. It is the Anglicized *threnos* (θρῆνος), with which the following stanzas are headed. Malone quotes Kendal's *Poems*, 1577:

> "Of verses, threnes, and epitaphs,
> Full fraught with tears of teene."

A book entitled *David's Threanes* was published in 1620, and reprinted two years later as *David's Tears.*

67. *These dead birds.* That these *birds* are not Elizabeth and Essex has been shown clearly in Dr. F. J. Furnivall's paper "On Chester's *Love's Martyr*" in *Trans. of New Shaks. Soc.* 1877–79, p. 451 fol.

ADDENDA.

Passionate Pilgrim, VIII. (p. 210). Dowden (in his Introduction to the "Griggs" fac-simile of the 1599 ed. of *P. P.*) gives good reasons for not dividing this poem, but neither he nor any other critic has seen that the 1599 ed. proves its unity beyond a doubt. The first two stanzas are on one page, the next two on another, and the last stanza on a third; but the third stanza does *not* begin with the *large initial letter*, which elsewhere in the book is used to mark the beginning of a poem. We may add that there is simi ar typographical evidence in the 1599 ed. that XX. (cf. p. 208 above) should not be divided.

Dowden notes that in the 1640 ed. of the *Poems*, the five stanzas of VIII. appear as one poem (see p. 215 below). Malone (in his *Supplement*, 1780) seems to have been the first editor to divide it.

THE 1640 EDITION OF THE POEMS (p. 13).—The contents of this book are not described accurately by any editor or bibliographer that we have been able to consult. They are as follows:

1. Poems by Leon. Digges* and John Warren† in eulogy of Shakespeare.

2. All the Sonnets (except Nos. 18, 19, 43, 56, 75, 76, 96, and 126) arranged under various titles. The first group, for instance, includes 67, 68, and 69, with the heading "The glory of beautie," and the second puts together 60, 63, 64, 65, and 66 under the title "Injurious Time." From one to five sonnets appear under a title. When two or more are grouped they are printed as a continuous piece, with no space between the sonnets.‡

3. *All* the poems of *The Passionate Pilgrim* of 1599 (not "some," as the "Cambridge" ed. says, or "the greater part," as Knight and others give it), mostly interspersed among the Sonnets and furnished with titles. For instance, No. 4 ("Sweet Cytherea," etc.) is headed "A sweet provocation;" No. 8 ("If music," etc.), "Friendly concord;" No. 10 ("Sweet rose," etc.), "Loves Losse;" No. 12 ("Crabbed age," etc.), "Ancient Antipothy;" No. 15 ("It was a lording's daughter," etc), "A Duell;" and so on. The five stanzas of "Good night, good rest," are printed as one poem with the title "Loath to depart." "As it fell upon a day" also appears without division, and is entitled "Sympathizing love."

4. The following translations from Ovid, and other poems:

"The Tale of Cephalus and Procris" (inserted *before* Sonnets 153 and 154).

"That Menelaus was cause of his owne wrongs."

"Vulcan was Iupiters Smith, an excellent workeman, on whom the Poets father many rare Workes, among which, I find this one. Mars and Venus."

"The History how the Mynotaure was begot."

"This Mynotaure, when he came to growth, was incloased in the Laborinth, which was made by the curious Arts-master Dedalus, whose Tale likewise we thus pursue."

"Achilles his concealment of his Sex in the Court of Lycomedes."

A Lover's Complaint (Shakespeare's).

"The amorous Epistle of Paris to Hellen."

"Hellen to Paris."

"The Passionate Shepheard to his Love" (the complete text of Marlowe's poem, given imperfectly in *P. P.*).

"The Nimphs reply to the Shepheard" (the six stanzas, of which only one is given in *P. P.*).

"Another of the same Nature" (a poem of 44 lines, beginning:

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* Not the verses prefixed to the folio of 1623, but a much longer piece, beginning "Poets are borne not made, when I would prove," etc. See Ingleby's *Centurie of Praise*, 2d ed. p. 231 fol.

† A sonnet, beginning "What, lofty *Shakespeare*, art again reviv'd?" See *Centurie of Praise*, p. 235.

‡ For a full list of the groups with their titles, see Knight's *Pictorial Shakspere*, vol. ii. of Tragedies, etc., p. 487 fol., or Dowden's larger ed. of the *Sonnets*, p. 47 fol.

"Come live with me and be my deare,
And vve will revill all the yeare,
In plaines and groves, on hills and dales,
Where fragrant ayre breeds sweetest gales.
There shall you have the beautious Pine,
The Ceder and the spreading Vine,
And all the vvoods to be a skrene.
Least *Phœbus* kisse my Summers Queene."

And ending thus:

"If these may serve for to intice,
Your presence to Loves Paradise,
Then come vvith me and be my deare,
And we will straight begin the yeare.").

"Take, O take those lips away" (the stanza in *M. for M.* iv. 1. 1 fol., with the additional stanza, ascribed to Fletcher, and quoted in our ed. of *M. for M.* p. 160; the song appearing here without a title).

"Let the bird of lowest [*sic*] lay" (*The Phœnix and the Turtle*, without a title, except for the *Threnos*, which is headed "*Threnes*").

"Why should this Desart be" (the lines from *A. Y. L.* iii. 2. 133 fol., without a title).

"An Epitaph on the admirable Dramaticke Poet, William Sheakespeare" (signed "I. M.," that is, John Milton).

"On the death of William Shakespeare, who died in Aprill, Anno Dom. 1616" (the lines, "Renowned Spenser, lie a thought more nigh," etc., signed here "W. B.," that is, William Basse, who probably wrote them, though they have been ascribed to Dr. Donne and others).

"An Elegie on the death of that famous Writer and Actor, M. William Shakspeare" ("I dare not do thy memory that wrong," etc., unsigned and not traced to any author).

5. After the "FINIS" that follows the above poems there is an appendix, with the heading: "An Addition of some Excellent | Poems, to those precedent, of | Renowned *Shakespeare*, | By other Gentlemen."

The poems are as follows:

"His Mistresse Drawne" (signed "B. I."—evidently intended for "B. I.," or Ben Jonson, in whose works the lines are printed).

"Her minde" (signed "B. I.," and also printed as his).

"His Mistris Shade."

"Lavinia walking in a frosty Morning."

"A Sigh sent to his Mistresse."

"An Allegoricall allusion of melancholy thoughts to Bees" (signed "I. G.").

"The Primrose."

"A Sigh."

"A Blush."

"Am I dispis'd because you say," etc. (no title).

"Vpon a Gentlewoman walking on the Grasse."

"On his Love going to Sea."

"Aske me no more where *Iove* bestovves," etc. (no title).

A second "FINIS" ends the volume.

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